WEEK ENDING JAN. 12, 1929

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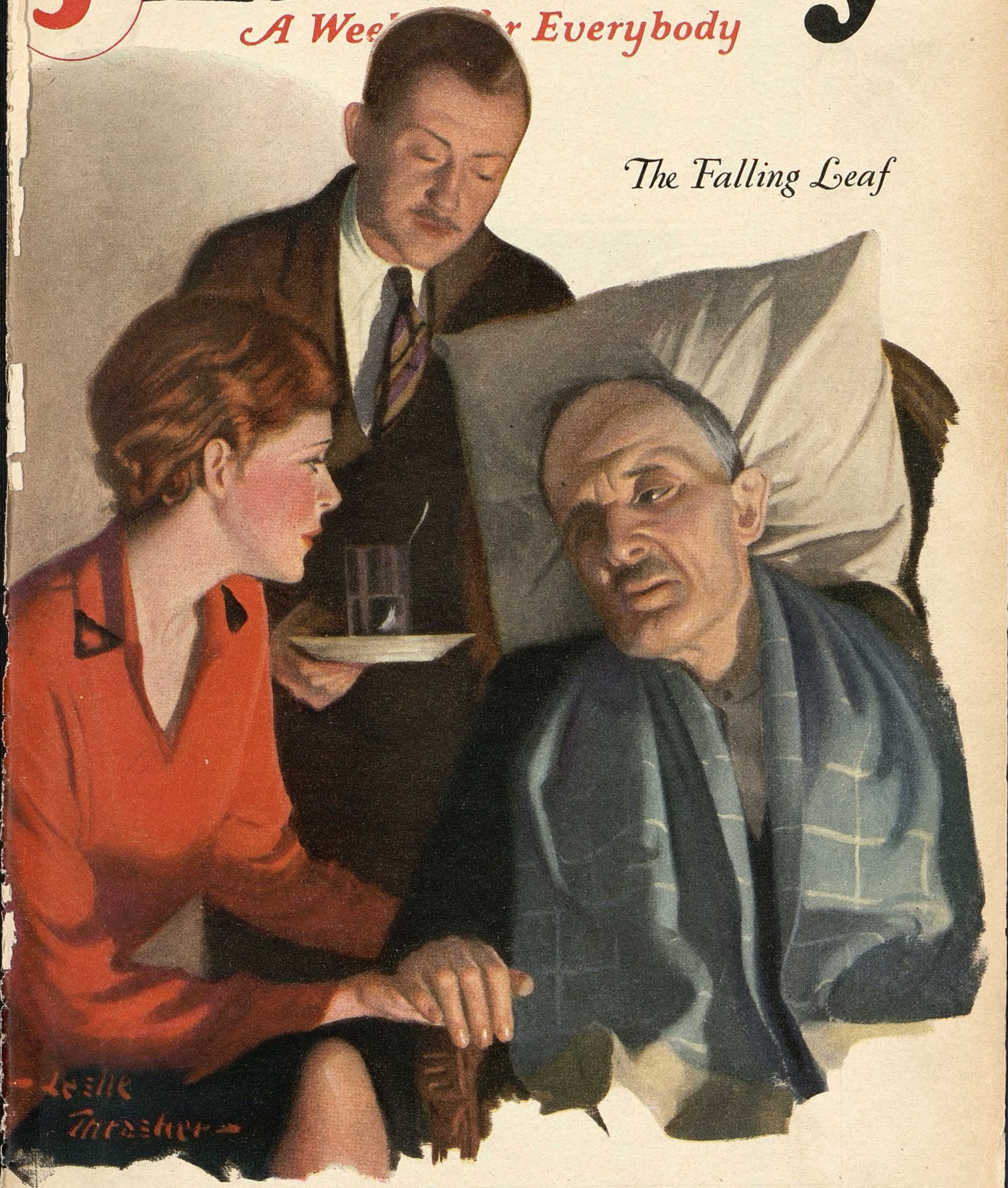
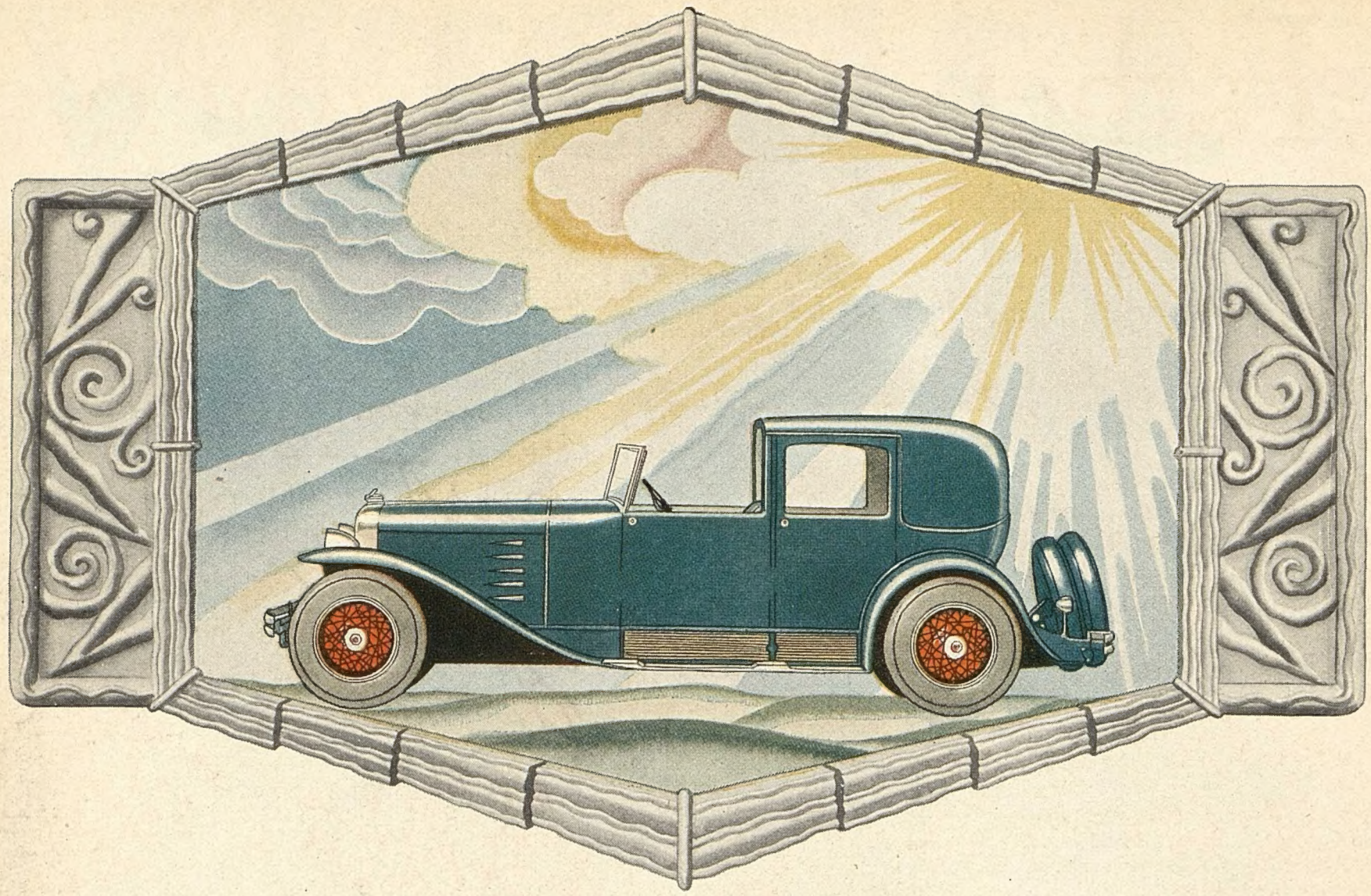
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody



The Falling Leaf

Beginning **BRYAN** *by* **M. R. WERNER**



ANNOUNCING

AN EVEN GREATER STUTZ AND ALSO AN ENTIRELY NEW CAR—THE BLACK HAWK

The new Stutz, created to dominate the quality-car field, will retail for $3500 and up.

It has a four forward speed transmission of a new type, quiet, swift and positive.

It also has the "Noback"—an entirely new feature which automatically prevents back rolling on hills without the use of brakes.

It has adjustable front and rear seats and backs, worm drive, low weight, bumper running boards, permanent vision safety glass and other outstanding features exclusively Stutz.

Giant brakes, with vacuum booster, give greatest *de-celeration* ever known.

Bodies by Fleetwood, Le Baron, Weymann.

It climaxes Stutz history, this handsomest Stutz, reaching new heights of performance.

The Black Hawk—an entirely new car, the product of a new Stutz division, will list at about $2500, f. o. b. Indianapolis.

It has the novel features of the more costly Stutz—with advantages of its own.

It is equipped with either six or eight cylinder motor—each of equal power and performance.

But more important than any of these, is the significant fact that it is not an old car made over or improved, but an absolutely new construction, built so that it happily unites, in one perfectly synchronized whole, the most advanced ideas of modern engineering sagacity—the product of builders who are responsible for "America's finest quality car."

All courtesy will be shown to you at your inspection of these new cars at Stutz salesrooms.

And here are the specifications for the new Black Hawk—most of which it shares in common with the new and greater Stutz. Bodies by Le Baron and Weymann, with Weymann models at approximately composite body prices. A six or eight cylinder engine, each of equal power and performance, optional with customer—Zenith carburetor—air cleaner—oil strainer—extra-large radiator with automatic shutter—Delco ignition—single dry plate clutch—four forward speed transmission—"Noback" to prevent backward roll, without brakes being applied—Timken worm and worm wheel—reinforced Lockheed four-wheel, hydraulic, internal-expanding brakes—127½-inch wheel base—Bijur chassis lubrication—side bumper steel running boards, integral with the rigid steel frame—silico manganese steel springs—Gemmer worm and roller steering gear—wood wheels standard—Protex permanent vision safety glass all around—safety non-glare Ryan-lites—front bumper and rear bumperettes—one-piece, top-hinged windshield—double-acting Lovejoy shock absorbers. Luster of exterior nickel parts preserved by chromium plating.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fathers and Mothers

Read every word on this page revealing the cold bare facts on exposing children's knees in winter

GREAT authorities on bone diseases, lung and kidney trouble deplore the present fad for children to go without long stockings during the Fall or Winter and thus be submitted to the insidious chilling which can come from exposing the knees. By following this fad, parents are not hardening growing children but taking a cruel chance with them, risking their very health, and sometimes wrecking a whole life of happiness. Read what some of these world-known authorities have told us:

Expert Opinion

"I think it's a crime. You don't know what pelvic or kidney troubles you are developing. Chilling always brings about congestion and that induces infection. It's a great crime, a pitiful crime, not to cover children's knees."

"Doctors have noticed that among girls who are dressed scantily according to the present style, there is an increase in cases of cystitis (inflammation of the bladder) which is thought to be directly due to chilling the lower parts of the body."

"When mothers bring their children to me, I advise covering the knees because I'd rather err on the side of safety for the child."

"It's a question that has concerned us here for a long time (at a famous hospital for children). I don't think that fat children or under-weight children should be dressed with exposed knees in cold weather. Fat children have the least resistance to the cold. They are the first ones to go under—they have low metabolism, you see. Under-weight children are next least able to withstand cold. Both of these classes of children should be protected."

"Bare knees in damp or cold weather presuppose to arthritis. People have enough trouble in their knees without exposing them to any more."

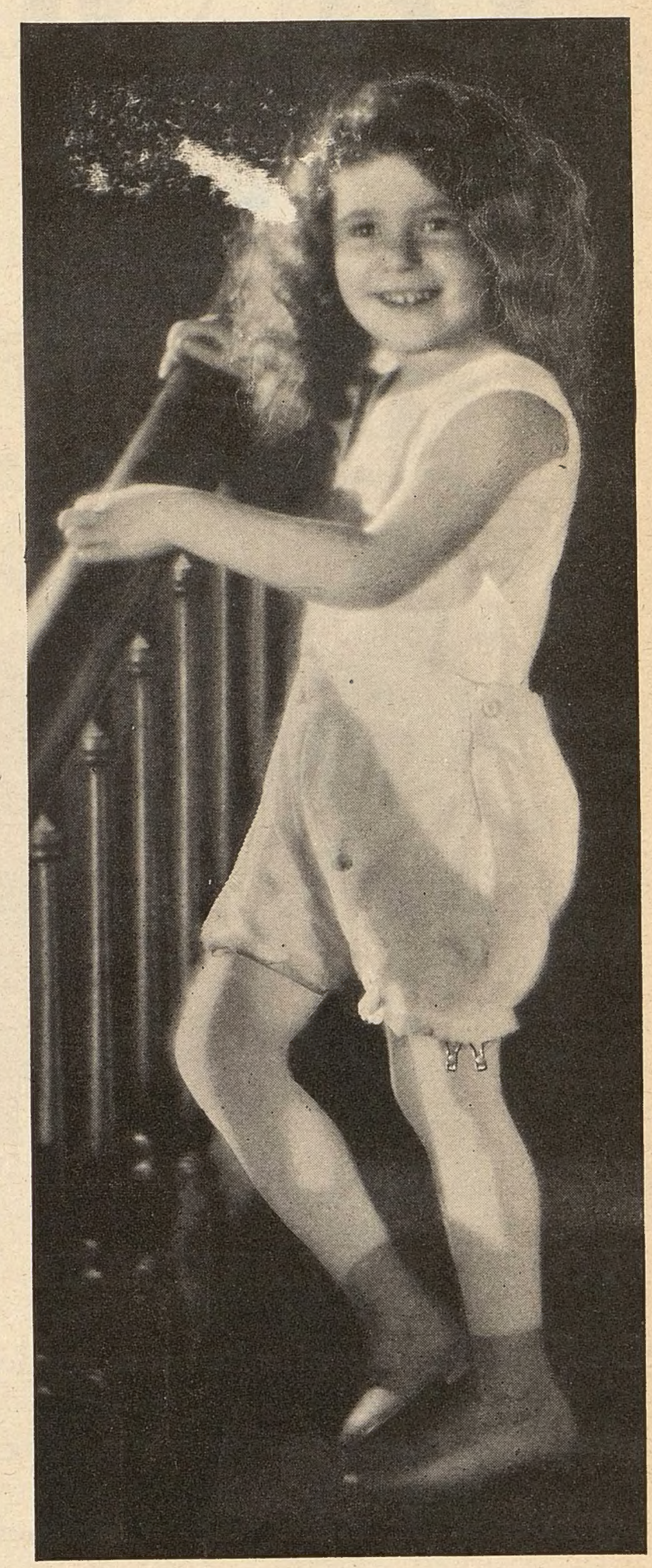
"In summer time it may be fine for children to have bare knees because sunlight is always good for the skin, but in temperate climate there is not enough value in winter sunshine to make exposure worth while."

"By analogy the argument is reasonable that exposure of the knees or upper limbs makes a lowered resistance that conduces to bladder infection (the bladder being a very delicate membranous part in which bacilli can work much as they do in the nose membranes). Then it probably lowers the bars for any number of other infections of nose, throat or lungs, and might give tuberculosis a start.

Long Stockings Help Keep Them Well

HICKORY GARTERS keep stockings snug and smooth

Since bare knees at this time of year can work such tragic things with children's health, as some of the greatest authorities on arthritis, bone diseases, lung and kidney trouble will attest, surely parents cannot afford to take the chance of not giving children the simple protection of long stockings. Better be safe than sorry. And, see that the stockings are held properly and neatly in place with HICKORY GARTERS of real live rubber. Made to last — of genuine Hickory Elastic (the same as you buy by the yard). At your favorite notion department; Hickory Garters, 25c and more.



HICKORY
GARTERS · ELASTIC

Most dependable in the world

A. STEIN & COMPANY 20

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De Soto

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De Soto Six, despite its most moderate price, has been singled out as a fashionable car. It is fit companion for the larger, costlier cars in the most exacting homes. It rides with a richness of ease unknown in its class. It is not merely amply powered but magnificently so, and it is fine throughout. In the De Soto Six, at last high quality and moderate price are joined together.

Visit De Soto Six exhibits at New York Automobile Show and Hotel Commodore, January 5-12
Also at Chicago Automobile Show and Congress Hotel, January 26-February 2.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION (*Division of Chrysler Corporation*), *Detroit, Michigan*

JAN. 12, 1929 **Liberty** VOL. 6 No. 1

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

S. P. C. A.

Some people permit themselves to become so morbid about hurting animals that they carry it to an extreme which not only fails to help the animals but probably tends to hurt the people themselves.

It is our belief that the natural processes of life and death must be learned by children in a normal way. We think one reason why children born on a farm are frequently more sane and successful persons than those less fortunately circumstanced is that they, in childhood, have become familiar with the facts of life and death.

Man is born in pain and dies in pain. There is no use in pretending otherwise.

Not long ago it was reported that Col. Lindbergh had shot an antelope from an airplane. We were surprised to find that certain editorial writers —probably sedentary in character, as most of them are—questioned his sportsmanship in so doing. It was intimated, with what evidently was intended to be caustic irony, that anyone who would shoot an antelope from an airplane would shoot ducks on water.

Well, we'd say that anyone who can hit an antelope from an airplane deserves his venison. It is a difficult sport and one that requires extreme skill. Probably there are not more than a dozen men in the world who could do it.

And as for shooting ducks on the water, what difference does it make to the duck? Shooting ducks on the wing is merely a test of the shooter's skill, and anyone who knows duck shooting knows that far more cripples result from shooting ducks on the wing than from shooting them on the water. They fall from the air out of the hunter's reach, and go away into the swamps to die.

In some ways this sentimentality about animals is related to the history of the early Christians, but it links itself up most directly with the present prevalence of pacifism, prohibition, and vegetarianism, and the agitation against wearing furs by women who tell of the suffering of little animals on the trap lines.

Well, what better destiny is there for a badger or marten than to find himself on the neck of a beautiful woman walking up Fifth Avenue, the Boul Mich, or Sunset Boulevard with the glow of self-satisfaction on her cheeks?

All the badger or marten could do if he were left on the shores of Hudson's Bay would be to fight a couple of males, make love to a female, and finally crawl away and die as he would in a trap. With the anesthetic of cold he is probably just as happy in the trap as he would be dying from the claws and teeth of an enemy.

The same is true of silver foxes, which are now bred artificially. If a fox is feasted and guarded for a couple of years and then killed for a pelt which makes one woman happy, is he not better off than if he had not been born at all?

All these, of course, are more or less feeble attempts at Shavian paradoxes. But there is significance in what we are trying to say.

In so far as the S. P. C. A. movement and its sympathizers get oversentimental about animals and oppose vivisection and its benefits to mankind, they are setting up a fetish that will do us much harm.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

January 12, 1929 LIBERTY Vol. 6, No. 1

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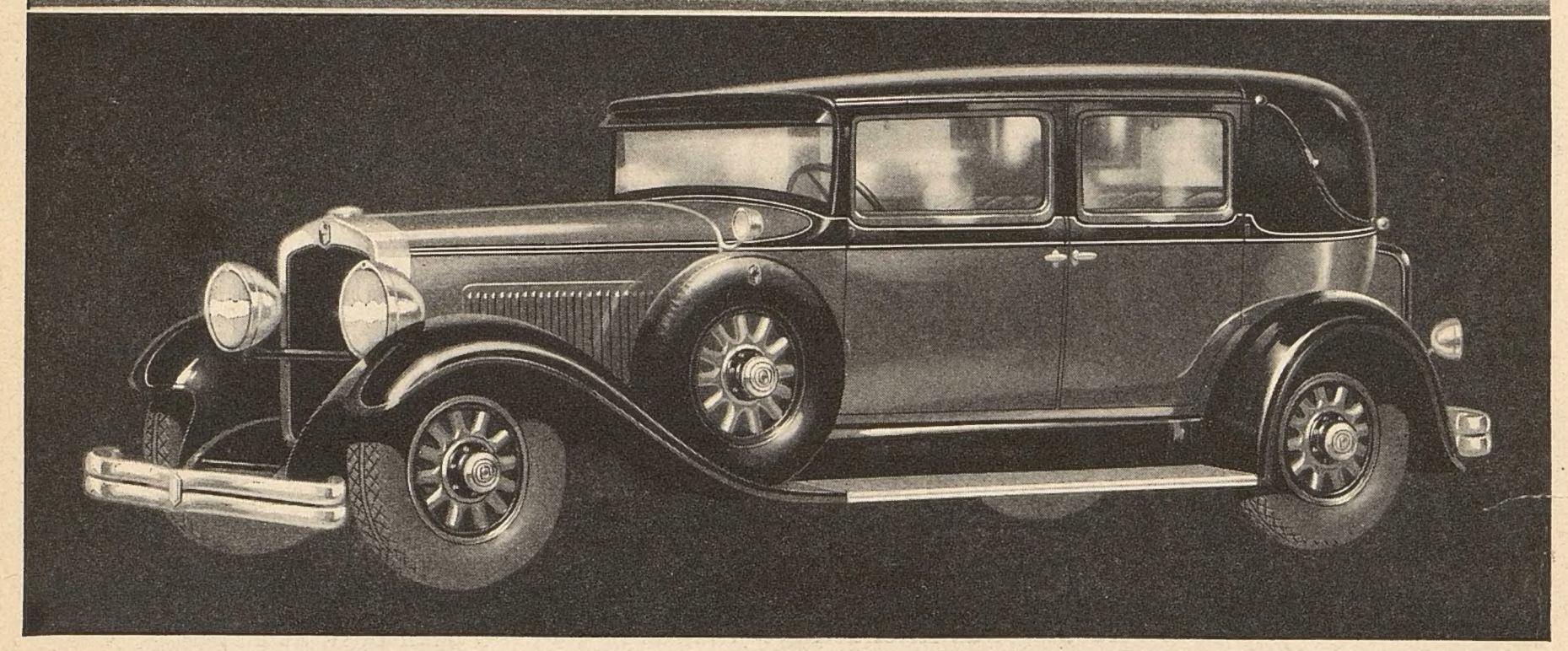


With high enthusiasm, the American public has placed its stamp of approval upon the new Nash "400." ¶ Announced only six months ago, already 110,000 have been sold. ¶ At the Motor Show be sure to see this record-breaking motor car, with its new Twin-Ignition motor, Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication and many other decisive improvements.

NASH "400"

(9346)

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

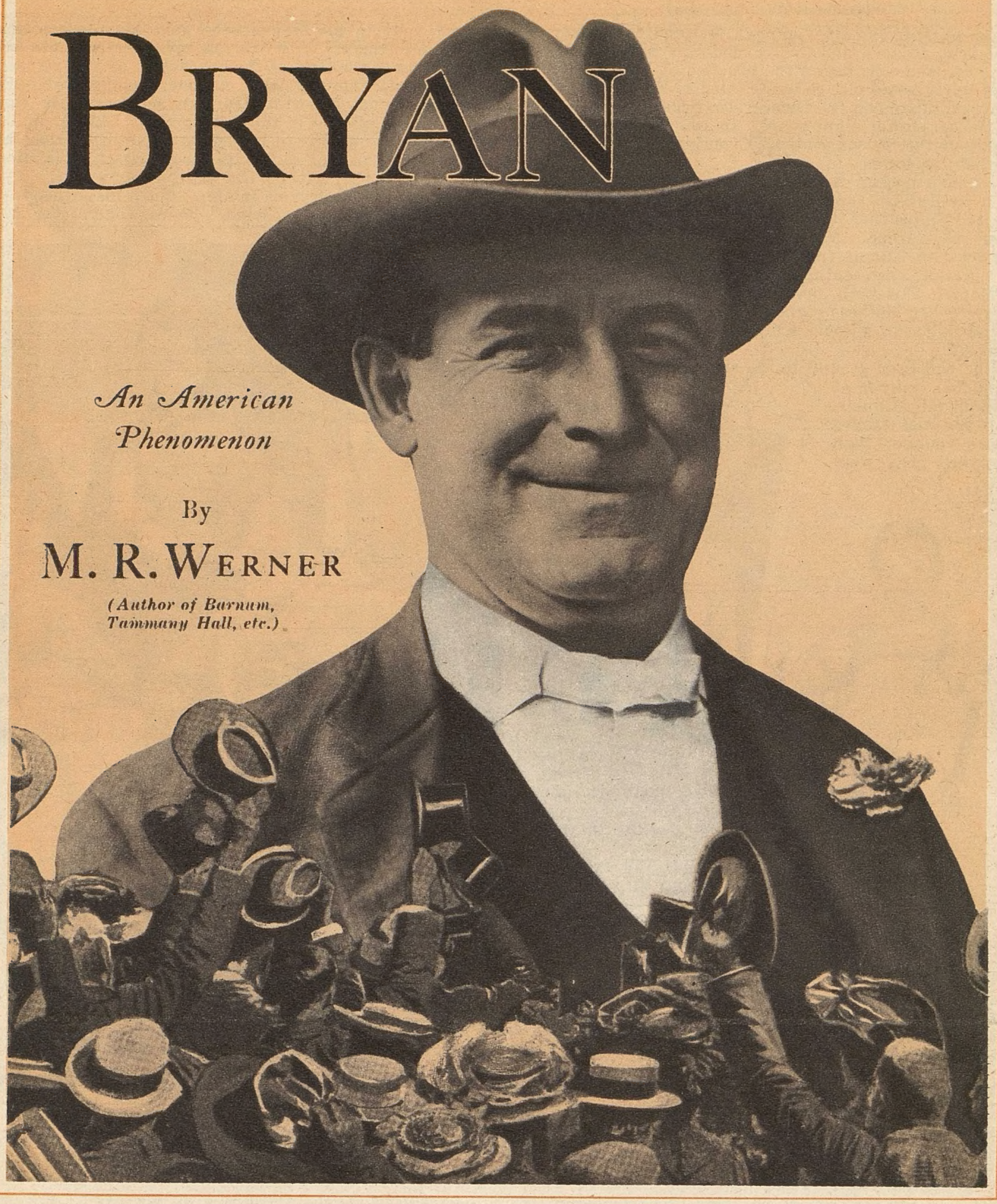
BRYAN

An American Phenomenon

By

M. R. WERNER

(Author of Barnum, Tammany Hall, etc.)



The "peerless leader" acclaimed by the multitude—a newspaper presentation that appeared in the Presidential campaign of 1900. When Bryan was younger and thinner, it was said of the width of his smile, "That man could whisper in his own ear."

CHAPTER I

THE ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES

THE seeds which gave life eventually to that phenomenon known finally as William Jennings Bryan were planted in England and Ireland, Virginia and Kentucky. In the preface to his Memoirs Bryan wrote that he could not trace his ancestry beyond the fourth generation, and that there was not among them, so far as he knew, anyone of great wealth or of great political and social prominence. They were, however, he maintained, "honest, industrious, Christian, moral, religious people—not a black sheep in the flock, not a drunkard, not one for whose life I would have to utter an apology."

Silas Lillard Bryan, the father of William Jennings Bryan, was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, on November 4, 1822. He was left an orphan at an early age, and when he was nineteen years old he settled in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page seven]

state of Illinois. He entered McKendree College at Lebanon, Illinois, and finally made his home at Salem, Illinois, where he began the practice of law. When he was thirty years old, he was elected to the senate of the state of Illinois on the Democratic ticket, and he served in the senate for eight years. In 1861 he was elected a judge of the Second Judicial Circuit of Illinois, and he served two terms.

Bryan's mother, Mariah Elizabeth Jennings, was born into an English family who had settled so long in the United States that it was impossible for Bryan to trace them in Europe. Miss Jennings' grandfather had removed to Illinois from Maysville, Kentucky, early in the eighteenth century.

Mariah Elizabeth Jennings married Silas Lillard Bryan when she was eighteen, and she moved into a house in Salem, Illinois, which her husband had built himself.

She had been a pupil in the school which her husband had taught at Walnut Hill, Illinois, and she was twelve years younger than he when they were married. Her first two children, Virginia and John, died of the whooping cough; then came a girl, and then came William Jennings Bryan, who was born March 19, 1860, at Salem, Illinois. According to a friend in Salem, Bryan's father, like so many fathers, predicted that one day his son would be President; in this case the prediction never came true, and Bryan always regarded the incident as apocryphal.

P. & A. photo

At eleven. He loved watermelons but would take no part in stealing them.

From The First Battle (W. B. Conkey Co.)

The future "Great Commoner" at four.

BRYAN was naïvely emphatic about the generally favorable circumstances of his advent into the world, and he was humbly grateful for all the blessings which, with an engaging humility, he felt that God had seen fit to bestow upon him. In the preface to his Memoirs he expresses the opinion that he was born "in the greatest of all ages," "a member of the greatest of all races—the Caucasian race," and "a citizen of the greatest of all lands." He said—and he meant it—"My cup runneth over."

Throughout his long career Bryan never for a moment doubted that a Christian American democrat was the greatest work of God. He once wrote this swollen sentence in defense of that view: "In that refinement which is a matter of manners rather than of heart; in that estheticism which prefers the form to the substance; in that learning which breeds vanity instead of breadth of vision—in these we may be inferior to those who have slumbered in the cold embrace of Eastern civilization, but in all that tends to enlarge life, infuse into it a throbbing earnestness and direct it in noble paths, I dare to believe America foremost, not only among the nations of today, but among the nations past as well."

And early in his Memoirs he gave his readers this simple assurance: "In tracing my life from the beginning up to the time of the completion of this volume, I am simply showing what anyone, equally fortunate and with equal opportunities, can accomplish in this favored land of ours in this golden age." As he, an old man, sat writing this in his sunny home in Florida, he may have heard ever so faintly the hands of applauding thousands as they sat, bovine, rapt, under a tent.

Religion ran in Bryan's family. When his father was a young man, his son reported, "he was fond of fun and took delight in the frivolities of his day." But one night he was attacked by pneumonia, and his condition became so bad that he was advised by his physician to make any provisions for the future that he might have in mind. "When the physician retired," Bryan reported, "father prayed as he had never prayed before and promised the Heavenly Father that if restored to health he would pray three times a day as long as he lived."

God kept his part of the bargain, and so did Judge Silas Bryan.

It was his habit on the bench to open court with prayer and he was firmly convinced that the Lord directed his decisions. "You never could tell when Silas Bryan was going to break out in prayer," a friend once remarked. Sometimes, in the middle of a trial, he kneeled down and asked for special guidance. A Peoria

Bryan as an Illinois College student, representi from the left. The girl is

lawyer met Judge Bryan one day just after the Supreme Court had reversed six of his cases. "I see, Judge, that the Supreme Court has reversed the Lord in six cases," the lawyer remarked. "The Supreme Court is wrong," said Judge Bryan. At noon each day, wherever he was, Bryan's father bowed his head and unostentatiously offered a short silent prayer.

Bryan's father was a Baptist and his mother a Methodist, and they each retained the preference after marriage. Bryan found this an advantage, he tells us, because it afforded him double Sunday-school opportunities and gave him an early interest in theological studies which never left him.

From Bryan's Memoirs, courtesy of the John C. Winston Co., publishers.

ater on a debating team. He is standing, fourth
s, later of Hull House.

When he himself was still quite young, Bryan joined the Presbyterians and thus added another pleasure to his day of rest. In the Bryan household, Bryan informs us in his Memoirs, "the spare bedroom was set apart for the special entertainment of politicians and divines." Bryan wrote that his first ambition was to be a Baptist preacher, but when he learned from his father that "it would be necessary for me to go down into the pool of water," he changed his mind.

"My second ambition," Bryan recorded, "was to be a farmer and raise pumpkins. . . . I remember that a young lady by the name of Hester, daughter of Brother Williams, the much beloved pastor of the Christian Church, came into my life about that time and promised to wait for me. She was a very handsome girl, nearly grown, and encouraged me in my taste for agricultural pursuits. When I shortly afterwards decided to be a lawyer, she gave my change of plans as an excuse for refusing to look forward to a life partnership, and married a farmer cousin of mine."

Until he was ten years old Bryan was taught at home by his mother, and among other things he was encouraged in the art of standing on a chair and declaiming. His mother also impressed upon him "such a dislike for swearing that after I began attending school I would always withdraw when boys with whom I was conversing became profane."

BRYAN'S father hated gambling, and he taught his son to believe that there was no distinction between playing cards in a parlor and betting in a gambling house, and that there was no difference between a small prize and large stakes. "He believed," Bryan once wrote, "that gambling rotted the moral fibre of the man, and before I was fifteen he stamped upon my mind a detestation of gambling which has influenced me to this day. It is my opinion that gambling is more demoralizing than drink. I believe that the confirmed gambler is harder to cure than the confirmed drunkard. That impression, which my father contributed to my character-building, has affected my attitude upon many public questions as well as my attitude toward men in private life." In the last year of his life, 1925, Bryan busied himself writing letters to congressmen urging them to introduce a bill denying to the mails all newspapers which published bets on races, elections, and prize fights and the winners in lotteries.

From The First Battle (W. B. Conkey Co.)

From Bryan's Memoirs (John C. Winston Co.)

Two views of Bryan at twenty, in 1880. He was thin, and he excelled in the standing broad jump.

P. & A. photo

At twenty-one, dressed up in his graduation stovepipe hat.

Both his parents joined in impressing upon their child's mind the importance of total abstinence from intoxicating liquor. "I do not know the day on which I first signed the pledge," Bryan once said, "but I guess it was the day when I first signed my name. I believe in signing the pledge; I am ready to sign one any time or anywhere if I can get a human being to sign it with me." It was only, however, after Bryan had heard a little girl recite, "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine," that he joined his first temperance society.

When he was a boy Bryan wanted very much to take piano lessons. His father, however, crushed that aspiration ruthlessly.

Silas Bryan told his son that the girls in the family could take the piano lessons, "but that the boys would learn to make music with the hand saw." Bryan wrote that he inherited only half of this view of the subject, and that he sometimes envied those who could sing. However, man's time was so limited, Bryan felt, that entertainment must be sacrificed to "service."

This firm decision of his father may have influenced the taste which Bryan expressed in later years. John Reed interviewed Bryan for *Collier's Weekly* in 1916. "I asked him," wrote Reed, "about music:

"'You may say: "He likes music. But as with pictures and poetry, it is music that embodies a sentiment.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page nine]

The tune is only interesting to him because it presents words impressively.'"

"'You do not care for symphonic music?'

"'No. I refer you to Bancroft's address on The People in Our Government and Religion, wherein the great historian declares "the people are the final judges of music as of other things."'

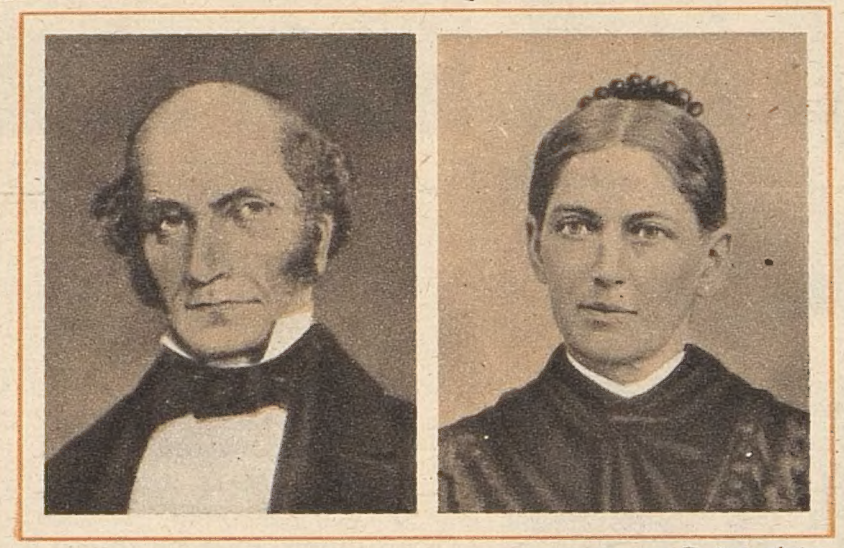
"'Could you give me some examples of music you like?'

"He thought for a moment. 'My father had a song he used to close our Sunday afternoon services with when I was a boy, Kind Words Can Never Die. Then I am fond of One Sweetly Solemn Thought and a piece called, I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go. And Silver Threads Among the Gold. All these songs have a sentiment. For a band piece I like La Paloma. In the theatre I like David Warfield, Maude Adams, and Barrie's plays. But I think that Ben-Hur is the greatest piece on the stage.'"

In *The Commoner* Bryan printed the words of his favorite hymn, I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go, of which the meek refrain went as follows:

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain or plain or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be.

He also expressed in one of his books a great fondness for the song by the Rev. Robert Lowry, Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight, and he wrote that Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight "has probably touched more hearts than any sermon delivered since the song was written in 1877."



P. & A. photos

Bryan's father, Judge Silas Lillard Bryan of Salem, Illinois, and his mother, Mariah Elizabeth (Jennings) Bryan.

In his youth Bryan's father also read to him very often Bryant's Ode to a Waterfowl. "I know of no more comforting words outside of Holy Writ," Bryan wrote, "than those in the last stanza:

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

And that remained his favorite poem throughout his lifetime.

LEST the impression might be spread abroad that Bryan was the original of Little Rollo, he was careful to record in his Memoirs that he was by no means a perfect child, according to family tradition. He went so far as to slip away from home frequently to play with other children. One of his Sunday-school mates has recorded for history that Bryan was "studious, active and respectable—a model boy. But he was fond of watermelons, just the same." This informant added: "Bryan would not go to the patch to steal them, but he would enjoy eating them when the boys had secured the booty." The newspaper which published this memory was unkind enough to remark that Bryan had never entirely lost this unsportsmanlike quality.

His interest in watermelons was a part of the tremendous appetite for food which Bryan developed early and which remained with him throughout his lifetime. His wife later wrote of him as a child: "He was sturdy, round limbed, and fond of play. There is a tradition that his appetite, which has since been a constant companion, developed very early. The pockets of his first trousers were always filled with bread, which he kept for an emergency."

After he was ten years old, Bryan was sent to school in Salem, Illinois, and then he went to Whipple Academy, a preparatory department of the Illinois College at Jacksonville. When he was a student at Whipple Academy, Bryan entered all the available talking contests. In his first year he declaimed Patrick Henry's Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death, but he got no prize. In his next year, however, he came in third with his oration entitled The Palmetto and the Pine.

Bryan once wrote that in one of his school debates on the color question he received great applause when he declared something to be "the darkest picture ever painted upon the canvas of time." This early success impressed his mind with the great importance of modeling his language after a not too rough ocean.

WHEN he left home for school, Bryan's father suggested that he keep an account of all his expenditures of money. These accounts were submitted to Bryan's father, who never objected except once. Young Bryan had spent ten cents for blacking, twenty cents for bay rum, and ten cents for candy. He entered the items in his account book as "forty cents for blacking, bay rum, etc." The following entry was "to the church, five cents." Bryan's father wrote him: "I notice that you spent forty cents for blacking and five cents for the church. It seems to me that is travelling toward the Dead Sea pretty fast." "I can imagine," Bryan wrote, "that there was a smile upon his face when he wrote this reproof, but it answered the purpose. I never covered any expenditures afterward with 'etc.' and I never forgot the inference that he drew from the relative size of the amount spent for improvement of my appearance and the amount spent for the church."

Once when he wrote home that his trousers were too short and that he needed money for a new pair, his father answered that as it was so near vacation time, he could wait until he reached home, and he added: "My son, you may as well learn now, that people will measure you by the length of your head, rather than by the length of your breeches."

From Whipple Academy Bryan went to Illinois College at Jacksonville. He took the classical course, he tells us, because his father and mother decided that he should take that course, and when he left home, his father gave him a Greek and a Latin lexicon, telling him to use the first for six years and the other for five years. Bryan felt later that the study of these languages had been invaluable training for him in the choice of words and their derivations. He recorded that he liked Latin better than Greek, "possibly because it is easier." He planned to read some Latin every year for recreation, but he tells us in his Memoirs: "I soon became so occupied with work which was necessary that the sentimental was crowded out."

As he looked back upon his own experience in the last years of his life, Bryan found that the period when a young man goes to college was a dangerous one, "accompanied by some religious uncertainty." "It is just at this time when the parental authority is weakening," wrote Bryan, "that usually the student begins in the study of the physical sciences. If he is fortunate enough to have teachers who are themselves Christians with a spiritual vision of life, the effect is to strengthen his faith and he advances to a normal religious life. If he is unfortunate enough to fall under the influence of mind worshipers, he may be led step by step away from faith into unbelief."

But Bryan was fortunate, for at Illinois College he found no "mind worshipers." "It is a matter of profound gratitude to me," he recorded, "that during these days I was associated with Christian instructors so that

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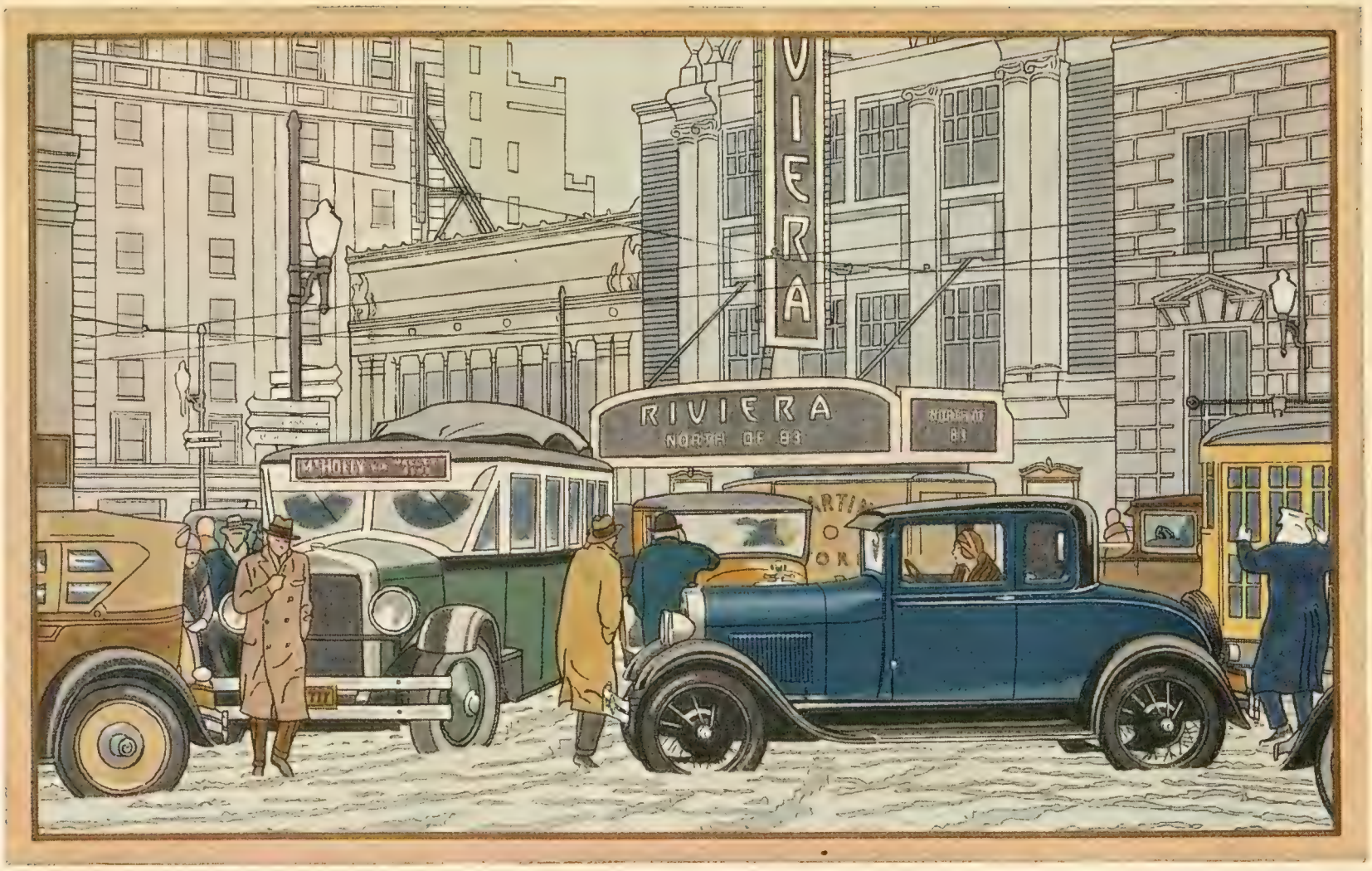


The new Ford has a very simple and effective lubrication system

If you could look into the engine of the new Ford, you would be surprised at the simplicity of the lubrication system. It is a combination of pump, splash and gravity feed—an exclusive Ford development.

The oil pump draws the oil from the bottom of the oil pan through a fine mesh wire screen or filter and delivers it quickly to the valve chamber. Even when you are traveling at thirty miles an hour, the five quarts of oil in the pan pass through the pump *twice* in every mile.

From the valve chamber the oil flows by gravity to the main bearings of the crankshaft and the front camshaft bearing. Reservoirs of oil are provided for each main bearing pipe opening through a series of ingenious dams placed at the bottom of the valve chamber.

After filling these reservoirs, the surplus oil flows down an overflow pipe to the front of the oil pan tray. In this tray are four troughs into which dip the scoops on the connecting rods. These scoops pick up the oil and throw it into the grooves of the swiftly moving crankpin bearings. They also send an oil spray over the cylinder walls, camshaft and timing gears. From the tray the oil flows back to the oil pan, from where it is again drawn through the oil strainer into the pump.

The oiling system of the new Ford is so simple in design and effective in action that it requires practically no service attention. Like every other Ford part, it has been built to give you many thousands of miles of use at a minimum of trouble and expense.

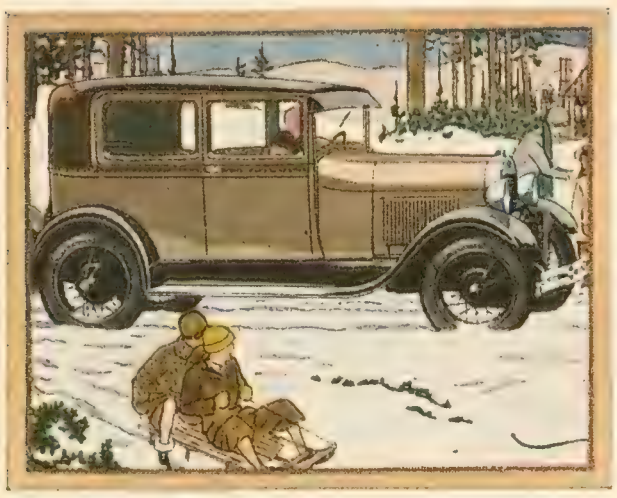
There is only one thing to do, but that is a very important thing . . . *watch the oil!* Keep enough oil in the oil pan so that the indicator rod never registers below low (L) and change the oil every 500 miles. If the oil level is allowed to fall below low, the supply becomes insufficient to oil all parts as they should be oiled. The oil also loses its lubricating properties more rapidly because it is used faster.

The lubrication of the chassis is also important. It has been made simple and easy in the new Ford through the use of the high pressure grease gun system. In order to insure best performance, the chassis should be lubricated every 500 miles.

Every 2000 miles the distributor cam should be cleaned and given a light film of vaseline. At 5000 miles, the lubricant in the differential and transmission should be drained, the housings cleaned with kerosene and new lubricant added.

The oiling and greasing of an automobile is so important and means so much to economical, satisfactory performance that it ought not to be neglected or carelessly done.

Ford dealers everywhere have been specially trained to oil and grease the new Ford. They know the best oil to use for each part during each season of the year and they have special equipment to do the job thoroughly and right and at a fair price.



There's an air of rugged strength in the trim, low lines of the new Ford. Shown here is the new Tudor Sedan in the beautiful Arabian sand color.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

Check the condition of impaired health that is affecting YOUR efficiency:

	Frequent headaches
	Indigestion
	Dizziness
	Colds
	Constipation
	Auto-intoxication
	Lassitude
	Heartburn

Remember that "internal washing" with Pluto Water is the safe, sure way to correct these conditions.

REALLY, NOW

What is Wrong With Your Health?

HOW can you hope to be at your best when your health is being attacked by an insidious, unseen enemy? A leading authority states, "Intestinal stasis (constipation), in one form or another, afflicts three-fourths of the American people." Another authority has termed constipation "the mother of diseases."

Fortunately there is a simple, sure, safe remedy for constipation. It gets right down to common sense and fundamentals.

You would not think of cleansing your face with harsh chemicals and drugs. Is it not even *worse* to use such things for cleansing the delicate tissues *inside* your body?

The one best cleansing agent, for *internal* use as well as *external*, is water. That is why doctors prescribe Pluto. Pluto is a *water* laxative. It *washes* the intestinal tract.

But for one thing, the water you use on your table would make an unexcelled laxative. Ordinary water does not reach the intestines in sufficient quantity to be effective. It is pre-absorbed—excreted through the kidneys.

With Pluto it is different. Pluto Water has a mineral content exceeding in percentage the mineral content of the blood. Consequently, it passes intact to the intestines. There it loosens, cleans and *flushes*.

In just 30 minutes to two hours, Pluto brings welcome relief. Such is its almost instantaneous washing action. Because it only *washes*, it never gripes—is soothing, gentle, harmless—and has no habit-forming tendency.

Drink a little Pluto Water daily, and you will always be "regular"—the first essential of health. In time of emergency, Pluto is ever dependable, ever prompt in its action.

Dilute with *hot* water—directions on every bottle. Sold at all drug counters, and at fountains. Bottled at the springs, French Lick, Indiana.

A bulletin issued by the Chicago Department of Health, says: "The greatest cause of human wretchedness still remains—ill health. In the United States there are on an average of 3,000,000 persons ill all the time. Forty-two per cent of this sickness is preventable. Every day in the year, a million people are shut in or ailing when they could be well and happy. Only two out of every 100 persons born live the allotted span."

The old saying, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," holds good today as much as ever. There is no better "ounce of prevention" than Pluto Water, whether taken daily or at times when constipation sounds its warning.

When Nature Won't, PLUTO Will

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN]

the doubts aroused by my studies were resolved by putting them beside a powerful and loving God."

This would seem to indicate that the study of the physical sciences did arouse troublesome doubts in the young man's mind, and that he was annoyed with the disconcerting necessity for telling Satan to get behind him, evidence of an attraction that must have been great enough to require some resistance on his part.

REALIZING, when he was famous, the importance of furnishing young men with "solid grounds upon which to stand," he tells us that he devoted much of his time to going from college to college in the hope of helping to combat the fearsome doubts of others. Perhaps, however, he exaggerated the extent of his own influence, for at some colleges the day after his presence there was no appreciable change in the attitude of the students, and at one or two it was even noted that some young men had been turned from interest in religion by the very words that Bryan had spoken.

In his freshman year at Illinois College Bryan recited on the subject of Bernardo del Carpio at Strawn's Opera House. He won second prize, which consisted in a choice of two books. He selected Shakespeare and an Oxford Bible, with concordance. In his junior year he won first prize for his oration entitled Individual Powers, and part of it was a volume of Bryant's poems. He underscored his favorite passage in the Ode to a Waterfowl and gave the book as his first gift to the girl he later married. In college he also took the affirmative in two debates: "Resolved: That intemperance is more destructive than war," and "Resolved: That the President of the United States should be elected by popular vote." His college sent him to Galesburg to represent it in a speaking contest. Bryan spoke on Justice and won the second prize, fifty dollars, which he spent for an engagement ring for Mary Elizabeth Baird.

From Bryan's Memoirs, courtesy of the John C. Winston Co., publishers.

The young Bryan as a prize-winning orator. From his school days, he loved speaking next best to eating, but it was not until his early experience as a stump speaker in Nebraska that he discovered that he was endowed with unusual power to move an audience.

Speaking and studying were not his only college activities. It was recalled that he excelled in the standing broad jump. At graduation he was chosen as the valedictorian of his class and also as class orator.

Bryan was not satisfied with the opportunities for oratory furnished by the speaking contests and debates, and he hired Professor S. S. Hamil of Decatur to give him special lessons in elocution. He spoke at literary societies as often as possible, and he made a few political speeches around Jacksonville to anybody who would listen to him. The Jacksonville *Journal* reported that "W. J. Bryan recited McLean's Child with fine effect."

For his oration as valedictorian of the graduating class, Bryan chose the subject Character. In it he proclaimed that appearances were deceiving, that "brilliant wit," "pungent sarcasm," "pretended earnestness" were as nothing to a good character. Napoleon, young Bryan pointed out, "swept like a destroying angel over almost the entire eastern world," leaving "a path along whose length the widow's wail made music for his marching hosts," but, alas, he failed: "Talent, genius, power, these he had—character, he had none." Then the orator referred prettily to Demosthenes, Washington, and Lincoln. He ended with this complete singsong, which even he never paralleled in a long career of oratorical endeavor: "However high our names may be inscribed upon the gilded scroll of fame, to thee we all the honor give, to thee all praises bring. And when, in after years, we're wearied by the bustle of a busy world, our hearts will often long to turn and seek repose beneath thy sheltering shade."

While he was in college Bryan worked in a hat store to help support himself. He also stumped the state for Congressman W M. Springer, who was useful to Bryan later in the House of Representatives. His first interest in politics had come, like so many of his other interests, from his father. In 1872 the elder Bryan ran for Congress, and his son took an active interest in the campaign, although he was only twelve. The elder Bryan supported Horace Greeley for President that year, and he was endorsed by the radical Greenback Party, but he was defeated. When he was fifteen, according to family tradition, young Bryan made a successful political speech at Centralia.

THE class historian at Illinois College had written of Bryan: "Law and politics are his friends and he intends to court them as soon as other things permit." The most important of these other things at the moment was love. After he became famous, a story was circulated that Miss Mary Elizabeth Baird heard William Jennings Bryan recite A Soldier of the Legion and fell in love with him on the spot. However, this is untrue, and Mrs. Bryan has given her own account of the attraction.

Mrs. Bryan first met her husband when he was a junior in college in 1879. "I saw him first," she wrote, "in the parlors of the young ladies' school which I attended in Jacksonville. He entered the room with several other students, was taller than the rest, and attracted my attention at once. His face was pale and thin; a pair of keen dark eyes looked out from beneath heavy brows; his nose was prominent—too large to look well, I thought; a broad, thin-lipped mouth and a square chin completed the contour of his face.

"He was neat though not fastidious in dress, and stood firmly and with dignity. I noted particularly his hair and his smile—the former black in color, fine in quality, and parted distressingly straight; the latter, expansive and expressive. In later years this smile has been the subject of considerable comment, but the well-rounded cheeks of Mr. Bryan now check its onward march, and no one has seen the real breadth of the smile

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page thirteen]

who did not see it in the early days. Upon one occasion, a heartless observer was heard to remark, 'That man can whisper in his own ear,' but this was a cruel exaggeration."

"My classmates in boarding school sometimes warned me," Mrs. Bryan wrote, "that he was too good, but after considering the matter, I decided that I preferred marrying a man who was too good rather than one who was not quite good enough."

Bryan's Sunday-school teacher, Mrs. A. V. Beville, remarked when she learned that he had been nominated for the Presidency, "I don't know anyone fuller of proverbs than Mr. Bryan," and he himself has told us that he studied Solomon's words as carefully in his youth as anything he ever studied. This proved valuable to him when the time came for him to talk to John Baird about marrying his daughter. Mrs. Bryan has reported the interview: "In his dilemma William sought refuge in the Scriptures, and began: 'Mr. Baird, I have been reading Proverbs a good deal lately, and find that Solomon says, "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord."' Father, being something of a Bible scholar himself, replied: 'Yes, I believe Solomon did say that, but Paul suggests that while he that marrieth doeth well, he that marrieth not doeth better.' This was disheartening, but the young man saw his way through. 'Solomon would be the best authority upon this point,' rejoined Mr. Bryan, 'because Paul was never married, while Solomon had a number of wives.' After this friendly tilt the matter was satisfactorily arranged."

From Bryan's Memoirs
(John C. Winston Co.)

Mary Elizabeth Baird in 1880, when she became engaged to Bryan. Their marriage was a lifelong romance.

Bryan studied law at the Union College of Law, and soon after he was admitted to the bar he married Miss Baird. Many years later Colonel House congratulated Bryan on having such a fine wife. "Your marriage was a great romance," Colonel House said. "Still is," Bryan answered with a grin.

Chapter II

The Struggle for Existence

BRYAN began to practice law at Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1883. His first client was a saloonkeeper named John Sheehan. Bryan told Sheehan that while he did not drink himself and advised others not to drink, he thought that those who bought liquor ought to pay for it. Bryan collected a claim for $2.60 worth of liquor for Sheehan, and when he visited the saloon to pay the money, he called the saloonkeeper out and gave him the sum, less twenty per cent commission. It pleased Mr. Sheehan very much that the man from whom Bryan collected the claim remained a regular customer.

Bryan practiced in Jacksonville for four years, and most of his business was on the scale of this claim.

Among the Bryan Papers in the Library of Congress there is an old pocket memorandum book, and in his own handwriting there are the following entries:

Office Receipts for first 6 months of my practice July 4th 1883 to Jany 1, 1884

July 1883

Fee as guardian ad lit.	$5.00
Collection for C. M. Evans	4.00
Collection for J. Sheehan	.60
Total for July	$9.60

August 1883

Aug. 1. Col. for Evans	$1.50
Aug. 4. Col. for Sheehan	.25
Aug. 11. Making deed	1.00
Aug. 11. Evans col.	.70
Total for August	$3.45

September 1883

Sept. 17. Making deed	$1.00
Sept. 20. R. Larkin	1.25
	$2.25
Total for September	$11.85
Total for Oct.	$24.85
Total for Nov.	$ 3.05
Total for Dec.	$14.75
Total for first six months	$67.55

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The house where the Bryans first made their home, in Jacksonville, Illinois.

MEANWHILE Bryan had married, and he kept his living expenses down by doing his own office work and janitor service, and before he was married he used a couch in his office for his bedroom. He had desk room in the offices of Brown & Kirby, and Judge Kirby asked Bryan in the spring of 1887 to make a trip to Kansas to transact some business for Illinois College; the college was willing to pay traveling expenses and a small commission for collecting some debts. He also was to do some work for his father-in-law at Creston, Iowa, and he found that this would enable him to stop off and visit his classmate in law school, Adolphus Talbot, who then lived at Lincoln, Nebraska. The advantage of this growing western city impressed Bryan, and when he returned he consulted his wife and her family, and they all decided to go to Lincoln.

Lincoln was the capital of the state of Nebraska, and Bryan was impressed with the legal possibilities of such a location. Also, he had found in Lincoln the owner of a weekly newspaper who was willing to permit him to write a column each week answering legal questions sent in by readers. "This, I thought, would enable me to make acquaintances and become known to the people of the county," Bryan wrote. His friend, Adolphus Talbot, had also urged him to become his law partner, so that prospects seemed bright.

He was not thinking much of the political advantages of this change, for Nebraska was a strong Republican state, and Bryan was already a firm Democrat; but when he was once settled in the new surroundings, he exercised his penchant for speaking on various occasions, social and political as well as religious. In Jacksonville he had made himself useful in this way because he felt that it was valuable for his law business, and because he always enjoyed speaking. Once when he was campaigning for the Democratic party in Illinois, he had this experience:

"On arriving at the schoolhouse one of the crowd was quite urgent in an invitation to partake of the contents of a bottle of hip-pocket size. When the offer had been declined repeatedly, the gentleman expressed the friendly hope that I would speak as well as I could anyhow, emphasizing the 'anyhow' in a way that indicated that he could not expect much under the circumstances. Before the meeting was called to order, one of the audience cautioned me against talking too long, and remarked that only a few nights before a speaker had nearly worn them out, while another encouraged me with the advice: 'Hit 'em hard, there isn't a Republican here.'

"The chairman of the meeting asked me to suggest a proper form of introduction, and, being anxious to secure whatever professional advertisement the meeting might

give, I replied that he might say: 'Mr. W. J. Bryan, an attorney at law, of Jacksonville, will now address you.'" When the chairman arose, he was embarrassed, and he said: "Mr. O'Brien will now spake."

Bryan threw himself into the political campaigns in Nebraska early in his residence there. He made fifty speeches against the Republican Governor of the state, and when he found himself invited to speak at a St. Patrick's Day meeting at which the Governor was to preside, he was a little nervous.

"The program was a varied one—an instrumental selection, a declamation, a song, etc.," Bryan wrote. "The Governor rose and read from the list prepared for him, 'The next number is Mr. W. J. Bryan.' As I stepped forward the Governor advanced and extended his hand. It ran through my mind that he was a kind old fellow to forgive my opposition. Then the Governor drew me toward him and said in a hoarse whisper, 'Do you speak or sing?'"

While he was speaking in Nebraska, Bryan first realized his immense power over audiences, and it was like a revelation from God. Mrs. Bryan reports the incident: "He had spoken in a town in the western part of the state, came home on a night train, and arrived at daybreak. I was sleeping when he came in, and he awakened me. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he began: 'Mary, I have had a strange experience. Last night I found that I had power over the audience. I could move them as I chose. I have more than usual power as a speaker. I know it. God grant that I may use it wisely.' And as it was his custom all through life to carry to his Heavenly Father any new development, he prayed."

Bryan joined the Lincoln order of Elks, one of his first fraternal affiliations. In the course of his career he took to these affiliations with great avidity. He was a Mason, Odd Fellow, Elk, Moose, Royal Highlander, Modern Woodman, Rotarian, Knight of Pythias, and member of all the chambers of commerce and bar associations in the various localities where he happened to live.

A note among his papers in the Library of Congress sets forth that he would have been a member of the Kiwanis Clubs as well, but the rules forbid a man to be both a Rotarian and a member of Kiwanis.

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The house in Salem, Illinois, where Bryan was born, March 19, 1860.

MEANWHILE, the law business was not very flourishing. Bryan's old memorandum book has this resumé of his receipts as a member of the firm of Talbot & Bryan:

Oct., Nov., Dec., 1887....	$82.55
For year 1888.....	834.41
For year 1889.....1,998.29	
For year 1890.....1,425.33	
For first two months 1891	364.29
For 11 months 1891.....1,140.77	

Bryan's eloquence was said to be especially useful to the firm in the trial of cases before juries, and he handled cases against the railroads with success, though his partners were attorneys for the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company.

Meanwhile, he was writing and speaking constantly. In August, 1889, Bryan made an effort to get published a collection of papers to be called Tariff Essays.

In his papers in the Library of Congress there are answers to letters he wrote to Mr. Walter H. Page, who was then the editor of the weekly edition of the *Evening Post* in New York.

Mr. Page pointed out to Mr. Bryan that the *Evening Post* did not publish books and suggested that Mr. Bryan try G. P. Putnam & Sons. There are letters from Putnam's declining to publish the book on the grounds that it would not sell sufficiently to pay the costs of printing.

Mrs. Bryan, in order to aid her husband, took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar. She read Blackstone with Mr. Bryan, and she also took an active part in the women's clubs of the community. Her first child, Ruth, was born in 1885. "I think," wrote Bryan in his Memoirs, "my wife never before looked so sweet as she did when she brought Ruth downstairs for the first time. The wrapper which she wore that day was long and flowing and she made me think of a Madonna. In fact, seeing a copy of Bodenhausen's painting of the Madonna a few weeks afterward in an art gallery in Kansas City—the Madonna arrayed in a gown of almost the same tint as the gown my wife had worn—so impressed me by the resemblance that I took the picture home with me. It hung upon our walls until our son was married and desired to have it for his own home."

Brown Bros. photo

The farmhouse near Salem, Illinois, where Bryan spent his boyhood.

THIS always remained one of Bryan's favorite paintings. "What do you think about art, Mr. Bryan?" John Reed asked him. "He hesitated, and then said slowly: 'I am interested in art, but I cannot say that it has had any direct connection with my political life.' He fidgeted.

"'But at least there are some pictures that have inspired you, some music, some poetry—'

"'Ahem!' he said frowning. 'Yes. The picture is of great importance. Four that I now recall have made an impression upon my thought. First, the Madonna and Child.'

"'Which one? Raphael's?'

"'It doesn't make any difference which one. Raphael's is very good, but I prefer Bodenhausen's. The Madonna is great because it deals with the tenderest human relationship. Next, The Breaking of Human Ties presents the problem of a young man at the critical period of his life—'

"'Whom is that by?'

"'I don't know. But you will find it hanging in every Y. M. C. A. Then Vereshchagin's Apotheosis of War, which is a powerful peace sermon; and lastly Christ Before Pilate, which contrasts force and love.'

"'But are there no great painters that you admire? None of the old masters for example?'

"'Put it like this,' he dictated. '"Mr. Bryan's interest in a picture is not because some famous painter painted it, but because of the idea it presents. And so with poetry. He defines poetry as the clothing of a beautiful idea in beautiful words."'"

One year and a half after he settled in Lincoln, Nebraska, Bryan was nominated for Congress by the Democrats. This was hardly considered either an honor or a privilege, for the district from which he was nominated had been a strong Republican district for many years.

In one of his Chautauqua lectures Bryan said: "I entered politics by accident and remained there by design. I was nominated for Congress in 1890 because it was not thought possible for a Democrat to be elected. I was young and new in the state. If it had been a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page fifteen]

Democratic district the honor would have gone to someone older, of longer residence and more deserving. A Republican paper said next morning after the convention that a confidence game had been played upon a young man from Illinois and that he had been offered as a sacrifice upon the party altar because he had not been in the state long enough to know the political complexion of the district."

But Bryan knew the political complexion of the district very well. He had made the acquaintance of the leading politicians of the state soon after he settled there, and he had visited more than thirty counties throughout the state during the previous campaign speaking for the congressional election of J. Sterling Morton, a Democrat, who was defeated.

NO one wanted the nomination Bryan received, for it was considered impossible of success, but Bryan proceeded to make a vigorous campaign. He liked talking next to eating, and he toured the district thoroughly, his pockets stuffed with his favorite vegetable, radishes, which he kept munching to satisfy the gnawing at his vitals.

He roused his audiences to great enthusiasm by his ringing phrases on the inequalities of the tariff and the iniquities of organized wealth. "The mass of Republicans in this state," he had thundered at the members of the Democratic State Convention a few months before, "have deluded themselves with the belief that the Republican Party was only flirting with organized wealth, and that it would finally wed the poor man; but the marriage between the G. O. P. and monopoly has been consummated, and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

It was a speech that he never quite forgot, for he repeated the same sentiment very often in the next thirty years.

There was one subject, however, to which he did not then give his approval, although his personal habits were in accord with the principles involved, and that was prohibition. In this campaign prohibition was an issue in Nebraska, and the Republicans were in favor of it. Bryan no doubt felt that the time was not yet ripe, for he never believed in throwing away an election for a principle that was not possible of success.

During his first congressional campaign Bryan challenged his opponent, W. J. Connell, to a series of debates, and Mr. Connell was foolish enough to accept. He, perhaps, did not know that debating had been Mr. Bryan's favorite recreation since childhood. Mrs. Bryan in her biographical introduction to her husband's collected speeches wrote that the occasion of Bryan's final summing up in this debate "was a Chicago convention in miniature, and delighted Mr. Bryan's supporters."

At the end of the last debate Mr. Bryan presented Mr. Connell with a copy of Gray's Elegy, perhaps as a consolation prize, and with it he made one of those cloying recitations which always delighted his audiences so much.

"It," he assured his Republican opponent, "is one of the most beautiful and touching tributes to humble life that literature contains. Grand in its sentiments and sublime in its simplicity, we may both find in it a solace in victory or defeat. If success should crown your efforts in this campaign, and it should be your lot 'The applause of listening senates to command,' and I am left, 'A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,' forget not us who in the common walks of life perform our part, but in the hour of your triumph recall the verse:

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

"But whether the palm of victory is given to you or to me, let us remember those of whom the poet says:

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

"These are the ones most likely to be forgotten by the government. When the poor and weak cry out for relief they, too, often hear no answer but 'The echo of their cry,' while the rich, the strong, the powerful, are given an attentive ear. . . . The safety of our farmers and our laborers is not in special legislation, but in equal and just laws that bear alike on every man. The great masses of our people are interested, not in getting their hands into other people's pockets, but in keeping the hands of other people out of their pockets."

The audience went home feeling that their young candidate was a very clever young man indeed, and Mr. Bryan's opponent was left irritatingly defenseless against the onslaught of sentimentality.

ALREADY Bryan the politician had come to realize the platform values of the common man, and he was able to use them effectively because he felt them so sincerely, being a common man himself. And Bryan was never ignorant of the obvious fact that there are more mute inglorious Miltons in the world than there are Miltons.

Aside from the use of his clear, vibrant voice Bryan's campaign cost him very little. In his old memorandum book there is this entry:

Expenses in Congressional Campaign 1890

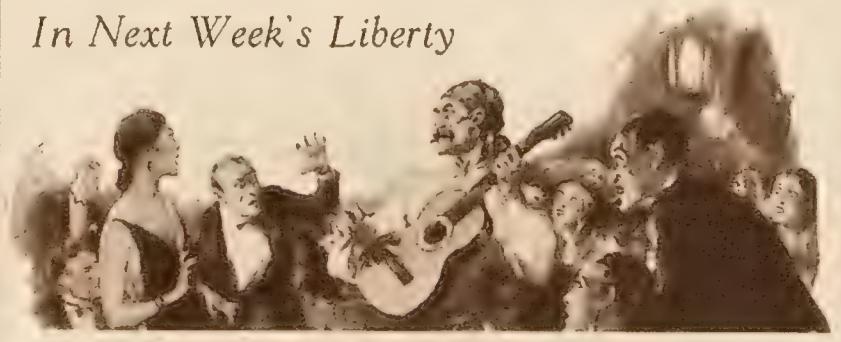
Expenses before convention about	5.00
After convention	
B & M 1000 [illegible word]	25.00
cigars	1.10
stamps	1.00
Subs. to West L. paper	1.50
Trip to Omaha	.25

Mr. Bryan was elected by a small majority in a normally Republican district. Besides the advantage of his oratorical powers, he benefited by the fact that the public in that year was beginning to turn toward the Democratic party because of general dissatisfaction with the Republicans which resulted two years later in the election of Grover Cleveland as President for the second time.

(Copyright, 1929, by M. R. Werner.)

How Bryan at thirty-one spellbound Congress and caught the nation's ear with a speech on the tariff; how he happened to turn to the currency and champion "free silver"; how in 1896 he set out for Chicago believing what no one else dreamed of, that he would be nominated for President—all this will be told next week.

In Next Week's Liberty



The Murders on the Roof

A new mystery serial by EDWARD DOHERTY

More of M. R. WERNER'S remarkable biography of

Bryan

Short stories by

Viña Delmar Royal Brown

Henry Wallace Phillips

Head and shoulders above the crowd

a face that's FIT

Williams has spent eighty-nine years of specialized study in developing products that make for quick, smooth shaving. Products that help vitally in keeping *Faces Fit!*

And the best formula for *Face Fitness* is this,—first, Williams Shaving Cream; then, Aqua Velva.

Williams Cream is pure with the purity of triple distilled ingredients. With not one atom of artificial color. Incomparably (*incomparably!*) mild. Absorbs, *by actual test,* 10 per cent more moisture than any other cream we know of, with all the super softening power such extra moisture brings. With a glow of satisfaction you watch it rise quickly, in thick, smooth creaminess, beneath your lather brush.

Then Aqua Velva! Made scientifically and expressly for the newly shaven surface. First it gives a sprightly tingle. Then it cares for nicks and cuts, mostly unseen. Protects from outdoor wind and weather, indoor dryness. Prevents chapping. Conserves the skin's natural moisture, keeping it flexible, pliant to the touch. *Keeping* it, as Williams lather *leaves* it, all day long well-conditioned and *Fit!*

Try this Williams shaving service,—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. Millions of well groomed faces the world over bear cheerful witness to their virtues.

Test the truth of what we say, if you wish. Use Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva 5 or 10 days before you vote for or against them. Send the coupon for a sample of each. Or a post card. You can't lose!

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM -- AQUA VELVA

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
DEPT. L19 GLASTONBURY, CONN.

Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.
I will use and observe them.

.....

.....

.....

He didn't use Listerine . . .

don't let a Cold or Sore Throat become serious

—gargle with Listerine full strength

Kills germs in 15 seconds

SORE throat is a warning to look out for a cold—or worse.

If you have the slightest indication of trouble, immediately use Listerine, full strength, as a gargle.

Millions have found that this simple act checks the ordinary kind of sore throat promptly. Keeps it from becoming serious. Moreover, they have proved that its systematic use is excellent protection against having colds and sore throat at all.

When you realize that Listerine kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds, you can understand why it is so effective against cold weather complaints which are caused by germs.

Though Listerine is powerful you may use it full strength with entire safety in any cavity of the body. The safe antiseptic indeed—unchanged during 47 years.

Keep a bottle handy in home and at work and use it—especially after exposure to cold weather or germ-carrying crowds in offices, railway trains, street cars or buses. It may spare you a trying and costly siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

To escape a cold—

rinse the hands with it

Millions of colds start when germs, transferred from the hands to food, enter the mouth. Therefore, before every meal, rinse your hands with Listerine. This effectually destroys disease germs. They are killed before they can enter the body. This simple act may save you a nasty siege with a cold. And it is especially important for mothers to remember when preparing baby's food.

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP

Johnny turned a hard blue eye upon her. "Saddle him yourself," he said. "You're half man."

Johnny Jones *and* MODERNISM

The Story of a Girl's Awakening

By VINGIE E. ROE

JOHNNY JONES swung off Hammerhoof and began loosening his latigo in the corral yard at Cottonwood Ranch. The first named was lean, young, and bronzy blond, his fingers stained by cigarettes. The second was none so young as cow horses go, but he was lean as his master and a first-class mount for a top hand.

From the ends of his hair-chapped legs, slightly bowed, to the top of his Stetson, Johnny stood a bare five feet eight inches—and it must be frankly admitted that at least an inch and a half belonged to his spurred boot-heels, two more to the peak of the hat.

But such as he was, he was a "blank good cow hand an' man all through," to quote Uncle Ben Llewellyn, who owned Cottonwood Ranch and paid Johnny his monthly wage. Old Ben was wide in the girth now, with rheumatism in both knees, and spent his days limping about the corrals and barns. But time was when he had punched in the Texas Panhandle and he knew men and cows like his a, b, cs. His dark eyes had never lost their fire, nor his heart its love for humanity, horses, and the earth.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[JOHNNY JONES AND MODERNISM
Continued from page nineteen]

"Hello, Johnny," called the old man from the low veranda of the ranch house. "I ain't seen you for two days. Whar you been?"

"Hello, Boss," said the boy respectfully. "Up in Bluestone Cañon looking after that bunch of heifers we turned out there."

He pulled off his saddle and slapped Hammerhoof affectionately on the rump, and the little horse trotted into the corral, where he promptly proceeded to roll luxuriously in the dust. Johnny hung his precious old saddle on the peeled sapling fence and came rocking toward his employer.

"Whew! Hot," he said laconically and sat down on the veranda's edge.

"'Tis so," said Uncle Ben; "turrible hot fer southern Utah at this time o' year. How's th' heifers?"

"Fine. Six of them's got new calves and about eighteen due soon. Grass's wonderful. Water too."

For a little while the two men talked together with perfect understanding and pleasure. Then there was a light swift step within the deep house, the screen door opened, and a girl came out.

A LOOK of resigned distaste passed over the cowboy's features before he rose and faced her.

"Howda do, Miss Selby," he said.

The girl looked coolly at him.

"As I like, usually," she said, and walked away down the veranda.

Both pairs of masculine eyes followed her, the fiery old dark ones with lights leaping in them, the young blue ones narrowed and cold.

She was a slim thing, flat as a boy, her dark hair sleeked along her little head and curled down behind one ear. She wore riding breeches, boots, and sweater, and at the far end of the long porch she stopped, flipped her right hand, and with the tiny flame which responded from the bit of metal in its palm lighted the cigarette between her bright, rouged lips. Then she disappeared, and in a moment they heard the roar of a motor behind the house where the road ran out to the distant world.

"H'm," said Johnny Jones. "Aren't girls the limit these days?"

"They ain't human, son," rasped Uncle Ben. "I'm her grandpa, but I'll be doggoned if I claim th' distinction. I'm glad her grandma didn't live to see her—an' her ma ain't much better. Plays bridge fer money, an's got some fiddlin' boy fer a proty jay—if you know what that means."

"Yeah," said Johnny, "probably going to educate a genius."

"On her divorced husband's money. Good husband he was, too—if she is my own daughter. Lives part time in Texas whar she got th' money—oil—an' th' rest in Par*ee*. Par*ee!* An' she had a good grammar school eddication, too. An' now here's Maranne—young know-it-all in pants, smokin' like a puncher! An' yestiddy I heard her swear. It rasps me sore. An' her name, now—Maranne. Would you ever guess she was named after her grandmother—spoilin' two good old words, Mary and Anne! It sure does rasp me!"

"Come on down to the barns, Boss," said Johnny, rising, "and look at the new colt. You and me, we don't belong to these here fancy times."

When the sun was going down behind the distant hills, the big car came roaring home in a cloud of dust, turned the far corner on two wheels, and came to rest in the ranch yard like a giant bird. The girl unwound her long legs from somewhere beneath the steering wheel and got gracefully out, leaving the car where it was for someone—anyone—to put away.

"Boys," he said loudly, "Boss Llewellyn wants

"Hurry dinner, Hop," she called to the Chinese cook through the kitchen window as she came in.

"Dinner be damned—it's supper here," said Boss Llewellyn sharply from the shadows, "an' it ain't a-goin' to be hurried from its natural time. What's th' press?"

"Dance at the Bar Q," replied the girl blandly, "and it's immaterial. I can do on a highball."

"My God!" said the old man helplessly. "Hop, you mind your business an' go tell Johnny to come here."

MARANNE did not appear at the table under its swinging coal-oil lamp, but a little later she came out through the living room, a sight for men and gods in that simple country.

Her little head looked like a sea lion's in its shining sleekness, one ear set in its arc of hair. Face, neck, and arms were chalk white with liquid powder, cheeks and lips blazing with carmine. Her dress was a thin blue slip of shimmering silk, hung upon her body with the sly revealing clasp of wet fabric. It had neither sleeve nor back. And it swung its scant length just a trifle above the bend of her knee in back. Above the transparent stocking, tightly rolled at this point, three inches of bare white leg showed with every step.

Old man Llewellyn gasped and choked.

his granddaughter, and I'm taking her to him. Clear the way."

"Young woman," he said thickly, "you hain't a-goin' to no dance from this ranch in them there togs. Get right back an' take 'em off!"

She blew a puff of smoke toward him and laughed.

"Be yourself, granddad," she said airily. "You shock me. Such a proceeding would be nothing less than indecent." And coolly wrapping herself in a blue velvet coat she went out into the dusk beyond. The motor whirred and roared away once more.

OLD Ben Llewellyn sank down in his chair, one hand opening and closing impotently. His face worked under the insult.

Johnny Jones from across the table laid his own cigarette in a saucer and rose.

"Boss," he said thinly, "do you give me leave to enforce the honor of this family at that dance?"

The other looked up with smoldering eyes.

"If I was younger," he said slowly, "I'd tan her on my knee. Failing that, go to it, son. I'm downed—an' on my own doorstep!"

Thirty minutes later a scrubbed and polished puncher in his best shirt and hat rattled out of the yard in the boss' flivver.

It was thirty-five miles to the Bar Q and the dance was well under way when Johnny appeared in the crowd of boys clustered like bees around the entrance and along the walls of the Bar Q hay barn, where the festivities were in progress.

THIS was an annual affair—this merrymaking between the clearing of the great barn and the storing of the new crop—and everyone in the cattle country managed to be present if possible. It was for the most part a gathering of families, mothers dancing among their daughters, with three men for every woman, and comfortably easy as to dress. The girls wore organdies and voiles made at home or ordered from catalogues and only modestly short as to skirts, sleeves, and necks. Their heads were bobbed, to be sure, and the lipstick had made its tentative appearance even here, but to one from "outside" these people were hopelessly "hick."

Therefore the blazing modernism of Ben Llewellyn's granddaughter stood out among them like a tongue of fire at night. Everywhere she went a wake of eyes followed her, the feminine ones both scandalized and envious, the masculine amazed and frankly delighted.

"Hot dog!" Johnny heard a cowboy say. "There's dimples behind them knees, if she is thin. I'm goin' to cut in."

Cutting was the order of the night with Maranne Selby. From one pair of arms to another the girl was snatched so fast as to create almost a riot of laughing, excited partners. Her lovely, artificial little face was grave with a seeming of languid boredom, but under the painted lids her eyes, dark as Old Ben's, missed nothing. They held, too, an insolent pride, a hard cool arrogance of conscious superiority.

She had literally taken the dance and was enjoying her power to the limit.

"Fool!" said Johnny to himself. "Cruel, selfish little fool!" and put his hat back on his head to have both hands free.

The dance, the fourth encore, was slowing to the finish. He waited until the boisterous clapping had lingeringly ceased and the couples were gravitating toward the walls. Maranne Selby did not gravitate.

She stood prominently at one side of the wide floor completely surrounded by men of all sorts and descriptions, married and single.

As they shifted Johnny saw her, one hand on a flat hip, the other gesticulating languidly with a jeweled holder a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[JOHNNY JONES AND MODERNISM
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foot long from which issued a tiny veil of smoke. Girls stood in groups watching her, while glances, amused and otherwise, paid her masculine tribute.

Johnny Jones stepped into the charmed circle. He bowed and addressed the girl.

"Miss Selby," he said clearly, "your grandfather sent me to bring you home to change your dress."

The scarlet mouth, pursed to blow a ring of smoke, froze in the action. The red blood of anger—Old Ben's own anger—flowed up visibly beneath the liquid powder.

"Indeed?" she said with indescribable insolence. "Go tell him to forget it."

"Not while he's the boss," said Johnny grimly and stepped behind her. With his left hand he grasped her bare arm. With his right he pulled his gun.

"Boys," he said so loudly that all might hear, "Boss Llewellyn wants his granddaughter, and I'm taking her to him. Clear the way."

Every man jack present knew Johnny Jones—knew him for "man clear through," and, incidentally, as good a shot as the range afforded. They knew, too, Boss Llewellyn of the Cottonwoods. For a stupid moment the happening held the crowd dumbfounded. Then the music started, the press of men about the girl fell back, and Johnny pushed her firmly through.

For a frantic second Maranne struggled against his iron grasp.

Then, red as fire, but straight as a lance, she walked quietly to the door and out. Johnny Jones took no chances. He got no velvet coat for her—he left the big car standing in the yard. He shoved her, literally, into the flivver which he had left running, got in beside her, and drove thirty-five miles in complete silence.

Ben Llewellyn still sat at the table under the coal-oil lamp.

"Here she is, Boss," he said grimly, "and it was well I got her. The whole country was laughing at her legs and paint and posey smoking. If she runs away tomorrow, so much the better for us. Let's hope to heaven she does."

Like a cold blue flame the girl looked at both men. Slowly she produced a cigarette, tapped it on her wrist, stuck it in the jeweled holder, and lighted it. A thin smile parted her lips.

"Good night—*gentlemen*," she said with bitter emphasis. "Don't kid yourselves. I'll never go—defeated." And discarding the blanket which Johnny had given her in lieu of the velvet coat, she went to her room.

THE next few days were strained to breaking with Old Ben grimly silent, Johnny polite but distant as the poles, and Maranne Selby watching both with eyes that glowed and flickered.

She wore her man's attire all day, sprawled in the hammock at the far end of the veranda, and the air was blue with smoking.

"Like a kid showing off," the puncher told the boss without lowering his voice; "women don't really like the taste of tobacco."

Maranne got out of the hammock, stretching her lean length insolently.

"Wish you'd saddle Buckskin," she said, yawning. "Think I'll ride out to Black Coulee."

Johnny turned a hard blue eye upon her.

"Saddle him yourself," he said; "you're half man."

Whereat Old Ben Llewellyn slapped a knee.

"Hell's bells!" he laughed. "That's good! Th' game fer th' name! Go to it, young woman."

The red tides of rage flowed into her face.

"Hell's bells yourself!" she said thickly. "Am I, or am I not, your rightful heir? Hop!" she called.

"No blood o' mine in you," said Boss Llewellyn. "Hop, you stay where you are."

Speechless with anger, the girl snapped her fingers and, whirling on her booted heels, flung into the house.

Johnny put on his hat and rocked away to the corrals, and Old Ben fanned and rocked on the veranda. Both men were wishing miserably that this specimen of the modern woman would go back to Texas and leave them to the peace of their wide levels, their mauve and distant hills, their horses and cattle brutes.

But Maranne Selby had no such intention. Her mother was in Paris with her genius of the violin, her father was in New York with his new wife, and the big house in Houston was closed. Also this country of admiring males and inferior females, according to her judgment, was good ground for amusement. There would be more dances. She had a shorter dress, more war paint. So she smoldered and thought. Her arm still tingled from the grip of the puncher's hand. She hated him cordially.

"Little shrimp!" she called him bitterly to herself, and ached for a chance to strike him, and strike him hard. But he came and went about his business of cows as if she were not present.

THE weather was dry and very hot. The spring among the cottonwoods had lowered five inches; its flow was becoming a trickle. Hop Ling watched it and chattered to himself about it.

"Him plitty littla watta," he told the boss, shaking his head. "Not so good."

"I know," said Old Ben. "Wish to Pete it'd rain."

Johnny rode Hammerhoof many a weary mile, keeping anxious watch upon the outlying range. The water and grass in Bluestone held up finely, but on the levels the warm weather was telling a bit.

At home he sat in the dusk with Old Ben and talked cows until the girl, marooned on her island of the hammock in a sea of aloofness, wanted to scream. She had estranged them by her insolence, her superiority, in a land where womankind was sacred, and they had no use for her.

Old Ben was wide in the girth now. But time was when he had punched in the Texas Panhandle.

Johnny had sent for the big car, and it was her only solace, since the men forgot to saddle a horse each time she ordered it done, and she must saddle for herself if she rode.

Therefore she did not ride.

The thing had become a battle of wills between one slim girl and a ranchful of men—that is, the bosses of a ranchful. Almost any puncher at the bunkhouse would have lain down to be walked on by her, but Johnny had given orders that she was to be left strictly alone, and when he said alone he meant alone—and Boss Llewellyn backed him.

And on a morning Hop Ling, the faithful, bringing the boss' hot cakes to the table, reeled against the door-jamb.

"Hey!" said Old Ben. "Hop, you ben drinkin'?"

But the Celestial shook his grizzled head. "Him no-good insides go whully-gig," he said, clutching the lintel.

"Whirligig, huh?" said the boss. "You need a dose of pills."

But the pills did not seem to help Hop's insides, for three days later Llewellyn found him stretched on his cot in the little back room with his work undone. This was not like Hop Ling, who had not a lazy hair in his head, and the boss was troubled.

"Til-ed," said the Chinaman apologetically; "so velly, velly til-ed."

He was up by supper time and dragged for two more days. Then he went down for good, a limp, small rag of sorrow that he could not serve his boss.

"Bilious," said Old Ben. "I'll give him a round

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

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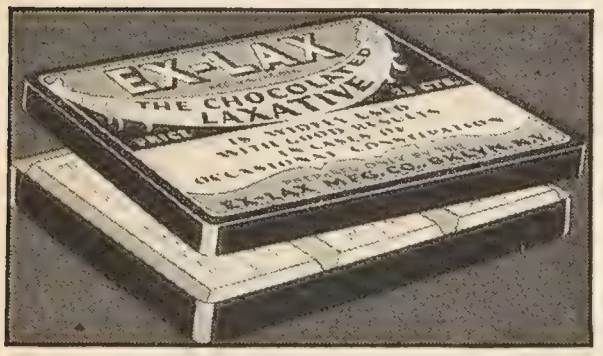

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TASTES LIKE CANDY

[JOHNNY JONES AND MODERNISM]
Continued from page twenty-two

o' calomel. An' we'll get along."

They ate the scraps in the spring house for supper, and later the boss spoke in the veranda's dusk.

"I guess you'll have to help out, Maranne," he said. "Ef you'll do th' cookin' fer a few days I can manage to wash th' dishes. Won't be th' first time for me."

"It won't for me, either," replied Maranne.

"That so? I didn't suppose your mother ever learned you anything so useful as preparin' food."

"You mistake me," she said. "I mean there'll be no first time for me. You can send a man out for a cook."

"One hundred and eighty-seven miles fer a few days' emergency?"

"Sure."

"An' you refuse to cook fer us?"

"Oh, be yourself! Why—and *how*, by all the gods—should I mess among Ling's dirty pots?"

A long silence fell and hung heavy in the dust-scented dark.

Then Old Ben's inheld breath rasped out. The small sound was more pregnant with meaning than a thousand words.

Johnny Jones stirred where he sat on the floor.

"Like to speak with you privately, later, Boss," he said.

The girl did not take the hint and it was well after 11 o'clock before the opportunity came and then they whispered lowly.

"Give up?" asked the cowboy. "Want advice?"

"So do," gritted Old Ben. "Of all th' damned ongrateful, impident brats! Ef she was a boy I'd half kill her! She's got me plumb beat out!"

"No," said Johnny. "You and me, we'll eat at the bunkhouse, starting for breakfast. She'll either cook or starve," he added grimly.

AT first she starved. When, rising languidly at 10:30 next morning, Maranne found no breakfast set in the range oven as usual, she was surprised but patient. She would wait for dinner.

But at noon Old Ben hobbled down to the bunkhouse cookshack and Johnny joined him there. Hop Ling was very, very tired by now, and his old boss sat beside him through the hot afternoon fanning the wan wrinkled face.

"My honoble anslestlas," said Hop Ling, "plostlate befoh you foh be so good unwhothy me."

"Hell!" said Boss Llewellyn. "You're about th' best friend I got on earth, not countin' Johnny."

Maranne was still adamant by night, though her lean young stomach was crying loudly beneath its buckled belt. And she surely did outwit her enemies, for when she ate, and if she ate, they did not know. The wee small hours and the privacy of her room could have told, however; also the storehouse of the cellar. But crackers and tinned meats and tinned vegetables, all cold, are sorry comfort to the appetite of youth.

It was a grim tribute to Old Ben's determined blood in her that she did not weaken for a solid week. Twice she had tried to slip away in the big car, but Johnny had juggled the wiring and it would not start. She knew what ailed it perfectly well and her wrath against him rose to bitter hatred.

Never in her spoiled and useless life had she been thwarted; and now she knew the red rage of the autocrat defied. In her anger and discomfort she was ready to go—as they had desired so long—but there was no way since her big car was done for and the flivver locked in its shed. If it were old days, now, and she had a fast horse, the fastest, say, in Cottonwood— She sat bolt upright and a look of unholy light spread on her painted face.

Hammerhoof!

Johnny's old Hammerhoof! That was it. He was the fastest horse on Cottonwood Ranch. One could get away on him—not by the road of course, but across the open country—and what a gay square-up!

THE cold-eyed, bowlegged devil! That would be the blow she'd longed to strike, for Johnny loved the lean old cow horse above the whole wide world—and what was more, Hammerhoof loved Johnny.

At noon next day Johnny at the cookshack table heard the familiar beat of Hammerhoof's feet when by all rights the little chap should have been eating his own good dinner in the big barn beyond. That was where he'd left him.

Now, as he heard him going fast across the corral and out to the long road that led to the eastern hills, Johnny leaped from the bench and made for the yard.

"By ——!" he yelled and stared, mouth open. For Hammerhoof was running—under a merciless quirt—and a slim thing in pants was riding him, hell-bent. In that one amazed second the man took in the whole clever thing and went a trifle white under his tan. One could make the hills, where no car could follow, and so on out to one of three small towns, stage, trail, and railroad, and a pursuer would lose time finding which. *And what would she do with Hammerhoof?*

Johnny groaned. Then his wits leaped back and he flung his fingers to his lips, bent over in his effort for volume, and whistled.

The peal was like a pistol shot of sound, sharp, high, sudden, and Hammerhoof sat down so promptly on his haunches that he skinned his hocks sliding. Maranne Selby sailed over his head in a graceful, long-legged

curve, and, landing on her stomach, slid five feet farther.

When she got up, badly jolted but uninjured, Hammerhoof was trotting back to his master.

The rage, the humiliation, the defeat, added to the nervous upset of the tumble, proved the last straw, and with her fists clenched and tears raining down her erstwhile haughty face, the apostle of modernism proceeded to "cuss out" the puncher with all the picturesque profanity of a pirate. With his own fists clenched he looked back at her, his eyes as full of fire as hers.

"Not only useless but a thief as well," he said bitterly. "I could have you jailed for this."

"Go on!" hiccoughed the girl. "Do! It would be about what one would expect from you, you—you—"

"If you've quite exhausted your vocabulary," said the boy thinly, "you might shut up for sheer decency. Your grandpa is down beside Hop Ling. It'd do him lots of good to hear you."

"What you mean, down?" she cried. "Another trick, is it, to make me dig in that grubby kitchen, cooking for dirty ranch hands?"

"No! There isn't anything under heaven could make woman enough of you to do that. You're a disgrace to your grandfolks who started your family by good hard work, and even poverty, and were respected."

And rocking furiously on his bowlegs, Johnny took Hammerhoof back to the barn.

AT dusk Maranne hung her lean length sidewise in at Hop Ling's door and took a good look at what she saw. The Chinaman was still and deathlike, parched with fever. On a cot beyond, Old Ben Llewellyn lay and fanned himself with a great weariness. On the girl's hard little face suspicion struggled for belief. Suspicion triumphed and she tiptoed away.

"Trying to scare me out!" she said to herself and chuckled.

But Old Ben was, like Hop Ling, too tired to care about anything, and Johnny stayed in off the range to tend the two.

After three days the boss turned troubled eyes toward him.

"Son," he said, "I'm right afraid we're in for serious trouble. Don't like th' looks o' things."

"Nor I," said Johnny frankly. "There's something wrong, for Bill and Tom are ailing too. I'm sending Manuel out for the doctor."

The big car covered the lonesome distance to the town and back in record time, and by daylight Doc Huggins looked down at Ben, but looked longest at Hop Ling. He stayed five hours, set up his microscope on the dining-room table, and made mysterious tests and examinations.

"Thought so," he said briefly. "Typhoid. Where's your water source?"

"Spring," said Johnny.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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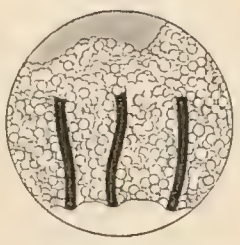

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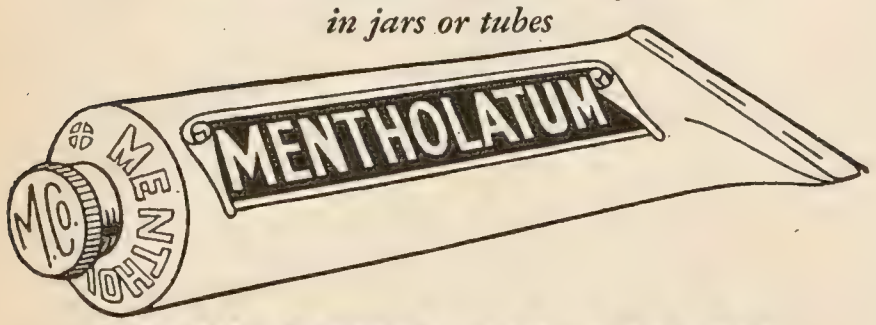

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Mentholatum Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

[JOHNNY JONES AND MODERNISM Continued from page twenty-five]

"Trace it," said Doc.

He drove away after leaving a page of written instructions, and Johnny Jones turned nurse and cook and major-domo, all wrapped in one.

He moved the boss to his own big room, and scoured everything scourable with the disinfectant which the doctor left. He sent for ice and lemons, and made broth on Ling's old stove. And the apostle of modernism watched him from a distance. That night when Manuel came back there was a woman with him, a trim young woman with a suitcase, who blossomed immediately into starched white, with a winged white cap on her curly head.

It was wonderful to see with what calm efficiency she took the helm of the distressed household, how simply Johnny fell in beside her, shoulder to shoulder. They worked prodigiously, for the two cowboys at the bunkhouse were down at last, so that they must needs hurry back and forth between two points of attack, and they had little time for conversation. Yet Miss Ferris was well worth consideration, and one person considered her, furiously—Maranne, watching her with jealous eyes.

The days were long and hot, and the girl had them all to herself in her own part of the house, for no one asked her for anything.

She smoked continually and swung in her hammock, but twice in the nighttime she found herself going on tiptoe to listen to Old Ben's breathing, hanging against the screen door, holding her own breath. Both times Johnny, sitting in the shadow, saw her.

"H'm," he asked himself, "is Old Ben's blood stirring?"

THE next day Maranne saddled Buckskin, breaking her pride for the first time, and rode away along the upper range. The ostracism was getting her nerve at last. At dusk she came back and went direct to Johnny.

"There's a dead steer," she said straightly, "back in the coulee—on a dead line with the spring."

"Great Jehoshaphat!" said the puncher. "There's the trouble. Good girl," he added with a backward glance at her as he made for the bunkhouse. But apparently she did not hear, for she was running her fingers through her short hair with the old insolence of motion.

But in the morning Miss Ferris found her in the kitchen with one of Hop Ling's aprons tied over her riding pants.

"Good morning," said the nurse brightly. "What are you doing?"

"I'm boiling water," said Maranne, "as one can see if he looks closely. We're drinking it boiled hereafter."

Miss Ferris' eyes narrowed and she did not answer.

At noon Old Ben, moving restlessly, said to Johnny Jones, "What's that noise I hear? Sounds like Hop's washboard."

"Is," said the puncher briefly. "Miss Selby's washing the bed sheets."

The boss raised his head with a jerk.

"*Washing?*" he said. "My great aunt Jane! How'd you make her?"

"Didn't. Also," he added oddly, "she found a dead steer on the spring line—and is boiling all the drinking water."

"H'm," said Old Ben.

"Yes, h'm," said Johnny. "I said so myself."

Miss Ferris said so, too, when next Doc Huggins came.

"This girl," she told him bitterly, "is impossible. Twice she has thrown out the broth I made and made new herself."

"Yes," called out a thin cold voice from beyond, "I did. It had two flies in it."

The nurse blushed and the doctor looked embarrassed.

"Flies," said the apostle of modernism, "are carriers. Typhoid is contagious by germ transmission."

Very calmly Maranne usurped Miss Ferris' place. She oversaw the making of all the broths, she ordered Manuel like the boss himself, but she kept clear of Johnny. There was between them a wide gulf of silence. But somehow Johnny didn't seem to care. What with the dullness that was growing in his head and the desire to sit down, he didn't care about anything save to see the rest get well. And Maranne, watching with smoldering eyes, saw Johnny sit down on every vacant chair. A strange fury gripped her at the sight and she was unbearable to Miss Ferris. And then Johnny Jones himself lay down on the empty cot across the room from Hop and drifted into coma.

And it was then that Old Ben, dipping down toward the crisis, beheld a miracle. He saw his granddaughter

"I'm sorry, Kid," whispered the cowboy. "I didn't know. Thought you—plumb hated me."

come out in a simple checkered apron, her eyes red and swollen as if from weeping, and take hold of the stricken place with a grip and vigor which paled Miss Ferris to the vanishing point. In fact, it erased her altogether, for by afternoon she was not there, and when Maranne came with his interminable broth he asked weakly where she was.

"Fired her," said the apostle loftily.

"My God!" whimpered the sick man. "What'll we do now?"

"Watch and see," said his grandchild grimly. "Here—open your mouth," and she thrust a clinical thermometer between his parched lips.

She read it, too, noted its message on a pad, and slipped the pad in her pocket with the calm flourish of Miss Ferris herself.

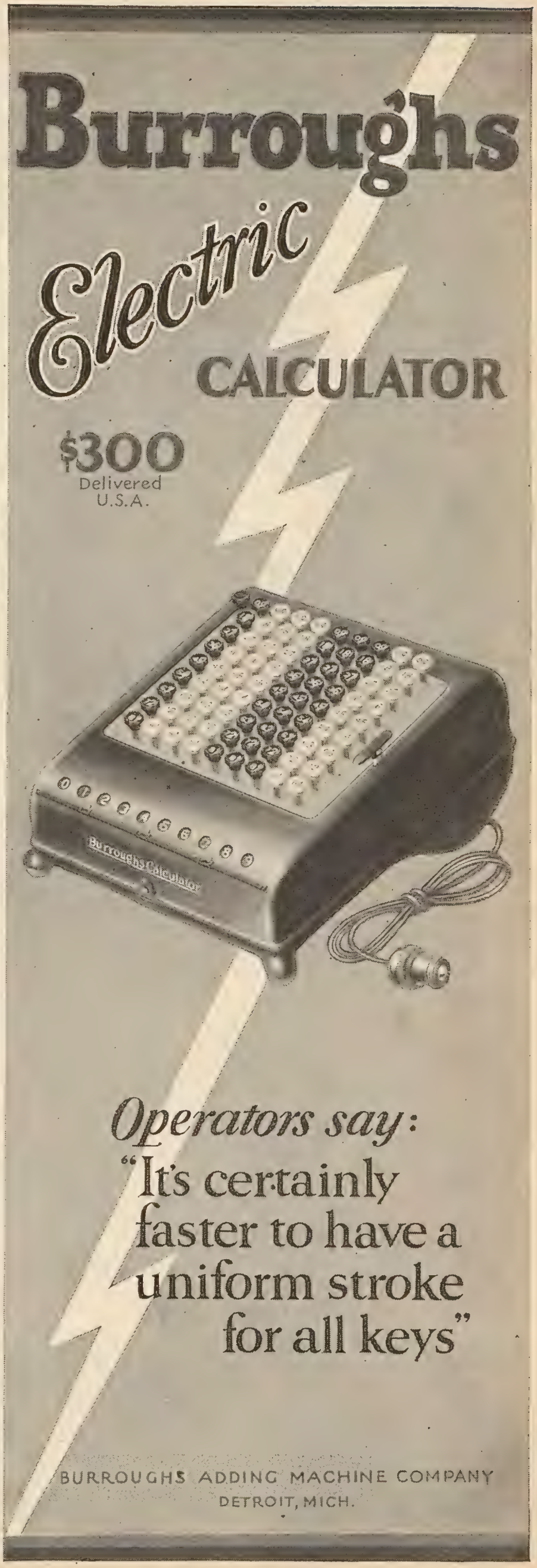
"Where'd you get that," said the boss, "an' how'd you learn to use it?"

"Took it away from her," she answered, "and you'd be surprised."

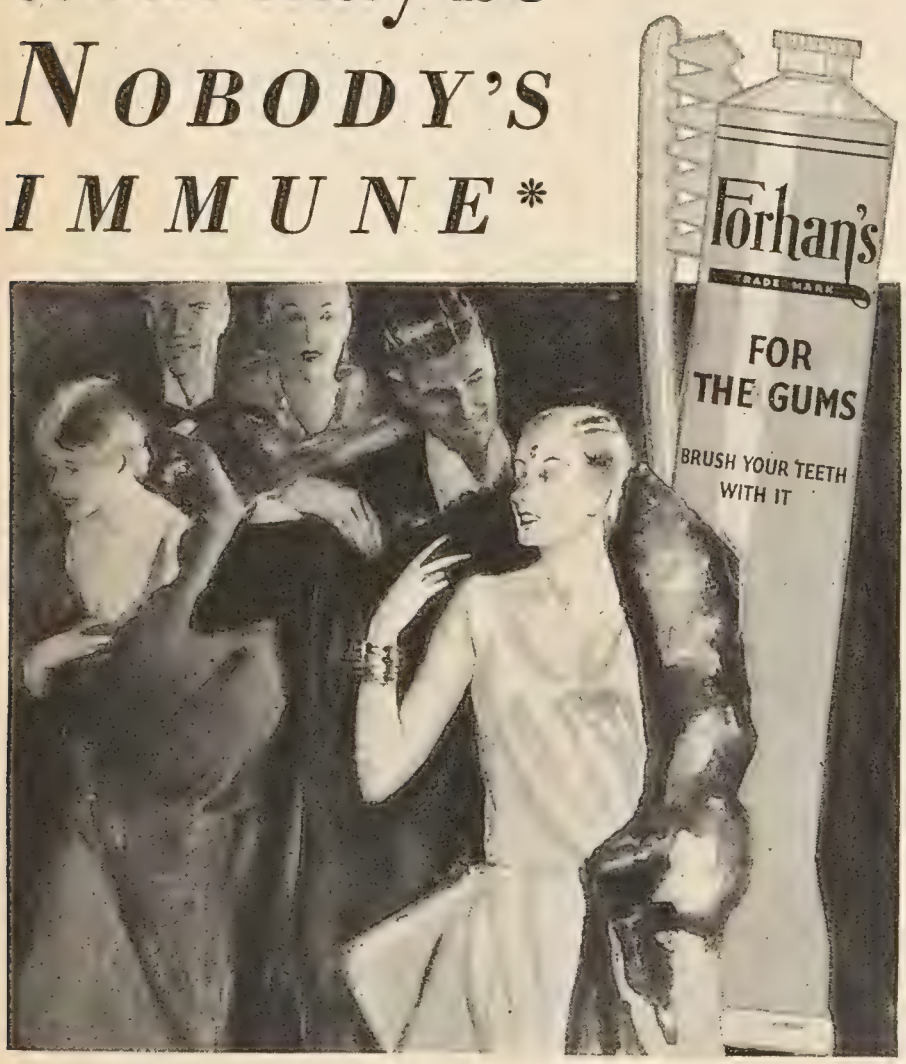
WITH Johnny down and the nurse eliminated, it was Maranne and Manuel now, aided by the old chore man at the bunkhouse, and there seemed no hitch at the change. Doc Huggins was highly offended next day concerning Miss Ferris' departure and said as much to Maranne. But Maranne looked him in the eye and said thinly, "Excitement would be fatal to your patient at this time. You will confine your remarks to me. And if you don't like the arrangements, present your bill. There's another doctor at the next town."

Doc Huggins swore softly until he choked, but went blandly about his ministrations. Hop Ling was coming vaguely back from the valley of shadows, Old Ben was near its portals, and Johnny Jones was going swiftly toward it, run down by work and worry. At the bunkhouse Bill and Tom were only so-so. And Old Ben, panting and weary, was so absorbed in the play before him that he forgot to die at the proper time and according to his rights, considering his age and condition.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



No matter how white teeth may be *NOBODY'S IMMUNE**



***4 out of 5 While Caring for Teeth Neglect the Gums and Sacrifice Health to Pyorrhea**

DENTAL authorities tell us that in this super-civilized age of luxurious living and soft foods, proper care of the gums is as important as care of the teeth.

For when gums are neglected they cannot resist disease. They recede from the teeth which loosen in their sockets. Then Pyorrhea sets in. Its poisons ravage health and leave in their wake a trail of havoc . . . A needless sacrifice made by 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

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Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

[JOHNNY JONES AND MODERNISM
Continued from page twenty-seven]

For he saw the young woman whom he had all but hated swing into the breach like any pioneer of her breed half a century back. He saw her scrub and scour, her lean arms muscled and tireless, albeit they had got that way from tennis, golf, and swimming. He saw her wash the powder from her face, forget to curl the hair about that prideful ear. And he saw something else. He saw her hang about the cot where lay his best top hand, hovering between here and hereafter, fighting desperately hour by hour. He saw her hard young face softened by anxiety, the insolent eyes haggard and strained. In short, Old Ben Llewellyn saw the woman hidden in the husk of ultra-modernism, and it was old as Eve. More, it was *Llewellyn.*

It was Mary Anne, forty years ago in the Texas Panhandle, when fire and famine cleaned the plains. It served with its hands and held with its spirit, and to the amazed old man it was entirely admirable.

One day he called Maranne to him, holding out a shaking hand.

"By ——, Maranne," he said weakly, "I—take off—my hat—to you."

That was all, but the girl grinned and bending swiftly kissed his wan cheek.

"Chip off the old block, Granddad," she said gallantly and gracefully. "I've got your blood, you know."

"Sure have," whispered the boss, "an' I'll have to tell Johnny—"

BUT Boss Llewellyn was not faced with that humiliating duty. At the end of another week of herculean work for Maranne and Manuel, who luckily were untouched, Old Ben waked one twilight from delicious sleep to the murmur of ecstatic voices in the room beyond.

"I'm sorry, Kid," whispered the cowboy. "I didn't know. Blind, I guess. Thought you—plumb hated me."

"Did," said Maranne, "until I saw that nurse look at you one day."

"And can you ever forgive me," pleaded Johnny—the old, old cry—"for that night at the dance?"

"Forget it!" said the girl.

"And I might have killed you when I stopped Hammerhoof! My God!" And the weak voice smothered down, as if against a woman's breast.

"And the things I said—about the smoking—and the paint—and—and legs—"

"Huh!" said Maranne. "What's legs? And really I don't care a lot for tobacco—it's an acquired taste. As for the paint, Johnny, one has to paint to be well groomed."

"Sure," said Johnny eagerly; "and if you like to wear riding pants, why, whose business is it?"

"Think I like these checkered aprons better. Besides, they're easier to work in. And I want to make some new curtains for the living room. Must get me a new sewing machine. And really, those tubs of Ling's are terrible."

"You'll not touch those tubs again!" said Johnny hotly. "What you think Ling's for?"

"Shuh," chirped Hop Ling from his bed, joining this family discussion earnestly, seeing he had been a frank witness, "whut I foh, Missy, huh?"

Maranne laughed and stirred and there was the unmistakable sound of a kiss in the darkness, and from the room beyond old Ben Llewellyn cried delightedly, "God bless my soul! Maranne Selby, come here!"

The girl rose and hung her long length in the doorway between.

"Yes?" she said.

"You said you'd never go, defeated. *If* you ever go, *we'll* be defeated, ruint, soul an' body, Johnny an' me. You're my blood an' my rightful heir, an' I'm damn proud of you. But tell me *now,* where did you learn to read a thermometer?"

"Took half a course at college—because I look stunning in starched white—and I can cook by instinct. Anything more?"

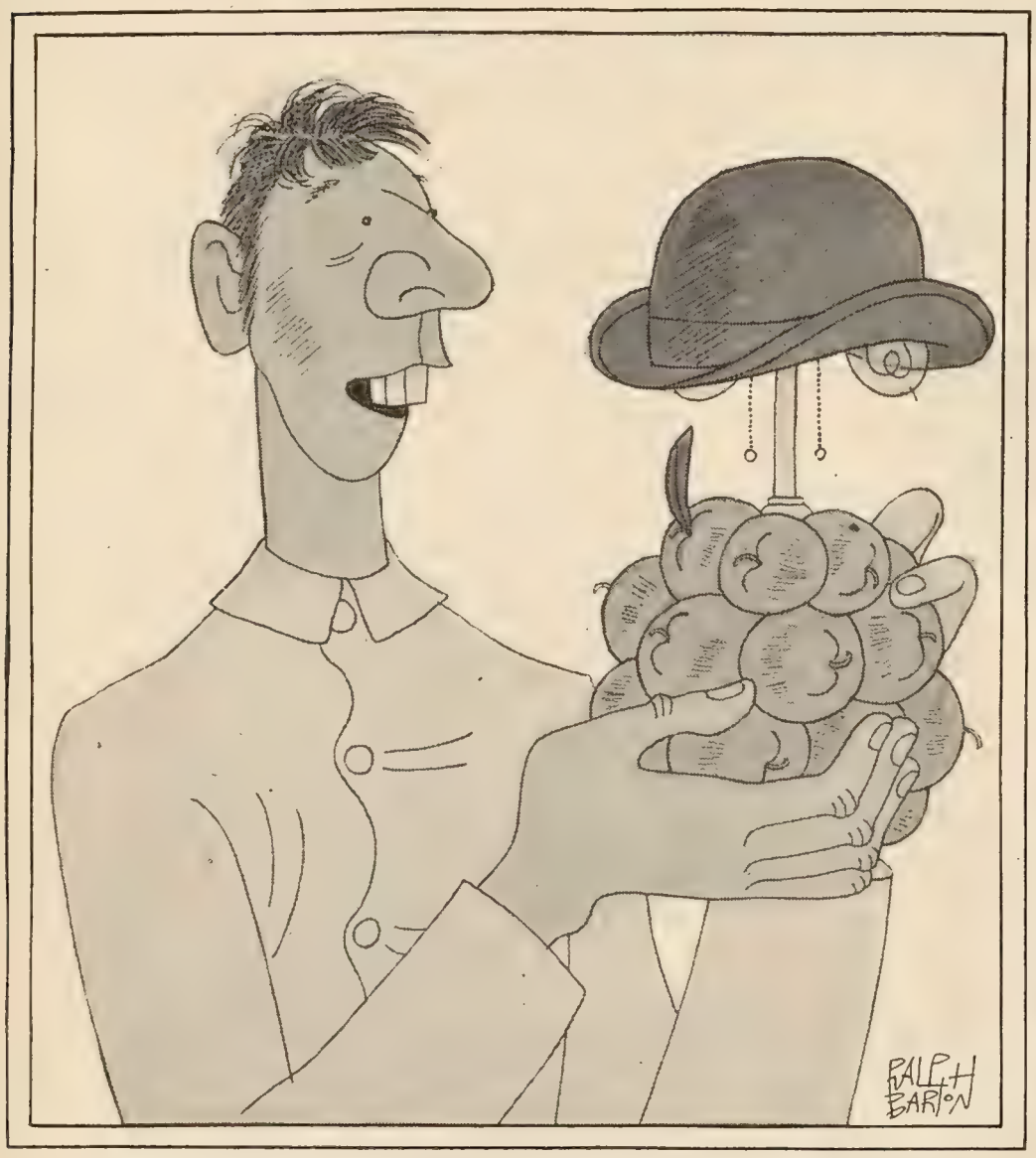
"No," sighed Old Ben happily, "you'll do. You'll darn well do."

THE END

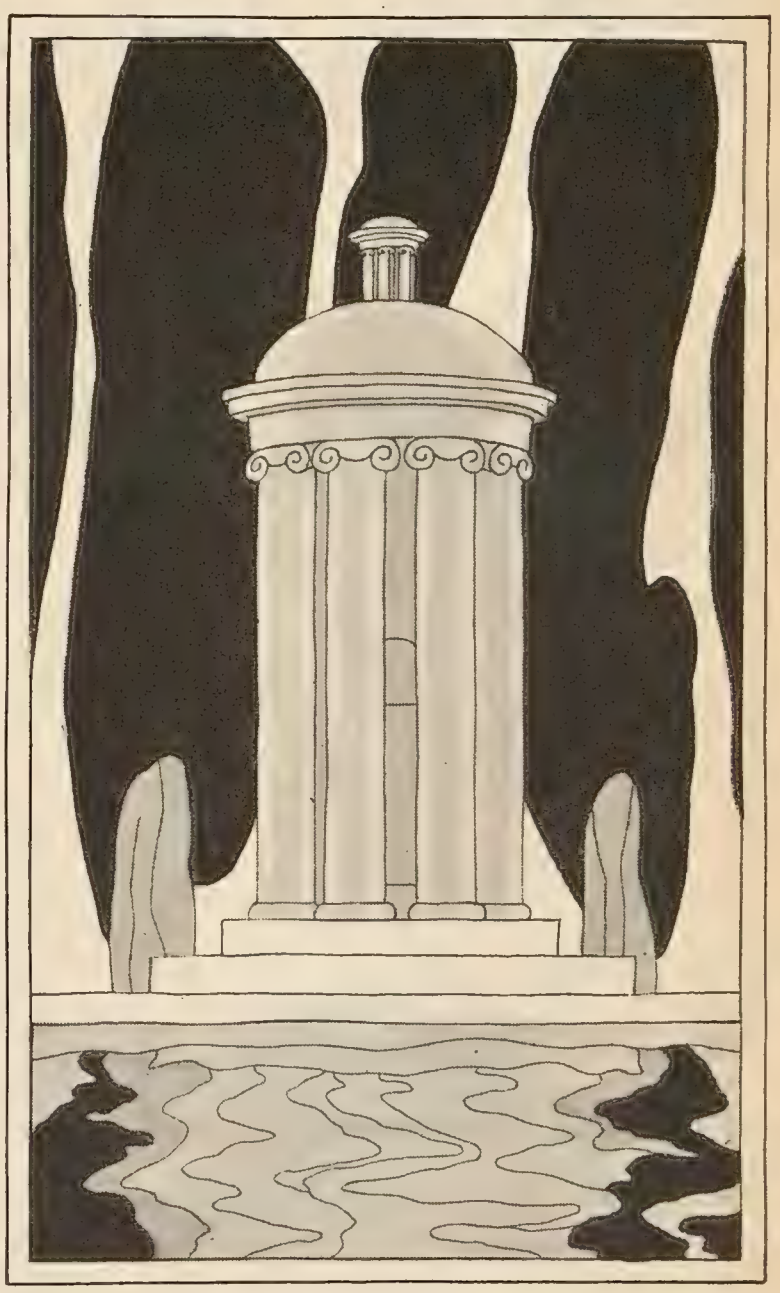
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

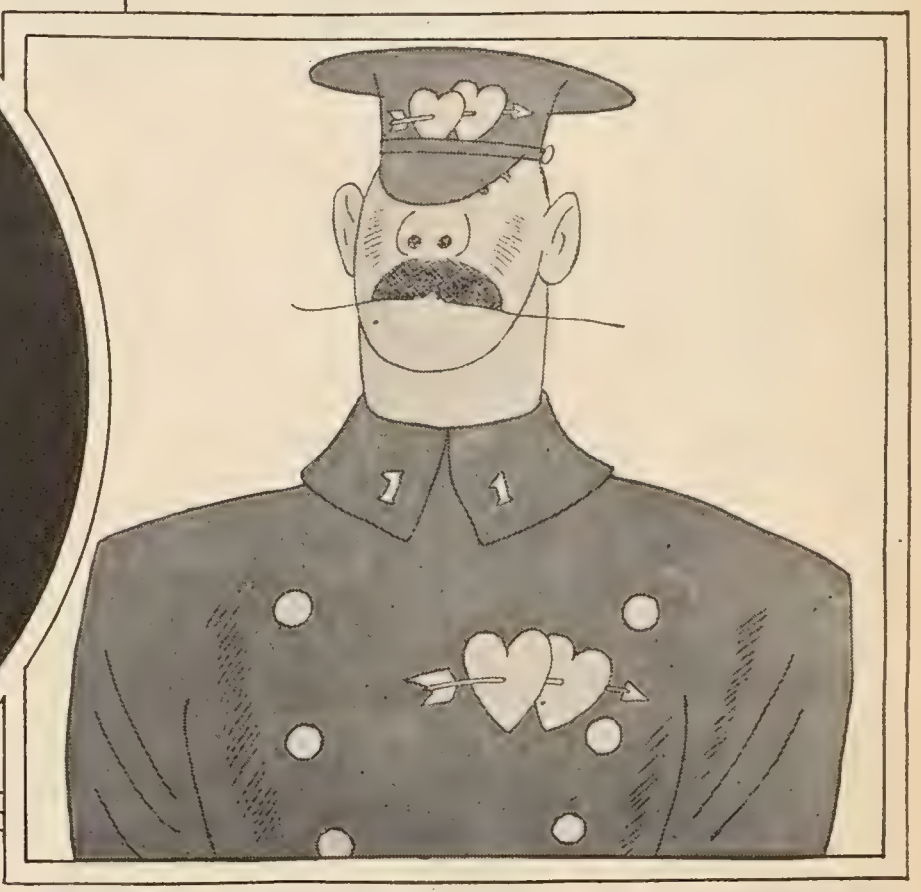


AFTER SPIRITED BIDDING, California State Lunatic Asylum wins contract for invention and manufacture of fool gifts to be presented to new President by admirers.



BEAUTIFUL SHRINE erected in Elysian Park, Los Angeles, to contain Mary Pickford's lost, but not forgotten, curls.

ARKANSAS INVENTS NEW CRIME and launches new bootlegging industry. State Board of Education bans Webster's Dictionary on ground that it gives favorable definition of the word *evolution*.



NECKING STANDARDIZED. First of the new special officers to enforce President-elect Hoover's reduction of the 372 existing manners of necking to only ninety-six.

I Learn to Fly—After a Fashion

Or, It's Great to Be Air-Minded

By

Alicia Patterson

Pictures by R. B. Fuller

They are earthbound. You—you belong to the heavens.

HAVING read the newspaper accounts of Miss Amelia Earhart and Miss Ruth Elder I made up my mind that the only sensible career for an ambitious young woman was to take up aviation. Fame and fortune waiting for you around the corner—princes to kiss your hand and dictators to hand you the keys of the city. Great life. So—

October 8.

My mind made up, I took the next train to Curtiss Flying Field, the incubator for potential aviators. I must admit I was a little arrogant as I strutted into the office. Here I was, ready to risk life and limb to master the mysteries of the air. Of course men took up flying as a matter of course—but for a female, that was praiseworthy.

As I was saying, I strutted into the office. There were at least ten men there, reading newspapers, talking with each other, or gazing out of the window. Not one of them gave me a tumble. I brightly marched up to a man who seemed to be in charge and stated my mission. No exclamation of surprise or admiration—nothing but a gruff, "Go into the next room." My spirits sagged a few points. The "next room" proved to be very much like the first. I again stated my mission—this time with less bravado. I was told to see a Mr. Rockwell. Mr. Rockwell was more genial. He explained the rudiments of flying, told me to go and get a physical examination from one of the government doctors, and incidentally informed me that there were twenty other young ladies taking lessons. This last bit of information was a sad blow. I had hoped I should be the queen bee of Curtiss Flying Field, the aviators' mascot, or whatever one is under those circumstances.

I went back to New York for my physical examination, which I passed creditably enough. Dr. William J. Francis, the medical examiner of the aëronautics branch, put me through all the stunts. I jumped up and down on one foot, I had one knee severely banged to see if my leg would respond. I looked through glasses to see if I could read inch high letters twenty feet away, and other seemingly ridiculous antics.

Having learned that I was quite normal of mind and body I went to the more serious task of finding a flying costume. I wanted something fairly warm for winter. A. G. Spalding fitted me out with a $175 fleece lined leather suit, a $12 helmet, a $25 pair of goggles, a $15 pair of fleece lined boots. It is possible to find a costume that is less expensive, but in the cold weather one needs all the protection available.

October 9.

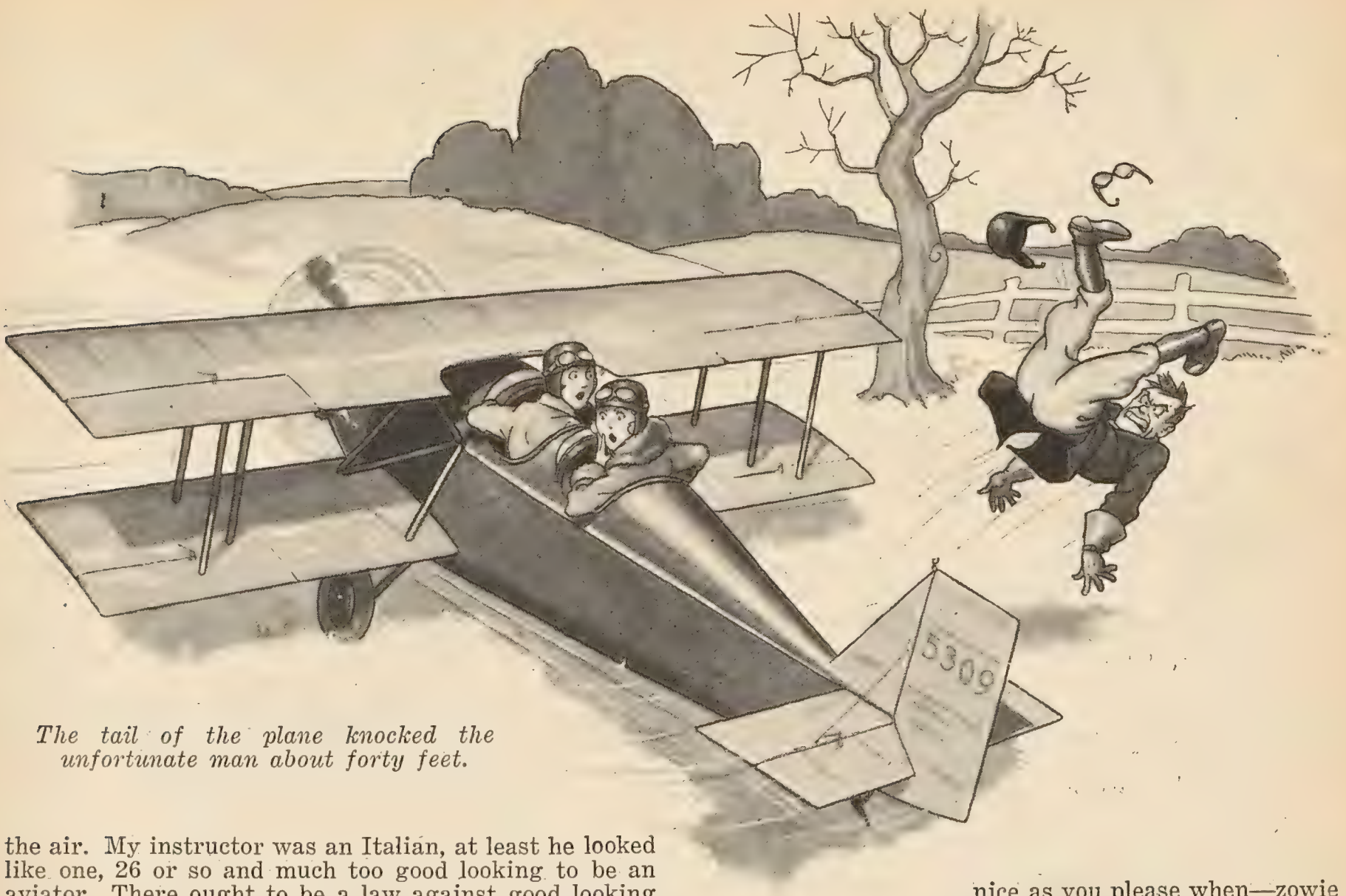
Armed with my doctor's certificate, a flying regalia, and a lot of trumped up courage, I came to the field to make my first flight. My courage vanished quickly enough when a bunch of papers were thrust in front of me and I was told to sign on the dotted line. These papers pertained to life and death (mostly death) and were intended to exonerate Curtiss Field of any responsibility in case of accident.

Another little document that was handed me was filled with blank spaces that were to be filled in with the names of relatives or dear friends—anyone you wished to notify in case you were bumped off. That was too much for me. I haughtily handed them back their last will and testament with a "Thank you very kindly, but I don't wish to notify anybody." A check for $300 was the next move. The fee is $300 for ten hours' instruction.

All the sordid details having been attended to, I clambered gingerly into my overalls and went out to the field. All for nothing. It was too rough to go up.

October 10.

A grand day and my first flight. Thirty minutes in



The tail of the plane knocked the unfortunate man about forty feet.

the air. My instructor was an Italian, at least he looked like one, 26 or so and much too good looking to be an aviator. There ought to be a law against good looking aviators. Lieutenant Jordonoff, the name of this aërial Apollo, put me in a Travelair plane, strapped me in (I didn't like that so much), and gave me a helmet with a hearing apparatus attached to it.

He explained the stick and the rudder. The stick is the thing between your legs that steers the plane. If you want to go up, pull the stick toward you. If you want to go down, push the stick away. Push it to the right or left if you want to make a right or left turn or bank.

The rudder consists of two pedals at your feet. You push the right pedal, the plane turns right, and vice versa. They are supposed to work in unison, the rudder and the stick. You press the right rudder when you move the stick to the right, the left rudder when you move the stick to the left.

This is simple, I told myself. Nothing to it at all. Why, I should be doing a solo in five hours. Well, the plane started off and after we had been up a few minutes, the instructor yelled to me to take the controls. I did. The plane, not used to such treatment, swerved sharply to the right, headed downward, and got all set for a nice nose dive when Jordonoff grabbed the stick. I was in a bad way. I swore I saw an angel whiz past me as we sped toward the ground.

Jordonoff, however, was not a whit perturbed by our near calamity. "Gently, but more gently with the stick," he repeated patiently. I didn't care for the stick or the plane. I wanted to get down on old Mother Earth. We did get down finally, much to my surprise, and thus endeth my first lesson.

October 11.

I got along a little better today. I seemed to get the feel of the ship. I didn't jerk the controls so violently either. I was up in a Travelair again. I tried making left and right turns. They weren't particularly good turns. The plane cavorted around rather indiscreetly on one wing. Still they were turns, and I was very proud of them. I stayed up thirty minutes again and felt quite chipper when I came down. I am looking forward to my next flight.

October 12.

It was quite rough today and I had a harder time trying to keep the plane straight. We would be flying along nice as you please when—zowie—along comes a bunch of wind and the old plane would shimmy around like a thing possessed. Poor Jordonoff, I felt sorry for him. He was so patient. He repeated the same instructions over and over again, but it was no use. I tried to be intelligent, but it is hard to be smart up in the air, I've discovered. After half an hour of bumping the wind we landed. I was a bit discouraged. Flying wasn't such a cinch after all.

October 13.

No flying today. Too rough. I tried to get ahold of Jordonoff to persuade him to take me up, but he was sick. Now I wonder what's happened to him. Maybe he's crashed somewhere and they won't tell me. Well, it won't be long now.

October 14.

Sunday—day of rest.

October 15.

Went up with another pilot today. Lieutenant Phillips. He isn't as patient as Jordonoff. Tells me what to do and if I don't do it right he cusses me out. Jordonoff had a forced landing up in New Jersey and is sitting on the plane till someone comes along and helps him out.

Phillips doesn't use the speaking tube. He waves his hands around to signal. I didn't know what any of the signals meant, so everything I did was wrong. He showed me how to do a landing. Landings are by far the worst part of flying. You point the nose down, turn the engine off, and pray. There is probably a little more technique involved somewhere, but I haven't discovered it yet. After forty minutes of cussing I began to catch on. Then we landed. I think I learned more today than ever before. The rough stuff seems to do me good.

October 16.

Today was a complete fiasco. Phillips took me up in an Eagle Rock plane. I couldn't do a darn thing with it. It kept slipping off to the left all the time till we were flying around in circles. I didn't seem to be able to keep it straight. I later discovered that in these contraptions you are supposed to exert a steady pressure on the right rudder. My other lessons in the Travelair did me no good at all. I might as well have never seen a plane before. I was an utter noodlehead.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[I LEARN TO FLY—AFTER A FASHION]
Continued from page thirty-one

Phillips kindly informed me after forty minutes' bungling that the day was not completely lost because I had at least learned that the two types of planes were quite different. I'll say I did.

October 17.

Things went a lot better. We landed, took off, banked, and taxied. I was in a Travelair, and got along swell with it. I have developed a curious warmth in my heart for Travelairs. They seem to understand my temperament. Phillips seemed pleased with me too. He didn't go into any effusions, but then, he didn't look askance either. In fact, I'm sure I saw a pleased gleam somewhere in his eyes. Of course I may be wrong about that.

October 18.

I have had four hours and ten minutes in the air. I feel like a veteran. I was talking to one of the student fliers out on the field today while I was waiting for Phillips—W. W. Barry by name. He hasn't much of an opinion of women fliers. He told me that out of twenty-five women students only one had been checked out of Curtiss Field as a dyed-in-the-wool solo student. There have been women soloists, but none that have been considered capable enough to have the Curtiss Field O. K. It usually takes a woman fifteen hours to make her first solo. Even then she usually cracks up a plane or so, Barry says.

Phillips spent most of the time teaching me landings and take-offs. I would follow his movements on the double controls to get the feel of it. I haven't landed all by myself yet. I haven't cared much about it anyhow. Landings don't particularly appeal to me.

I asked Phillips how long it would take me to solo. My conversation with Barry had rather dampened me. He said if I kept on improving in the same way I might be able to try a solo in ten hours. Yea! Of course there is a big "if" there—still—ten hours.

October 19.

A flawless day. I practiced landings and glides. The little old plane acted pretty well. I think she's beginning to tolerate my sometimes painful attempts to chastise her. I still have an irresistible inclination to overcontrol. Phillips tells me all students have that tendency. It seems there is no individuality among students. They all make the same mistakes, and ask the same dumb questions. Lieutenant Fred Becker, one of the instructors out there, told me if he could just have one or two exceptional students, he would be satisfied.

October 20.

It was too rough today to practice any landings. Phillips taught me how to do figure eights, or to be accurate he showed me how they ought to be done. Most of my eights were a bit lopsided. After I had struggled awhile with no overwhelming success, Phillips tried me on a new tack. He showed me a road and told me to follow it as closely as possible. Unfortunately it was a very winding road. It seems I have no mathematical precision, for I never saw the road except once and that was when it was pointed out to me. My pilot used a lot of forbearance, however. He laid it all to the weather. I wonder if he could have been kidding me.

October 21.

Sunday—no flying.

October 22.

Today Phillips mapped out a little course for me to follow. We would take off at the end of Curtiss Field, climb to about 500 feet, make a right turn, straighten out, make two more right turns, and land again in the same spot. He did this alone a couple of times, and then told me to follow the same route.

I was all right till after I made the first right turn—then I got lost. I couldn't find either the field or the landmarks where I was expected to make right turns. I flew round and round, Phillips telling me through the speaking tube to find the houses with red roofs. I put my head over the side to find these elusive abodes. While I was searching the plane would start misbehaving. I would glance at the plane to see it mounting skyward, already in a near stall. I would straighten it out and again give my attention to the red roofs. The next time I would look up it would be diving groundward.

Try as I might, I didn't seem to be able to make the roofs and the plane work in unison. When we came in Phillips encouraged me by telling me how much better Mrs. Paris had grasped the idea. Mrs. Paris is one of those mythical persons that always do things just a little better than anyone else. She is one of Phillips' students, and has her lesson just before mine. Every morning I get the same enthusiastic greeting, starting out something like this, "Oh, good morning, you should have seen what Mrs. Paris did this morning," etc., ad infinitum.

I don't bear this remarkable lady any particular grudge, but I wish she would pull a boner—just once.

October 23.

It was too rough to make any landings so Phillips took me up to 2,500 feet and showed me how a tail spin is done. Well, I personally think it is the easiest and safest way to commit a good suicide. You stick the nose of the machine straight up in the air, turn off the engine, and pull your rudder and stick way over to one side. The result is bad. You go whirling around and around toward the ground at a nauseating speed, with apparently no control over the plane. I nearly fell out in spite of the safety belt. Phillips thought it was a grand joke—his Irish sense of humor coming to the fore, I expect. I'll say one thing for him though—he certainly is a swell pilot.

Heard a funny story today. Of course the word "funny" may be misused in this case as it all depends on your relative position. You may think it is funny to see someone fall down on the ice, while the victim may have a different opinion. Anyway, to get back to the story, there is a student out at the field by the name of Rosenbaum. He was making his second solo. He took off beautifully and everything was going fine till he started to land. He couldn't turn off the gas. He flew here and about for an hour, fiddling with the motor and pressing various buttons and handles. Nothing worked. He figured he would have about five more hours of life if he stayed up in the air. He had just that much gas left.

Lieutenant Phillips favored baggy flying clothes.

After due consideration he decided that the five hours wouldn't be particularly pleasant anyhow and he might as well take a chance. He landed all right, but the plane kept on taxiing at a breakneck speed. He headed toward a tree to stop it. Luckily there was a deep rut in front of the tree. The plane hit the rut, and came to a standstill. It was discovered later that the carburetor had split and the throttle had no effect on the gas supply. As I said before, it all depends on the relative position.

Of course what he should have done was to cut his switch. But who would think of that?

October 24.

Had a talk with Jordonoff today. He was telling me about his forced landing in New Jersey. He happily picked a very pleasant spot to have engine trouble. A lovely house, cocktails, and a beautiful girl greeted him as he emerged from the potato patch. He didn't mention any girl, but it does make a better story. He lived among these charming people for three days, riding, golfing, and dancing, until some cruel-hearted official from Curtiss suddenly remembered he was supposed to be an instructor. He says from now on his address will be, A. Jordonoff, any potato patch, L. I. He is not an Italian, by the way, but a Bulgarian.

It was too rough again to practice landings, so I tim-

idly suggested another tail spin. Phillips said he would take me up that afternoon in a Fledgling plane, and show me what stunting really meant. I agreed tartly to the suggestion. I was thinking that perhaps I was being a bit too enthusiastic. The morning was spent in banking. I banked left and right, sharp banks and gentle banks, long banks and short banks. In fact, I got my complete fill of banks.

As for the afternoon—well, I am still dizzy. They strapped me in the Fledgling, gave me a parachute, told me the mechanics of it, and we took off. I was trembling so hard I didn't trust myself to speak. Between trying to remember how to work the chute, unstrap myself, and jump out of the plane all at once, I was in a bad way. I never really knew what fear meant before. They say women haven't as much imagination in picturing danger as men. I had plenty of imagination that day. We looped, tail-spinned, rolled, and cavorted around the sky till I didn't know which was heaven and which was the earth.

October 25.

Not much happened today. Practiced a few landings but with no overwhelming success. A little too rough for comfortable flying.

Met Miss Bartlett. She is one of the star solo students, and can boast of eighteen hours in the air, and a solo in eight and a half hours. She gave me an inferiority complex. She knew all about everything, and I didn't.

October 26.

Didn't go out to the field today. Phoned Phillips and he advised me not to come out. Said I was getting stale and knocking off for a day would do me good.

October 27.

Well, I've discovered one thing at any rate. Up to date I'm pretty awful as a pilot. Phillips was so disgusted with me today he told me I couldn't come out Monday. That I had better rest a while. Personally I think he's so bored trying to knock some flying sense into my head that he's pulling the stale line to get a day's rest. He's done that twice to me now. Just wait till he tries it again. I'm going to solo if it's the last thing I ever do. (It probably will be at that.) This flying racket gets you, all right. I have the craze so badly that I even dream about planes. They come swooping down on my bed, they zoom over my head, they land at my feet. They chase away any possibility of sleep. I think I must be getting an airplane fixation.

After my lesson my sister and I took a cross-country flight to Virginia. Mr. Collins piloted the plane. We had a good trip and everything would have been O. K., but for one thing. Collins overestimated my ability. It was really my fault. I had been gently boasting to him, and the mistake he made was to take me at my word.

We landed in a field near Middleburg. Collins switched off the engine, and we were all set to get out when

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning"

ANY morning that you do, it's pretty nearly an infallible sign that a glass of Sal Hepatica will do you a world of good!

As soon as your toes touch the floor, make straight for the bathroom and mix yourself this sparkling drink—1 glass of clear water, hot or cold, and 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica.

For there is nothing like the saline method of ridding you of constipation and "acid stomach" promptly. And the few seconds it takes to drink down Sal Hepatica keep you feeling fresh and fit from breakfast on.

In Europe, at the famous spas to which physicians send their patients, it is the invariable practice to start each day by drinking a mild solution of salines. Sal Hepatica is the practical equivalent of these salines.

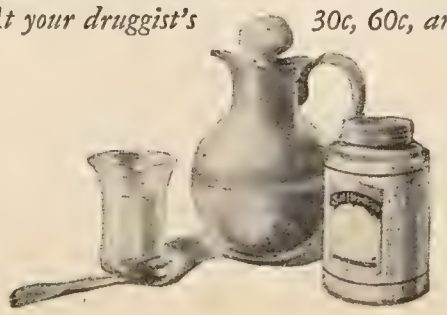
CONSTIPATION—rheumatism—headaches—colds—indigestion—complexion disorders—and the long list of ailments that have a common root in lax elimination, succumb to the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Ask your doctor about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle at your druggist's. Then when you feel dull and draggy at the prospect of another day—fortify yourself with a sparkling solution of water and Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica is prompt in its action—speedy in its result—it keeps you feeling "in the pink" all day long.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30c, 60c, and $1.20*



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.,
Dept. A-19, 71 West St., New York.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the causes and effects of internal congestion.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

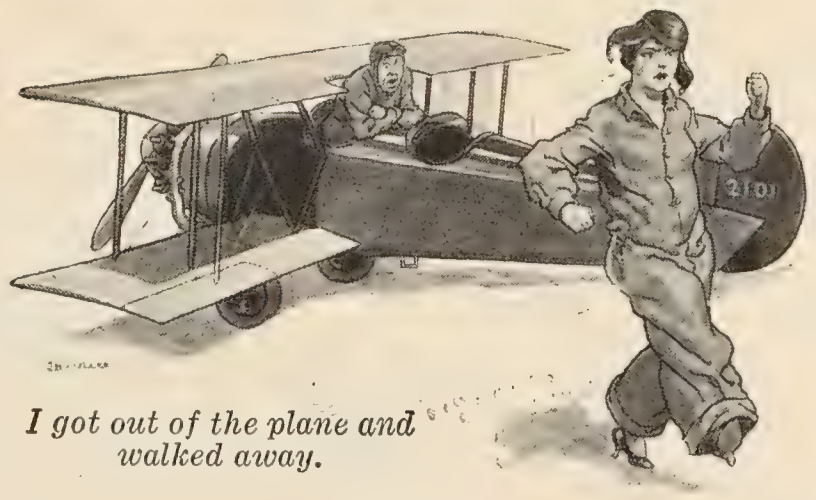
[I LEARN TO FLY—AFTER A FASHION]
Continued from page thirty-three

Collins decided to taxi the plane to a more sheltered spot. It takes two people to start an airplane motor. One manipulates the gas and switch, the other the propeller. I was sitting in the plane yelling "contact," and feeling very cocky. I was not awfully sure about the throttle. We were flying a Robin plane and the throttle looked different. Anyhow, I didn't bother much.

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the plane started to move. I grabbed a knob at my left and pushed it forward. It turned out to be the throttle, and I should have pushed it back. The Robin leapt forward. Collins was hanging on to the wing, trying to climb in. We were going faster and faster. A fence loomed up in front of me. I used right rudder to avoid the fence and Collins dropped off.

As he let go, the tail of the plane swung round and knocked the unfortunate man about forty feet. The plane kept right on going, this time for a tree.

I was feeling plenty nervous by this time. My sister was sitting in back of me emitting faint gasps. Poor kid, she was too weak to let out a good healthy yell. We missed the tree by inches. I switched off the engine. I don't know what good fairy imbued me with the idea, but I certainly am grateful.



I got out of the plane and walked away.

As we were sitting in the plane in a state of near collapse, Collins stalked up and I didn't like the look of his face.

"Why the hell didn't you pull it back?" he spluttered.

"Pull what back?" I countered. "The stick?"

"No, goddam it, the throttle. I suppose you think the stick controls the engine, but it doesn't."

He suddenly became unpleasantly calm. "Just how long did you say you had been taking lessons?" he inquired acidly.

"Oh, about eight hours."

"You mean to tell me you have been taking lessons for eight hours and don't know even enough to push the throttle back? Strange."

That ended our conversation. There really wasn't anything else to say.

October 28.

We flew back to Curtiss Field in uninterrupted meditation. Collins was still grousing over yesterday. It seems that I had blown out a tire in my unexpected solo flight, and Collins had been struggling with it all the morning. It did not tend to better the situation. It was a good trip, though, in spite of (minor) complications.

October 29.

Didn't go out to the field today. Took Phillips at his word. Spent the day reading about Amelia Earhart. Now there was a girl!

October 30.

Had a fair lesson. Mostly landings and take-offs. On my take-off the tail seems to skid around a lot—they call it ground loops. Rather a nasty feeling. This is apt to come from overcontrolling. Still my worst fault.

October 31.

I have been up in the air nine hours and fifty minutes and I haven't even a prospect of soloing. Great life. Phillips is leaving in a couple of weeks, and he encouraged me by telling me I would be flying alone before then. I am sorry he's going. He's a grand instructor, and a swell person to boot. He's in the army and has to go back to Washington to a lot of desk work. He hates that; has been doing it for four years. Says he likes instructing better than anything else.

My lesson was better today. Still polishing up my landings. In landing a plane properly the two wheels and the tail should touch the ground at the same time. This is called a three point landing. My landings are usually two point landings (sometimes one). It is hard on the ship, and humiliating to your self-respect. The plane, instead of settling down on the ground, bounces along like a porpoise. Bad manners.

November 1.

Had a really perfect lesson. Phillips took me out to a small field near Curtiss and let me fly the plane absolutely alone. My take-offs good, my air work O. K., and my landings promising. I think I shall be able to solo the next good day.

November 2.

Rotten day. No flying.

November 3.

Another bad day. By the time the weather clears I shall have forgotten everything I know.

November 4.

Sunday. Besides being Sunday it's pouring rain.

November 5.

It turned out to be a good day. I have no kick coming there.

My flying, however, might have been vastly improved upon. We went out to the little field again and I emulated my father by doing porpoise landings. He took up flying a few months ago. He mastered everything but landings. When you come right down to it, though, the landings are important. I guess distorted landings must run in the family. I can't seem to judge just how far I am off the ground. I'll either land twenty feet too high, and send the ship up in the air again, or nose down into the ground.

Phillips said I might be practicing for hours and hours before I learned to gauge distances. I can see myself in about thirty years from now, gray and feeble, still sweating over landings with some patient, contemptuous birdman.

November 6.

Another bad day. What is this, anyhow, a game?

November 7.

My landings don't seem to be improving so you could notice it. Phillips took me up to the schoolroom after my lesson and drew diagrams on a blackboard of the right and wrong way to land. You'd think that I would hit it lucky just once.

Had a talk with a lady from Minneapolis. She has been out at the field every day for two weeks and has only taken one lesson. She says she wants to get air-minded before she goes in for serious instruction. Maybe that's what I need.

November 8.

No flying—too windy.

November 9.

Well, I was good today. This landing is really just a knack. I think I've got it now. I learned vertical banks for the first time. It's a little complicated at first. When you get your ship tipped up sideways, the controls shift places for no good reason that I can think of. The rudder acts as the stick, and the stick takes the place of the rudder. I haven't quite grasped the mechanism of it yet.

Had luncheon with Rosenbaum (the guy that got stuck up in the air so long), Collins, and Miss Bartlett. Collins was very agreeable. I think he's forgiven me for the Virginia episode. Rosenbaum has got his license, the lucky devil. I don't see why I should be so much dumber than anyone else.

November 10.

I've definitely decided to give up flying. It's all the bunk anyhow. You slave and work to make a few good landings or take-offs. When you've learned, what have you? Nothing but the knowledge of a sure way to kill yourself. I'm sick of the whole shooting works.

I went out today full of enthusiasm. What did I do on the take-off but ground loop. That wouldn't have been so bad, but the ship headed directly for a bunch of live wire, after gaining a few painful feet of altitude. Phil-

lips grabbed for the controls. My next move was to climb too fast. I went into a near stall. Again the controls were taken away.

My landing was the worst. I came down to the field with just about 300 feet too much altitude. I tried to force the ship down and when I found it couldn't be done, I flew the ship around again for a second attempt. The second attempt was the same. I gave her the gun and came back a third time, for a beaut of a one point landing right in a ditch.

Phillips flew the plane back to Curtiss Field himself.

"I have no comment to make on your lesson today except to say that it couldn't have been worse." This was my greeting as I emerged from the plane.

"Perhaps you were out on a party last night. That would explain it," Phillips continued ruthlessly.

I grabbed at the slim alibi. "Oh, yes," I moaned, putting my hand to my head. "I feel terrible."

As a matter of fact, I had gone to bed at 10 P. M.

Well, here's hoping Monday will be kinder to me.

November 11.

Sunday. I've been thinking things over and have decided that I won't give up flying after all.

November 12.

Kind of a drizzly day. We went down to the little field and I did some pretty fair landings. Phillips was in a playful mood and kept calling back at me through the speaking tube to ask me if the rain was hurting my face. The rain felt like a barrel full of buckshot, but I gritted my teeth firmly and shook my head. Nothing like facing these issues with a smile on your lips. I vaguely remember having heard that same sentiment in some popular song—almost any popular song for that matter.

It's a good idea, but a little trying on occasions.

I am doing well, but not well enough to solo. I wonder what's the trouble. I'm not more stupid than the average in most things. In fact a couple of people think I'm smart.

I was telling Bates my troubles. He's the man on the line. He thinks I am overanxious; that I try too hard. Maybe he's right. At least it's some excuse.

I have got to the point of grabbing wildly at any alibi.

November 13.

Lady Heath was at the field today. She had a Moth plane and was stunting it for the benefit of the flying officials. She would come swooping down almost grazing the heads of the people, and tear up again for a loop. That little plane was putty in her hands. She could do any old thing she wanted with it. Phillips was too old a hand at the game to be properly impressed. "When she gets through showing the officials how good she is," he groused, "I hoped she'll let us continue our lesson." How can anyone be quite so sacrilegious, I wonder.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

See Your Teeth WHITEN
3 Shades in 3 Days

Amazing Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique Removes the "Yellow"

"Yellow teeth" are merely teeth coated with a mucin or plaque. This plaque makes the teeth look dingy and uncared for. It catches stains from foods, drinks and tobacco, and discolors. It holds odors, fouls in the mouth and causes bad breath and "bad taste."

The average toothpaste has little or no effect on this plaque. Being mucus-like, it merely slips back and forth on the teeth under the toothbrush. Gritty pastes and powders only cut furrows in it, and sometimes in the enamel, too!

Kolynos deals with this plaque in a different way. A half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush—*the Kolynos Technique*—fills the mouth with a foam that is antiseptic, germicidal and plaque-disintegrating. Using Kolynos on a dry brush you use it *full strength!* Also, the brush bristles retain enough of their stiffness to properly scrub the tooth surfaces, penetrate the crevices between the teeth and the pits and fissures in the grinding surfaces and to massage the gums.

Solvent Action

The antiseptic Kolynos foam spreads itself all over the teeth and throughout the mouth. It dissolves and washes away the mucoid coating on teeth that "yellows" teeth and makes them look dingy. It cleans the teeth down to the naked enamel. It leaves them gleaming white.

The foam bathes and stimulates the gums, helping to keep them firm, pink and healthy. It refreshes and purifies the entire oral cavity, making the mouth and breath sweet and wholesome.

At Our Expense!

Try the Kolynos Technique for just 10 days. See your teeth 3 shades whiter in 3 days, and dazzling white and beautiful in 10! Mark the new sensation of freshness in your mouth—the new sense of oral cleanliness. Get a tube of Kolynos Dental Cream at any drug or toilet counter, or write today for a free two-weeks' supply!

The coupon brings you a two-weeks' tube free and postpaid! Clip and mail it today. The Kolynos Co., New Haven, Conn., Dept. LX.

Ask Your Dentist!

Kolynos not only removes the plaque that makes teeth dingy and yellow, but it also destroys the germs and bacteria that breed in the mouth and cause tooth decay and diseases of the gums. U. S. Bureau of Standards ranks Kolynos highest in germicidal value!

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

2 Weeks' Tube FREE

The Kolynos Co., Dept. LX,
New Haven, Conn.

Mail me FREE Two Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name.....

Street & No.....

City..... State .....

[I LEARN TO FLY—AFTER A FASHION]
Continued from page thirty-five

My lesson proved to be a success. I made my first really perfect landing. It's a great feeling to set that ship down on the ground, and have her stay there nice and ladylike, instead of bouncing around like an unruly schoolboy.

November 14.

I laid off a day. I wanted to think over that perfect landing and get it firmly fixed in my mind.

November 15.

It's a totally bad idea to lay off. That elusive perfect landing deserted me just as I seemed to hold it in my grasp. Perfect landings are too much akin to temperamental women for my liking. Here one day and gone the next.

November 16.

Today we tried something new. We climbed 2,000 feet in the air and practiced imaginary landings. Phillips would tell me when to cut the engine, and go into a glide. I would glide about 100 feet, and Phillips would say, "Now we are approaching the ground." I would then straighten the ship out and land her. My air landings are by far the best.

November 17.

Forgot to make an entry in diary today. Forgot what happened. Probably nothing.

November 18.

It was plenty rough out. Every time I would try to bank, zowie, the wind would come along and nearly knock the ship upside down. I didn't like the feeling much. Felt as if I didn't stand a Brodie's chance with all the elements rooting against me. I was the only student up. The others showed more sense. It was too rough for any landings. My air work seems fine and I have it all figured out about the landings. I have no depth perception. I have no idea whether I am twenty feet or five feet from the ground. I am rotten at judging distances. I can't play tennis or golf or drive a car brilliantly. How then could I possibly make a three point landing?

The next time I would look up it would be diving groundwards.

November 19.

Saw Jordonoff today and he told me his flying history over a stale cheese sandwich and a cup of questionable coffee. He's been flying since 1912, has come through two wars, four bad crashes, and is still as keen as ever.

The Serbian-Bulgarian war of 1913 found him at age of 15 studying aviation. He had been swept away by the romance of the air when the Wright brothers put out their first rickety, spindly airship. He joined up with the Bulgarians and spent his time tossing handmade bombs over the enemy lines. The Bulgarians boasted twenty airplanes, the Turks two.

Then the Great War. He was shot down twice. The planes were better then, and he liked the thrill of chasing enemy ships through the clouds. More like a game, he told us, than a fight for life.

Now he's instructing at Curtiss. He can't stay away. Planes are his whole life.

As for my lesson. It was passable. I never seem to get beyond the point of being just passable. Poor Phillips, he is such a swell person and he tries so hard to knock some sense into my head.

November 20.

I can't remember ever having passed a more unfortunate day. I woke up in a dangerous mood to begin with—the kind of mood where you take pleasure in rolling over various tortures you could inflict on innocent bystanders—even families.

It was a freezing day and I forgot to bring out my winter flying suit. Had to borrow a pair of flimsy overalls. Phillips gave me a speaking helmet that was five sizes too small, and which succeeded only too well in giving me the year's best headache.

My lesson was terrible (all my lessons are that, but this lesson took advantage of the situation). After the usual number of sketchy landings Phillips told me to fly back to the field and find a suitable landing spot. I flew back all right, but in the confusion I had forgotten which way the wind was blowing. I tried to land cross wind, down wind, in fact every way but into the wind. Phillips would call encouragingly through the tube to tell me I could stay up in the air till I found the right way.

My short temper was growing shorter by seconds. My feet and hands were cold, and my head splitting. We circled the field ten times with no success. Then I lost my temper. I tore off my helmet and goggles, and cursed Phillips to no avail. He couldn't hear a word. I grabbed the stick with both hands and shook it. The plane swerved sickeningly. I didn't care.

We might have still been up there but for a lucky break. Another plane landed and showed me the light. I followed, overshot the field, came back, and made another one of those one point landings. By this time I was weeping with rage. Phillips was all set to razz me. I didn't give him a chance. I got out of the plane and walked away.

He yelled after me to go up with Jordonoff for a check. A check is like a consultation of doctors before an operation. One of the other instructors takes you up prior to soloing and gives his opinion as to your ability. A check, and on a day like this! I again cussed out Phillips, but quite internally this time.

Jordonoff took me up and I did my stuff. One porpoise landing, a one point landing, and one near wing landing. I bet I rate just about A1 right now. And I thought I was good enough to solo—Haw.

November 21.

Went out to the field, but it was too rough to go up. Saw Phillips and apologized. He was nice about it.

November 22.

I was better today, but I'll have to be a whole lot better before I can go up alone. Wish I could solo with Phillips, but he's leaving tomorrow night.

Met a kid by the name of Bud Owens. A Southerner from Miami. He's a student at the field and darn good too. He soloed in seven hours. Perfect nuts about aviation. Spends his nights moving trucks so he can get enough money to learn to fly. He told me he would get in a plane on the field and sit there for hours at a time to get the feel of the horizon. Says he can land now without even looking at the ground. Sounds sort of fishy to me, but that's his story. He has joined up with Curtiss and is going down to Miami to run the office there. He'll be a famous pilot some day if I don't miss my guess.

November 23.

I soloed, I soloed, I soloed. I was up in the air by myself. I flew the plane alone, all, all alone. It was swell, marvelous, unimaginable. And I didn't even bust

up the ship. It's the grandest sensation the old world has to offer. I grant you I only made one landing and it was a bad landing. I bounced all over the field. I took twenty hours and twenty minutes to do it. I don't care though, I don't care about anything. I took the ship off, made a couple of turns, came down, and there was nobody in that front cockpit to correct my mistakes.

It's an uncanny feeling. You are so absolutely alone up in the air. If you pull a boner—pbff—it's all over. It gives you the most enormous feeling of superiority. You look down, see some motor cars crawling along the road, and you laugh. What do they know about life, freedom? They are earthbound. You—you belong to the heavens, you consort with the stars, the moon, and all the feathery things that fly. They know only their world, while you have access to numberless worlds.

It's impossible to describe; try it yourself.

I went down to the field in the morning feeling rather badly. I knew Phillips was leaving and I didn't think there was a chance in the world of soloing. We had a lesson that morning and I tried so hard to do well that I missed entirely. We came back to Curtiss and I said good-by to Phillips. He suggested that I go up with him again in the afternoon, but I didn't see any point in prolonging the agony. I considered myself a total flop and I wanted to get away from the field. I was tired of having people ask me if I had done my solo.

I went in to change my clothes and ran into Mrs. Paris. Phillips had soloed her that morning. That did not help my pride. We had started about the same time and she succeeded where I failed. She was darn nice to me. Told me not to become discouraged. Then I had a hunch. I would stay and give flying one more chance.

I stayed around and went up in the afternoon. We flew down to the little field and practiced landings. Some guardian angel must have been helping me. I made four perfect landings for the first time in my life. After the fourth landing Phillips climbed out of the plane. "Take her up yourself," was all he said.

I got a queer contraction around my heart. It all happened so unexpectedly I didn't have a chance to get really scared. I put on the gas, the plane started, and I was off. Everything went fine. I cut the throttle at the right place, glided down, rounded out. Then of course I got excited and forgot to pull the stick back. We bounced unmercifully.

No bones were broken and the ship is still intact, so everything came out all right.

I advise anyone that is blasé, lovesick, or bored to take up flying. It is a sure cure for almost any mental trouble. I have had a fair amount of thrills in my life, but I know now I'll never experience again anything quite like the first solo.

THE END

"An army man must keep fit - reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"

Robert Lee Bullard

Lieutenant General
Robert Lee Bullard

"General de Braack, one of Napoleon's greatest cavalry leaders, said: 'Smoke yourself and teach your men to smoke. It will comfort you and them under the greatest strain.' One hundred years after de Braack, one million Americans fighting at the front in France and smoking Lucky Strikes found it to be true. Of course, I say reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet. An army man must besides keep fit and not be overweight."

ROBERT LEE BULLARD

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, who was in command of 2nd Army, A. E. F. on Armistice Day, November 11, 1918

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

Coast to coast radio hook-up every Saturday night through the National Broadcasting Company's network. The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra in "The Tunes that made Broadway, Broadway."

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

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So Mote It Be

The Story of a Man's Last Chance at Love

By

MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

Pictures by AUSTIN JEWEL

Eben flattened himself against a wall

NEVER in all his life had Eben Whitman wanted anything so much as he wanted Delight Moore for his wife. Delight! The very name was a symbol of all the things Eben had missed; that the Whitmans, with their austere background, disliked. All the Whitman women had plain sensible names. Aunt Harriet, Aunt Rachel, Cousin Sabina, Cousin Ruth, Cousin Sara. Eben's own mother, with blood in her veins not nearly so proud as the Whitmans', had been sedately named Cornelia.

And now—Delight! Eben winced a little when he thought how Aunt Hat's eyebrows always went up at the mention of Delight's name. Not that either his aunt or his father had an inkling of what was happening. They thought of Delight as a frivolous appendage to his—Eben's—eminently proper law office. But since there were other stenographers there also, Miss White and Miss Riley, and a brazen-haired bookkeeper, Miss Schwartz, they had not singled Delight out for any special notice. Except that Aunt Hat had checked over the Christmas gift list, as she usually did, and had sniffed:

"Delight Moore? Who's she? That red-headed girl? Ridiculous name!"

Dismissing Delight as "that red-headed girl" struck Eben as particularly funny. Why, there was not another girl of her quality in the length and breadth of Middleboro! When she got on the trolley of a morning necks craned and women looked envious. That clear skin of hers, firm and fresh and youthful, those sherry-colored eyes fringed with lashes incredibly the same shade, the soft and gleaming bang of sherry-colored hair under the brim of her little bronze helmet—Eben still thrilled at the very sight of her. That she should have time for him, an oldster who had been in college when she was born, still seemed a miracle.

Oh, of course, he was her boss. He had the glamour perhaps of position and money, the specious glamour of the older man for a girl not quite twenty. But she was so sweet with him, friendly without being deferential, she had such "lovely little manners," Eben said to himself. He was sure that if Aunt Hat and Father only knew her, they would be charmed as he was.

He said all these things to himself as he swung down Broad Street one Monday morning in autumn. It was a day of scudding clouds and sharp blue skies and sudden winds; a day, he thought, to set a young girl thinking of fur coats. He wished he might buy Delight one, a sleek soft coat of dove-gray squirrel, or perhaps a leopard. She would look like a small adorable kitten in a leopard coat, he decided. And why couldn't he do it? Why shouldn't he, some morning, run down to breakfast and say, offhandedly, to Father and Aunt Hat: "Congratulate me. I'm going to marry Delight Moore."

Men are not supposed to shiver. Especially men like Eben Whitman, who have clear consciences and fat bank accounts and established businesses. But Eben Whitman shivered as he walked down Broad Street that Monday morning, when he thought of what Aunt Hat and Father would say if he made such an announcement.

He laughed off the shiver by pretending he needed to stop in at the tailor's and hurry along that new topcoat. As the coat was fitted, he carried on an imaginary conversation with Aunt Hat.

"CERTAINLY, I'm going to marry her," he told Aunt Hat, offhandedly. "Young life in the family, that's what we need. Children, before I get too old." (He could see Aunt Hat's angry blush at this impropriety.) He wondered if he might add, feelingly: "You see, I'm madly in love with the girl." But decided against it. Love, likewise, was an improper subject with Aunt Hat.

It was odd the way Eben suffered the domination of the two old people. Odd, how his spiritual relationship with them had remained static, although physically it had changed greatly since childhood. Because now Eben was a man grown, head of the firm, important, responsible. Yet he never could shake off the dominance they had imposed on him as a child. Maybe it was partly because he hated scenes. And, since the Whitman temper was a thing greatly to be reckoned with, he usually thought out the easiest way around "situations." Delight Moore was a situation, in Whitman parlance.

as a slim girl flitted by, a shabby youth at her side.

He thought of eloping. That is, if he ever got to the point where he might ask Delight to elope with him. At present, their relationship was prettily platonic. He thought, then, of eloping, and of bringing his bride to the gloomy gray house in Crillon Park.

No, somehow he couldn't see Delight out there, among the Empire chairs and the Dresden mantel figures. He'd have to get her an apartment with modernistic furniture and bright stuffs trailing everywhere, with stiff jade flowers in rose quartz bowls, and a Louis XIV piano in antique green enamel, all in a room by itself. Eben could see Delight in a place like that.

"Who is her family?" Aunt Hat would want to know. "Where are they from? What do you know about them?" As if you wanted to know from what soil a rose had sprung, if it was sweet scented.

SOMETIMES Eben wondered if the family's main reason for opposing him in any change in his mode of existence wasn't the desire to keep life static for them both. Like most older people, his father and his aunt disliked change with a fervor amounting to hatred. Having Eben about to bully, whine at, and advise provided them with an unending interest in life. He managed all their affairs now, and yet they treated him sometimes as if he were still twelve years old, and just being sent away to military school.

He might have opposed them vigorously in their petty schemes, but somehow this opposition always seemed to him undignified. He hated what he called "brawls." He hated arguments, he hated having his plans and his friends conversationally pawed over. Some instinct in him had always warned against any entangling alliance. He had no taste for the intrigue which the elders might have countenanced, feeling it barred him from a real marriage. He had never before wanted anything enough to fight for it.

His affairs had always been meddled with, always, since he'd come, a shy and gangling boy, out of Harvard. He was used to it, hardened to it. He was loyal to his kinsfolk, if not ever remotely fond of them.

Before, when they had interfered in his concerns, it hadn't mattered so much. He hadn't *wanted* to marry Mary Gaines, she had been "after him," as Aunt Hat said, so when *that* had been nipped in the bud he hadn't minded. He had been a little grateful, actually, for their interference. But he had been bitter when they wanted him to claim exemption, on the thinnest grounds, in wartime.

HE had been horribly, miserably ashamed. They'd done just enough talking and meddling and temporizing to make him feel a slacker, even after he'd gone to the third officers' training camp. But even that hadn't mattered so much. Delight *did* matter. He felt he had to fight for her no matter how many "spells" or "attacks" his stubbornness brought on.

However, he would "speak to" Delight first. He would get things settled, once for all, before he tackled the family.

A little awkwardly, like a man who is genuinely an amateur in conducting affairs of the heart, Eben approached his goddess that afternoon. She had just come in from lunch. All morning she had been taking some dictation from Mr. Barrow, the junior partner, and Eben had had no chance to speak to her. But now, when he rang his buzzer, as he had hoped, she responded. She stood in the doorway, hesitant, exquisite, her youth and her fragrance almost a tangible perfume to the man who watched her.

"I was wondering—" He tapped the slide of his desk nervously. "Could you make it for dinner tonight? I'm getting the new car at six, and I thought we might drive out to Riverside. You liked that French place last week. I thought—"

He paused, because regret and refusal were manifest in the pretty face before him. Delight advanced, perfectly aware of the effect she was creating, aware of her freshness and her little-girl gravity, being as sweet and desirable as he wanted her to be. "I *am* sorry," she murmured, "but I have an engagement. *Please* ask me again."

"I will. How about—you're so fearfully popular—how about tomorrow?" asked Eben with a laugh of hollow cheerfulness. Then, on the spur of the moment, gratuitously he fabricated: "The family is anxious to meet you. My aunt thinks you lovely looking."

Delight's air of surprise was certainly not affected. She had fancied she caught a disapproving glimmer in Miss Whitman's eye when that lady had last visited the office to sign some papers in an agreement. Delight's daytime stockings were listed in the advertisements as "cloud" shade, and the skirt of her pale green sport suit

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He found a Friend---

"Why shouldn't I look cheerful!", he grinned across his desk, when his office pal asked him, "Why the genial atmosphere?"

"I found a real friend last night who showed me how to get out of debt and stay out. And incidentally I found out things weren't half as bad as I thought and that I *can* save a little money and not starve to death, either."

It seems he and "friend wife" sat down with that "new friend," which turned out to be a John Hancock Home Budget, and figured it all out. They discovered they had been spending a lot of money for things they didn't need and didn't want and had been compelled consequently to go without some of the things they really wanted.

He says the budget showed him just where all these leaks occurred, how he could stop them, and also showed him that he could put something down under that important budget column, "Savings."

Perhaps it can help you too, if you are having difficulty organizing your household expenses. Send for your copy of the John Hancock Home Budget Sheet.—It's Free—Send 2c. for postage.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Inquiry Bureau
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.
197 Clarendon Street
Boston, Mass.

Please send Budget Sheet.

Name.....

Address.....

..... LIB.

[SO MOTE IT BE Continued from page thirty-nine]

had been particularly short that day.

"So glad they like me," she murmured. "Yes, tomorrow night will be fine. Perhaps I'd better not meet you downstairs this time," she added softly. "The girls are beginning to talk." Her lashes flickered in the direction of the stenographers' cubicles.

"Let them!" cried Eben masterfully. He rose. The implication of her last fluttered remark gave him courage. No Aunt Hat was near to cramp his style. He took Delight's small, scented hand in his own and thanked God for giving him sense enough to have had a ground-glass partition in his office. "You know — you've known all the time I'm in love with you," he declared. He was suddenly humble. "Have I a chance?" he pleaded.

It was not enough. He wanted, desperately, to crush her to him, but generations of gentlemanly Whitmans forbade this move. So he waited.

"I'm very fond of you—you know that," the girl returned sedately. Her heart was hammering. She had dreamed of this scene without ever really believing it might become actual. Herself, in sables and pearls, leaning back in the Whitmans' town car. Sending money back to her mother in Lindsay. Bringing two little girls (or perhaps they'd be boys) into the office, in blue serge and red berets, to be fussed over and admired by the staff.

IT was a Cinderella dream, but she wasn't quite sure she really wanted it to come true. She admired Mr. Whitman lots. She loved the crisp, authoritative way he ordered dinner; she got a thrill taking his calls over the phone. He was "nice looking," she told herself—not handsome, of course, but distinguished, with just a touch of gray in his hair, and those keen, austere, but smiling steel-blue eyes.

She liked the clothes he wore, the correct blues and grays, the beautiful shirts and scarfs which came, she knew, from England, because Miss Schwartz grumbled when she had to send the checks. She liked the look of his blunt-fingered, scrupulously manicured hands. And she had been curious enough to look him up in his college yearbook, to see when he'd been graduated. From this she had figured out his age, forty-five.

Oh, she liked him—admired him—heaps and heaps. But marriage? Well, that was another matter! She was a bit afraid of life as Mrs. Eben Whitman. She would be expected to give, and attend, "big dinners." She wasn't sure she knew how exactly, or wanted exactly, to behave as Mrs. Whitman should. She was nineteen, she liked clambakes and wienie-roasts.

She was so sweet with him, friendly without being deferential.

SHE talked slang and played a ukulele and sang foolish, romantic ballads. Did she really want to marry and settle down? The office was fun, life was fun. It was wonderful, being pretty and young, having men look at you in that startled, almost hungry way.

And yet, the honest passion in Eben Whitman's eyes touched and flattered her. She recalled, in troubled fashion, some ancient admonitions about "stirring men's feelings up." She reminded herself that seldom, if ever, did a poor girl have such a chance thrown at her head.

It was like something out of an English novel. And it wasn't as if there was anybody else. Not anybody she'd consider, anyhow. Certainly not that fresh, brown-eyed boy who'd come in to be Mr. Barrow's confidential clerk. Desmond, his name was. Desmond Ryan, and he was studying law at night, and all the girls were crazy about him—going up close and leaning against him.

"Tomorrow night, then," murmured Delight Moore, slipping out of Eben Whitman's office. And as she went she thought, quite irrelevantly, of the cleft in Desmond Ryan's chin!

. . . . . .

Winter came, and still Eben temporized. At night he would go home with his scene perfectly rehearsed: "Father. Aunt Hat. I've something to tell you both. Delight Moore has promised to marry me." But somehow the words would die on his lips. Once inside the door of the house at Crillon Park, and he was a child again—stepping softly, so as not to disturb Aunt Hat's slumbers. Putting out his cigarette because Father hated the smell. Lowering his voice. He couldn't tell them.

But somehow he did. Christmas Eve. He had a vague idea that the peace-on-earth idea might have filtered through to Crillon Park. "I'll marry her on New Year's Day, if she'll have me," he told himself. But when the scene broke, in all its force, he found himself murmuring weakly, "We'd planned to have it sometime in the spring."

"Crazy as a loon, *I* say," grated Aunt Hat. "She's after your money and that's about all there is to it. Anybody can see it." His father was worse. He had a sharp and a bitter tongue. And he had a "spell" later, to prove how grievously Eben had upset him.

It wasn't so much the idea of losing Eben that bestirred both the old people to a fury of resentment. It was the notion of passing the Whitman fortune along to other hands. "Not that they can take it where *they're* going," thought Eben, sagely and bitterly. "But since ever they knew I'd made a will leaving everything to the estate, they've been bound to keep their hands on me."

IT would have been comic if it hadn't been so maddening. Old Mr. Whitman lived among stiff luxuries which his pioneer forefathers would have scorned. He had his middle-aged, expensive car, his adroit chauffeur, his male nurse, his carefully chosen breakfast trays. He had a conservatory for a plaything, he had stocks and bonds to count over and a ticker report to interest him.

There was no material thing Eben could give him which he did not already possess. And yet, with the unshaken purpose of a man used for seventy years to his own way, he opposed his son's plans for a new life. He thought, greedily triumphant: "Anyhow, he can't change the will. It's in my deposit box, and so long as that girl doesn't actually get her hands on him, we're safe."

To which Aunt Hat agreed. She was concerned about the jewels in the family coffers, the emeralds in their old-fashioned dull gold settings, the amethysts as big as grapes, the seed pearl earrings and the diamonds that had been Eben's mother's. "*She* shan't have them," chuckled Aunt Hat. "They're willed to Cousin Sara." The Family, that sacred and closed corporation, was a deity before which Aunt Hat worshiped.

But—"they'll come around," Eben told Delight when he next saw her. She was wearing the flexible bracelet and the small string of perfect pearls he had given her. If he had demanded that she marry him on New Year's Day, she would have flown to his arms. He was making life look very beautiful and bright, soft and promising, just then. But he temporized. After Father's spell had passed, he thought, they would slip away together and be married.

But somehow it was March before he dared to open the subject again at

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

Lose unsightly FAT

this easy Pleasant way

PEOPLE used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. So some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

THEN medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

FAT people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

THEN experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

THEN thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

Next came Marmola

THEN a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called Marmola prescription.

MARMOLA was perfected 21 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous way — millions of boxes of it. Users told others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor.

THAT is one great reason —perhaps a major reason— why excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

No Secrecy

MARMOLA is not a secret prescription. The complete formula appears in every box. Also an explanation of the results which so delight its users.

NO abnormal exercise or diet is required, but moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Correct the cause. with lessened weight comes new vitality and many other benefits.

Do the Right Thing

THIS is to people whose excess fat robs them of beauty, youth, health and vitality. Reduce that fat—combat the cause—in this scientific way. Do what so many people, for 21 years, have found amazingly effective.

TRY a couple of boxes and be convinced. Watch the results. Then, if you like the results, complete them. Get a box of Marmola today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1.00 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber.

MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS ~ THE PLEASANT WAY TO REDUCE

Chester

MILD *enough for anybod*

What a cigarette meant *there*

20 degrees below, and no tobacco, through lonely weeks of glittering silence. Then a speck on the hard, bright horizon; another musher, outward-bound . . . and *cigarettes!* What price cold or Arctic hardship then!

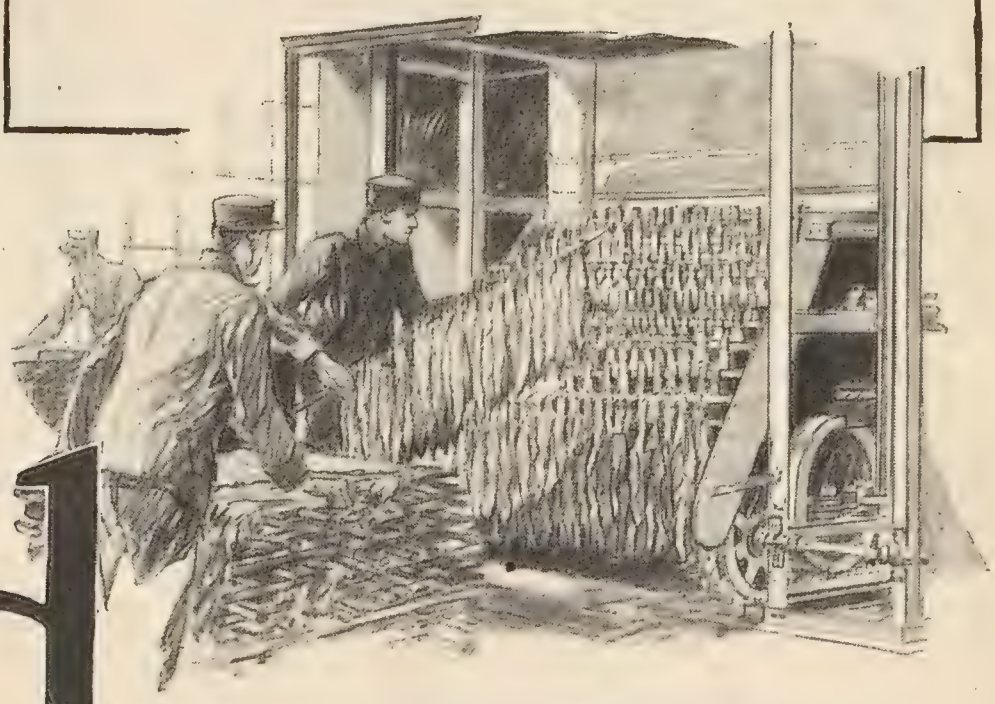
What a cigarette means *here*

220 degrees above, as endless belts carry the choice tobacco for Chesterfield inch by inch through the great steel ovens.

Here, in penetrating heat, science corrects and perfects the curing commenced in the farmer's barn. Dried, then cooled, then steamed to exact and uniform heat and moisture, the tobacco is ready for the final mellowing—two long years ageing in wood—that only Nature can give.

Man, Science, Nature—all work together on Chesterfield. And in the bland, satisfying smoothness of Chesterfield itself is ample proof that their patient, costly team-work is good!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Through long steam-heated ovens, new tobacco passes in slow endless procession for drying and "conditioning."

ield

and yet **THEY SATISFY**

"Long Hair is coming back" Pierre PREDICTS

Internationally Famous Hairdresser, whose clientele includes women of smart society, discusses the current trend in hair combing.

"HISTORY will repeat itself," declares Pierre... "Longer gowns, larger hats are already being worn and—naturally—longer hair is coming into vogue." Whether you agree with Pierre or prefer the still popular bobbed type of hairdressing, your charm of appearance will continue to depend on careful hair combing.

For every type, long or short, there is an ACE COMB adapted to help you to always look your best. We recommend a large 8 or 9 inch Ace Comb to use at home, morning and night, as well as many sizes and styles of handy little Ace Purse Combs to carry with you wherever you go.

·ACE· COMBS

made of the purest Hard Rubber, are strong, durable and sanitary. Even the surfaces between the teeth are smoothly finished. They cannot possibly pull out, break the hair or injure the scalp. But be sure to select ACE COMBS.

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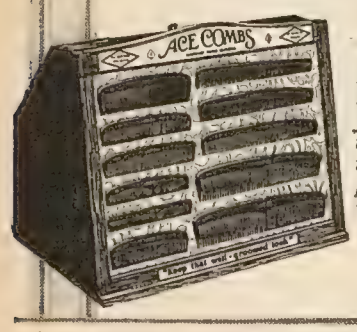

WHEREVER *you find this Cabinet displayed there is an assortment from which to select all the* ACE COMBS *you need. Druggists and Department stores everywhere sell* ACE COMBS.

American Hard Rubber Company,
11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for "Current Style in Hair Combing" and sample 4 inch Ace Comb. Please send to

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

L 19

[SO MOTE IT BE Continued from page forty-one]

home. "I thought you'd put all that nonsense by," stormed Aunt Hat. And that day Eben pushed open the door of the bookkeeper's cage to see Delight locked in a desperate embrace with the boy Desmond, who had shiny seams and a cleft in his chin.

He couldn't have said how he knew, but he did know that was the first time it had happened. Delight had been faithful to him—after her fashion.

HE went out. He walked and he thought. A man can think clearly sometimes when his heart is in two pieces inside his body.

When he saw Delight again, she was composed and smiling, and, he thought, a bit scared looking when he said to her:

"D'you mind coming in for a minute? I want to talk to you."

It wasn't a loverlike tone, and yet it wasn't unkind. Delight didn't know what was coming. He said: "I've been meaning to tell you for ages—this. It's important. Don't let anybody fool you into being soft, kind-hearted, when there's something you want from life. You've got to grab when you want things. You can't stop to—to think of other people's feelings. That's what I've always done. And look at me." He said it without rancor, without bitterness. He felt compassion for her, seeing how young she was, and how sore perplexed.

"I don't know what you mean, Eben," murmured Delight, her eyes great in a suddenly white face.

"Don't you?" He was suddenly weary. And for the first time since he had known her, he felt old. "Never mind, child. I'm probably talking nonsense. Run along."

"Aren't you coming over tonight?" faltered Delight, feeling herself dismissed. "I thought we were going to the concert." She felt conscientious reminding him, because Desmond Ryan had asked her to go dancing with him at Cinderella-land, and maybe she didn't want to go! After all, she wasn't married to Eben.

He wouldn't mind her having some innocent fun. But of course, if he still wanted to take her to the concert, she'd go. She was trying hard to be square.

"I've some work to do. Papers to go over," said Eben Whitman absently. "Suppose you take the tickets, and get someone to go with you."

He was rarely demonstrative in the dubious privacy of the office, but now he bent swiftly and kissed her. There was a quality in that kiss that disturbed the girl. She found herself, later that evening, tapping heels in the calculated dissonance of a jazz rhythm, wondering what that caress had meant. It had an elusiveness that piqued and frightened her. She felt a little guilty about her truancy. Maybe she should have coaxed him out of his doldrums, persuaded him to go to the concert, after all. . . .

All evening Eben worked in the deserted office.

He was a clumsy typist, and it took him the better part of two hours to work out a rough draft of what he wanted to say to his partner, Herbert Barrow, in an official-looking communication.

He sealed the papers up at last in a great manila envelope, and left them on Barrow's desk where they were certain to be seen first thing in the morning. He had some brief words with the cleaning woman and the night watchman, who obligingly signed their names to a sheet of paper.

He walked down Third Street to Main, where his garage was. At that corner, crowds were drifting out of Cinderella-land. Two by two, arms interlocked, the couples wandered out.

Eben flattened himself against a wall as a slim girl in beige color flitted by, a shabby youth at her side. The girl's face was eager in the light of the street lamp. Her lips were parted, her feet danced along in a mockery of syncopation. There was something so inevitable in the coupling of the two young things that the man in the shadow drew a sudden sharp sigh of anguish. Then he pulled his hat down and went on, terribly alone.

THE disappearance of Eben Whitman was a three days' wonder in Middleboro. On the fourth morning searchers found him in a ravine, miles from Crillon Park. He had been known as an excellent, a careful driver. Yet the car had swerved drunkenly over a dizzy embankment. He must have died instantly.

You can imagine how stirred up the town was when the evening paper printed details of the instructions Eben Whitman had left concerning the disposal of his property. In a note to Herbert Barrow, accompanying a codicil to his will (the latter held by his family in a safety deposit box), he had said:

"You will note that I have named as my sole heir Delight Moore, who would have been my wife long before this, but for family interference. They've thwarted me all my life. In this, I am sure you will see I have my way at last."

What the papers did not publish was a postscript to the note. Barrow kept it for Delight's eyes alone. Eben had written, in his neat, unfaltering hand: "God bless you, child. If young Ryan doesn't mind, name the first son for me."

THE END

Crash-and-Chatter De Luxe

Interference, Mr. Pomeroy, and Some Others Not So Good

A Page of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

THE all-talkies have their first high-hat thriller. It is Interference, Paramount's initial all-dialogue film, and a Hollywood version of last year's Broadway melodrama.

Interference was first filmed in the quaint old silent manner by Director Lothar Mendes and then more or less completely redone as a crash-and-chatter picture by Roy J. Pomeroy, the celluloid magician of the Lasky lot. Pomeroy is the man who parted the Red Sea in The Ten Commandments as easily as you or I part our hair. Interference is an intelligently directed, well appointed melodrama of swanky British life and it has the appearance of care and understanding—something new to the hurriedly thrown together talkies. Most of the usual lisp is gone, the players talk as naturally as actors ever talk, and you can even hear the chirp of a canary.

William Powell as the specter from Flanders Fields and Evelyn Brent as the blackmailing ex-mistress in Interference.

Interference tells the story of a drunken wastrel who returns from the world war (after having been reported killed) to find his wife remarried and his former mistress hot upon blackmail and revenge. The homeless, broken wanderer, whose weak heart is at the bursting point, goes to the apartment of the adventuress who is about to smash the happiness of the girl he loved. In his pocket is a bottle of poison. Does his frail heart give him a chance to save one woman's happiness at the expense of the other's life? You must see for yourself.

Interference is told in dialogue rather than action. It is splendidly acted by William Powell, as the specter from Flanders Fields; Evelyn Brent, as the blackmailing ex-mistress; and Clive Brook, as the famous surgeon who marries the wanderer's "widow."

Interference is easily the best all-talkie yet developed in Hollywood.

★

Rainbow round my history! Here is The Viking, a noiseless all-color film produced by Technicolor. The Viking is full of hue, but wholly lacking in cry.

The story is built around the legendary pre-Columbus trip of Leif Ericsson and his crew of hardy Norsemen. It seems that there were a beautiful Norse maid and a handsome British slave along on the voyage, although history overlooked them until now. These Vikings, I regret to report, are merely false-whiskered extras who swashbuckle in horned and winged helmets.

Pauline Starke wearing the latest in armor décolletage in The Viking.

Pauline Starke is Helga, the flapper Brunhilda. She wears nickel-plated bathing suits. Anders Randolph is fairly good as Leif's axe-throwing papa. When Eric—hot-tempered old pagan that he is—swings, he almost turns over a new Leif. As a color effort, the film isn't in the same class with Al Parker's restrained prismatic film for Doug Fairbanks, The Black Pirate.

★

That talented dancing daughter, Joan Crawford, is now a star, but her first Metro-Goldwyn electric-light vehicle, Dream of Love, is enough to sink even a beautiful tap dancer. Dream of Love is based on Adrienne Lecouvreur, which, it is reliably reported, was one of the first hundred dramas about a prince and a gorgeous girl of lowly station. Although I hate to start the new year this way, I must admit that The Dream of Love is badly directed and badly acted. Miss Crawford should have brisk modern stories. Nils Asther just moves from pose to pose as the prince. As bad a performance as any in months is turned in by Aileen Pringle.

Personalities—

Joan Crawford was getting $750 a week until her new starring contract was signed. . . . Aileen Pringle gets $1,000 a week, William Powell receives $1,200, Clive Brook's salary is $1,500, and Evelyn Brent gets a like amount.

Aimee Semple McPherson—

P. & A. photo

Sister McPherson in the pulpit of her Angelus Temple. At the right is Emma Schaffer, her secretary, who was with her at the bathing beach when she disappeared, May 18, 1927.

AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON was born on a Canadian farm. She is Gaelic in appearance. Her hair is auburn and very long. Her frame is large, her ankles heavy. Of medium height, her movements are sudden and impulsive. Her voice is raucous. Her mentality is quick, and above the ordinary. She deals in platitudes worn thin by the centuries. But she makes them seem new.

She excels in dynamic energy and gusto. There are blended in her the faith and the intolerance of the fanatic. There are many opinions concerning her. Many shrewd men consider her more intelligent than she really is. They confuse her overpowering personality and the ability to sway certain types of the population, with high intelligence. Others feel that she is a charlatan who has been guilty of a great social sin and who was the indirect cause of the death of a man who mistakenly dove into the sea in the hope of discovering her body. They point to evidence, often disputed, which says that at this time she was spending a week with her former radio operator in Carmel-by-the-Sea.

These and many other views are held of Aimee Semple McPherson, who is undoubtedly the greatest evangelist of her sex ever developed in North America.

Her childhood in a rural district was simple and beautiful. She watched birds build nests. She carried the sap from trees at maple-sugar time. She went on snowshoes and in bobsleds over the countryside. And once, when she was ill, she demanded that frogs be put in a bucket near her bed that she might hear them croaking.

During her school days she had her first questioning doubts about God. She claims that she was taught to read Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll, and Darwin by a country high-school teacher—in a bigoted section. She turned early from these men to the Bible.

Reared in a religious family, her parents dreamed and hoped for a girl child who would be a minister of the Gospel. Her high-school days were more or less carefree. She danced. She attended shows. And even more significant, considering her later career, she acted in amateur theatricals. But always there was the doubt in her mind.

At this time she attended a revival meeting. It was conducted by Robert Semple. He was tall, broadshouldered, and carried a Bible under his arm. Mrs. McPherson said of him years later:

"He had an earnest, strong face, a pair of level, sincere blue eyes. He spoke in a deep, ringing voice. When he started to preach he held the complete attention of that entire audience. There was absolutely no doubt of his sincerity or the depth of his feeling. He was a strong man among men and spoke with the conviction of a strong character, and what he said sank into my heart like a swift flung arrow. It was a shaft of conviction from the bow of the Lord."

She tried to rid herself of her first conversion. Had not many great men found the Word of God to be but beautiful literature? In such a mood she went to a fancy-dress carnival at a skating rink. An excellent skater, she slipped on the ice and sprained her ankle. She was carried from the rink.

She prayed to allay doubt. Instantly the light streamed over her soul.

And later the conversion was completed. "I had a peculiar sensation," she says, "of something warm, cleansing, and healing flowing over me from head to foot." Then the great peace came. The "peace that passeth understanding flooded my heart. I consecrated my life to Christ then and there."

THERE is in Aimee Semple McPherson the first attribute of highly successful people. "I have never done anything half-heartedly," she declares. "Some people go through life always undecided, always neutral; but from the time I was a tiny child, whatever I did, I did with my whole heart."

Mrs. McPherson, in common with many young people of imagination and force who have absorbed the Bible, has taken from it a subconscious gift of words. She is the master of rolling and vibrant sentences, and that rarest of all gifts—a childlike sense of narrative.

In her sermons she makes Christ live again, a tired, broken man, with the heartache in his eyes. She brings before her life-whipped audiences the vision of an all-forgiving and deeply hurt man who conquered death.

She tells them that her favorite words in the Bible are "Jesus wept." The words are cold on paper. The Amazonian woman with the strong and at times beautiful face covers them with velvet and honey and makes them vibrant with life.

They come again in cadenced beauty—"Je—sus we—upt." And then she follows him step by step down a dusty road in Jerusalem. Beggars pass him on the road. They unconsciously know that they have met a King of Men. She has been in the Biblical country. She describes, with the skill of George Borrow, the little

What's *She All About?*

By Jim Tully

International photo

An action pose. Like Billy Sunday, she is expert at "doing her stuff" for the camera.

homes where the sad Judean visited. She makes these homes modern. Chickens and ducks fight for food in the yard. The customs are American. The scene might well be on a road in Iowa. Christ becomes a divine reincarnation, a man whom her audience has known.

The tangled web of a diverse theology is not for Mrs. McPherson. It is all very simple: Christ was the Son of God. He suffered, died, and lived again. There is no death. There can be no death. . . .

At such times the raucous voice becomes soft. One of the very greatest actresses now alive in the world has an audience under her spell.

Her whole-heartedness, coupled with her tremendous verve and dominating will, explains this woman's phenomenal success. Only one other career in the world would have allowed her complete expression —the stage.

After her conversion the young girl went home and burned the remnants of what she considered a sinful life. Ragtime music, dancing pumps, and novels all fed the blaze in the kitchen stove.

In her heart came tolerance for other religious creeds. Her path was clear before her. She has never stepped from it to engage in religious controversy. "While so many preachers of so many denominations spend so much time quibbling, criticizing, and denouncing one another, even taking time to honor me with an occasional thrust, I have made it a steady policy never to answer back or return the blow. It has always seemed to me such a silly waste of time when there is real work to be done."

P. & A. photo

The $2,000,000 Angelus Temple in Los Angeles, built with free-will offerings.

During her first years in Los Angeles Mrs. McPherson was attacked from several pulpits. Undeviating from her rule, she made no answer. Thousands attended her services, while hundreds attended those of her rivals and assailants.

Robert Semple proposed to Aimee some time after her conversion. She and her future husband were nursing the children of a neighbor. They were ill with typhoid.

After the children had fallen asleep, the minister proposed to the country girl. He was accepted.

While the plans for the wedding were under way, she made one of the homely observations, the like of which were to endear her years later to thousands of people. It was, "The calf and the colt stood around the door to await the steady stream of peelings, and the neighbor children came to lick the batter pans."

AFTER her marriage, Aimee went into the service of the Lord with her husband. She played the piano and testified in the meetings. Robert preached.

Her husband felt the "call" to go to China. When the young wife wondered where the money to take them to the Orient was to come from, her husband assured her that when the time was ripe the means would be provided.

They held revival meetings in Chicago and then crossed the sea to England and Ireland. At last they reached Hong Kong by way of India.

Many months were passed in the Chinese city. Both fell ill of fever. Robert Semple died. A daughter was born to the young widow a month after her husband's death. She was called Roberta Star—because she was her mother's star of hope.

Roberta, who is now a young woman evangelist, was a delicate baby. She had to be taken to America. Mother and child sailed on the Empress of China. When the pas-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON
Continued from page forty-seven]

sengers learned that the young widow was a missionary, they asked her to conduct services. She did not preach, but played the piano and read passages from the Bible.

When the boat reached San Francisco the future evangelist did not have the finances to reach her parents. The purser handed her an envelope which contained sixty-seven dollars. It was a contribution from the passengers.

Months of loneliness settled upon the young woman. Loneliness—and the realization that Roberta needed a home.

Her second marriage was apparently a compromise. She admits taking up her household duties with the understanding that she could become an evangelist if ever the call came.

A boy was born of the second marriage.

International photo

Mrs. McPherson with Ching Wing, deaf thirty years, whose hearing she says she restored by prayer. All sorts of miraculous cures have been credited to her.

SHE had a complete breakdown and underwent two operations in a year. She felt the call of service—"the one ringing last call." And she chose "service rather than the grave."

Her parents cared for the two babies on the Canadian farm. Aimee Semple McPherson made her début as a fisher of sinners in the sea of sin.

Her husband accompanied her for a time. He soon decided to go back to the world of business.

A divorce followed.

An evangelist was conducting tent services in a nearby town. Mrs. McPherson volunteered to help in any capacity. She was assigned to the kitchen where she washed dishes day after day.

Of untiring energy, she made herself so useful about the tent that she was asked to assist in the next campaign.

Her first duty was the painting of a fifty-foot banner. She had never painted before. But no matter. Faith and confidence had ever moved mountains.

She hurried back to the farm to see her babies and plunged into the work with renewed zest. She bought canvas, paint, and brushes.

After the babies had been put to sleep, with the help of her father she unrolled the new canvas. Before morning the words were painted crudely but effectually:

COME TO THE GREAT CAMP MEETING

At the end of that campaign the zealous Canadian missionary decided to become evangelist in her own right.

She went to a place called Mount Forest. Alone, unaided, she announced her plans to the small number of devout souls who appeared the first night. Verily the way of the beautiful young evangelist would be hard. The next night she preached again to the same small number.

She decided to draw a crowd.

Before the services the following evening she took a chair and hurried to one of the busiest corners in the town. She stood on the chair, head thrown back, eyes closed, and prayed fervently and silently.

A few curious people stopped and wondered what was wrong with her. Then more people gathered—and more.

Finally she opened her eyes and jumped down from the chair. She shouted "Quick!" and flew down the street. The crowd followed her into the Gospel Hall. She told the usher to allow no one to get out. She began preaching.

"Try that sometime if you want a crowd," suggests the evangelist.

From that day to this Aimee Semple McPherson has preached to large crowds.

At the end of the week she was reminded that she had taken no collections. She took one. The offering amounted to more than fifty dollars. It did not occur to her to use the money for herself and babies. She felt that the money had been given to her for the Lord's work. She put it back into a general expense fund. She claims that she has been doing the same thing ever since.

With the money she decided to buy a tent. A man sold her an old one which was mildewed and torn. It was finally sewed and patched and made to serve her purpose.

During her first sermon under the newly purchased tent a breeze came up. The tent began to collapse.

She felt that the devil was trying to break up her meeting. She lifted her arm and pointing to the collapsing tent top, exclaimed:

"In the name of the Lord, I command you to stay there until the meeting is over!"

"And believe it or not," the evangelist asserts, "that tent caught on a protruding nail and stayed."

To those who would say that it stayed by chance she answers serenely, "Perhaps; just the same I give the Lord the credit."

For the next two years Mrs. McPherson wandered from town to town preaching the gospel of salvation under canvas. Her children accompanied her. They slept on cots in a small tent. In this manner she traveled from Maine to Florida.

On and on she continued her evangelical way, becoming more famous, successful, and spectacular each year.

During later years her mother shared in her success. Known as Mother Kennedy, this woman is austere, forbidding, practical, terse, cold.

But she has a quality. It is the quality of Calvin, not of Christ. Not that her heart is bad. For a woman who spent the best years of her life within the limited bounds of a Canadian farm, she has gone very far. It was her daughter, however, who brought her a tardy fame.

AT last Aimee McPherson became tired of her nomad life. She dreamed of a vast headquarters for her activities. She would make a home for her children. She wanted her son to have a rose bush and her daughter a canary bird. She was weary of pitching tents.

This was in 1918.

She began a great western tour to Los Angeles, by automobile. As always, her coming was unannounced.

It was, nevertheless, the shrewdest move of her life. For in the rushing, real-estate-mad city of the West was a vast population made for molding by her competent hands.

She held her first meetings in little halls. The crowds soon grew until she rented the largest auditorium in the city. Soon the seating capacity became too small.

The indomitable woman was soon obsessed with a larger vision. She decided to build a $2,000,000 structure and call it Angelus Temple.

The vast edifice was eventually built by the free-will offerings of her many congregations. A woman donated a lot upon which to build a home for the evangelist. Dealers contributed the materials. Laborers contributed their toil. Even the rose bush for the boy and the canary for the girl were miraculously donated.

Soon the city was placarded with the names of Aimee Semple McPherson and Angelus Temple. The conglomerate citizenship, largely rustic, became fervent under her spell.

She was credited with miraculous healings. Cancer, tuberculosis, and paralysis were swept away like sin from a virgin's heart.

To those who would say that miracles are but vagaries of the human mind the evangelist would make answer:

"One could tell of hundreds of cases, of instantaneous healings for almost every conceivable ailment, which took place under circumstances such as to dispel any

possible doubt and which are corroborated by doctors' certificates and X-ray pictures before and after healing—records which are in our files today."

Angelus Temple was built gradually as funds accumulated. It has a seating capacity of between 5,000 and 6,000 people. It is said to be the largest modern fireproof church in the world. It is filled to overflowing many times each week.

It was opened in January of 1923. Since that time the lights have always burned. The doors have not been closed. Prayer has never ceased. Women pray all day in the temple in two-hour shifts. Men, on the same schedule, pray all night.

THERE is a Bible School which has nearly 1,000 pupils. Angelus Temple itself numbers tens of thousands of members. There are 3,000 Sunday-School children. There is a Cradle Roll department in which thousands of parents have dedicated their children. There is a Children's Church, where children carry on their own divine service. This is under the pastorate of Aimee's youthful daughter, Roberta Star Semple.

There is a group known as the Foursquare City Sisters. They are ready to render any service in the community, large or small. They will give the correct time of day in answer to a telephone call—or bring comfort to the dying.

There is a commissary in the basement of one of the buildings. All members of Angelus Temple are asked to bring with them each time they come a loaf of bread, a bottle of milk, or some package of food. These articles and blankets and clothing are sent to those in need.

During the recent flood disaster near Los Angeles, it was the Angelus Temple Commissary which led all charitable groups in caring for the homeless.

A powerful radio broadcasts each morning and concludes with a recital of sacred music at midnight. This radio is the most popular in the city. It broadcasts all of Mrs. McPherson's sermons.

The musical department consists of three bands, three choirs, two orchestras and leaders, three organists, three pianists, six quartets, several glee clubs, and many dozens of soloists and musicians.

It can be easily seen that the dynamic mistress of the organization leads a full and interesting life. Neither can it be gainsaid that, so long as mankind is in such a helpless state, she exerts a power of good in the community.

In the early days of Angelus Temple, Mrs. Kennedy handled the business reins. The mother has since gone to the Northwest. Full responsibility now rests on the broad shoulders of her daughter, who is said to have shouted to her audience, "Nobody hired me and nobody can

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You can't get away with it

Nature's Laws O. K.

"DON'T try to put anything over on Nature," is the way a cop would express it. "Sooner or later she'll get you. Give you a ticket and lay you up in a place where you'd rather not be. Even cops can't get away with it. Like everyone else, if they don't pay attention to the warnings, they get a summons that lands them in the doctor's office.

"What the doctor advises is Nujol. Says Nujol will regulate you just the way *you* regulate traffic. And the doctor is right. Just ask the healthiest men on the Force. If *they* need Nujol—with all the exercise *they* get—what about all the fellows that roll by in their cars?

"Just take a tip from me. You may have the best intentions in the world. But everybody gets tied up at times. Nature can't always take care of things without help.

"Our Medical Chief tells me that Nujol isn't a medicine. It contains absolutely no medicine or drugs. It's simply a pure natural substance that keeps things functioning normally at all times. It not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them), but aids in their removal."

Start Nujol today. (It is perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York.) It won't cost you much—not more than the price of some smokes. Worth a try, isn't it? Sold at all drug stores in sealed packages only.

Asthma

FOR fifty years Vapo-Cresolene has been relieving and preventing attacks of bronchial asthma, permitting restful sleep. Let its healing vapors end the terrors of your attacks and bring comfort to you.

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Send for descriptive booklet. VAPO-CRESOLENE CO. Dept. 491, 62 Cortlandt Street, New York City

RATS Mice and Cockroaches

EASILY KILLED WITH

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All Druggists 2 oz.—35c 15 oz.—$1.50

MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS

Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth

If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better than dangerous calomel. Safe. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound mixed with olive oil that drives out constipation, cleanses the system, removes the cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

[AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON
Continued from page forty-nine]

fire me!" She is right. For she *is* Angelus Temple.

It is said that Mrs. Kennedy at one time worried over her daughter's extravagances. Shop girls claim that her gowns are finer and more expensive than those sold to movie stars.

It was rumored that she paid $2,000 for a fine saddle horse and entered it in the autumn social event of Los Angeles—the Horse Show. Members of Angelus Temple were said to have protested. She is supposed to have withdrawn the horse and sold it.

Like the great showwoman that she is, Mrs. McPherson has always seemed eager for spectacular publicity.

Her courage has never been doubted. Once, while driving with her family, she came to a road that had been washed out, leaving a ravine to be crossed. Aimee ordered her family out of the car and out of sight. She placed fence rails across the ravine. When she was half way over one rail slipped. According to her mother, "The car hung crazily in space for a minute, and then dashed across to safety."

Her religious services many times have been spectacular in the extreme. She has been known to preach a sermon while astride a motorcycle, dressed as a policeman. She has preached while attired as a fireman.

She often asks people in the audience to tell from what part of the world they have traveled. Many states and countries are represented, as is always the case in a large gathering. Mrs. McPherson repeats the name of each place and often cuts in with, "Just think, brothers and sisters, our guest has come all the way from India to see us." It always appears as though the person had crossed the ocean for the express purpose of visiting Angelus Temple.

She is not often as tolerant of people as Christ would be. For instance, she would not receive John Colton, who dramatized Rain, in which a minister became a suicide.

But on those occasions when she wears her flowing white robes and descends the long staircase that leads to the pulpit, her arms filled with roses, her hair beautifully dressed, she appears as an angel to her devoted audience. She designs spectacular stage effects to accentuate the points she wishes to make. And no stage actress, according to electricians, has ever been more particular about the lights which slant on her.

THE most spectacular incident in Aimee's life occurred about two years ago.

She had returned from a trip to the Holy Land. Thousands met her at the railroad station. It was a gala occasion.

It was said that she had gone to far places in an effort to cure the heartache caused by her love for a radio operator. Others assigned more religious motives.

Opinion is still divided upon the perplexing incidents which follow.

Shortly after her return she drove to the beach with her secretary, Miss Schaffer.

They seated themselves on the sand and started preparing the sermon for the following Sunday. Aimee swam for a while, and returned. Later she took another dip. This time she did not come back.

After an hour or two Miss Schaffer became alarmed. She returned to the hotel where Aimee had changed to the emerald green swimming suit that was later to become famous. The proprietor soon afterward telephoned to Mrs. Kennedy and told her that Aimee had probably been drowned. The mother made a rather cryptic remark, saying, "Praise the Lord, but what can we do? You'd better bring home the automobile first."

Extras soon out announced the disappearance and probable death by drowning of the city's most picturesque evangel.

The sea was combed by motorboat. Fishermen were warned to watch for the body. Airplanes soared over the sea, in an effort to find a wave-tossed woman evangelist. Eventually deep-sea divers searched the piles under the wharves. One or two lives were lost in an attempt to find her body.

Rumors persisted. Aimee was said to have been seen here, there, and everywhere.

Memorial services were held at the temple, and the members of her flock were told by Mrs. Kennedy to "carry on."

RUMORS settled upon Carmel-by-the-Sea, a sleepy, charming village in northern California, inhabited mostly by uninhibited artists. It was said to be an ideal community for a stolen love affair.

The name of her former radio operator, Kenneth Ormiston, entered the case. He had disappeared about the same time. Eventually Ormiston appeared, talked to Mother Kennedy, answered all police questions, and went on his way. He later refused through an attorney in Chicago to appear for the grand jury investigation. Threats were made. No effort was made to extradite him.

But—some time after Aimee's disappearance, ransom letters came to the temple.

Mrs. Kennedy asked questions that only Aimee could answer. The questions were answered. Mrs. Kennedy felt that her daughter was alive.

A month following her disappearance, Aimee stumbled into the little town of Agua Prieta, Mexico, across the line from the American town of Douglas, Arizona. She was suffering from hysteria and exhaustion. Police rushed her to the hospital. A long-distance telephone talk with Mrs. Kennedy established her identity.

Then followed Aimee's story of a kidnaping—as fantastic and extraordinary a tale as has ever appeared in print.

On the day upon which she had gone to the beach, May 18, 1926, she had been approached by a man and a woman as she emerged from the water. The woman was weeping and the man was apparently very nervous. They told her their baby was dying.

So great was their faith, they believed the evangelist could heal the child. She wanted to dress. The couple pleaded. The child was in a waiting automobile. The woman threw a long coat over Mrs. McPherson's dripping shoulders and urged her toward the supposedly sick child.

It had not been uncommon for Mrs. McPherson to be approached in so informal a manner. If death or trouble came to a family she had always gone to give comfort unhesitatingly.

Now the mother ran on ahead. Another man was in the front seat of the car. The evangelist leaned over to bless the bundle the woman was holding in her arms so tenderly.

And then—

She was pushed over. Something sickeningly sweet was pressed over her face. She lost consciousness. She later awoke in a terrible room—and discovered she was being held for ransom!—half a million dollars!

During this period of her captivity, her captors went to a blind lawyer in Long Beach, California. They told him the terms of the ransom. The lawyer went in turn to the district attorney and Federal officers, and recounted what the kidnapers had told him. The authorities believed the story to be preposterous.

P. & A. photo

The evangelist's son, Rolf, and her mother dropping flowers in the ocean where Aimee was supposed to have been drowned.

A day or so later the blind attorney was beaten severely in his own office by the same men!

Ransom notes were received at the temple. Federal post-office investigators became interested. Later it was discovered that the stamps on one of the letters had been mysteriously changed. At the moment when the Federal men were to seize the typewriter they felt had been used in typing the notes—the machine disappeared!

In a mysterious midnight journey, the captors, according to Aimee, took her to a shack—somewhere on the Mexican desert, twenty miles in some direction from Agua Prieta. She spent two days in the shack, and was then left conveniently alone.

With the edge of a tin can she sawed in twain the cords which bound her wrists together. Her hands freed, she quickly unbound her ankles.

She walked through the intense heat of the desert day and late into the night. At Agua Prieta she found the police. They took her to Douglas, Arizona.

Mrs. McPherson contended that all was the outgrowth of an underworld plot to destroy her. She hinted at the evil machinations of another church.

The grand jury investigated.

The district attorney later found that the grand jury did not have sufficient evidence on which to indict the supposed kidnapers.

Sensational Los Angeles newspapers doubled their circulation. It was the greatest "human interest" story that ever broke in the West, and one of the most sensational in America.

Then a woman confessed that it was she who had been in Carmel with the missing radio operator. Mrs. McPherson rejoiced. She fed, clothed, and sheltered her new friend.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. McPherson in the radio broadcasting station on the roof of her temple.

THEN the state had a round. The woman was arrested for passing worthless checks. After being lodged in the jail, the woman told newspaper reporters that Mrs. McPherson had hired her to make a false confession. There was no evidence to prove her charge. It was soon learned that she had been confined in an insane asylum.

Mrs. McPherson claimed to have walked many miles over a desert, to arrive exhausted at the house of her rescuer.

The state sought to prove that no woman could have walked so far over a rough country without having ruined her shoes and torn her clothing.

Witnesses were procured. The population was divided. Some said Nay, and others Yea.

It was said that the radio operator's wife was being paid a salary to remain in Australia.

The legal battle was waged off and on in the courts for half a year.

At last the case against the evangelist collapsed, on January 10, 1927.

Now, nearly two years later, conflicting opinions still flourish.

No trace of the kidnapers has ever been found.

It has been asserted that the political influence of Mrs. McPherson and the immense voting power of her followers had made the district attorney less vigilant.

Mrs. McPherson, over-emotionalized, made many extravagant statements. At least the state of California had no interest in slander. It merely felt that a great wrong had been done.

The evangelist developed a persecution mania. Always more vulgar than dignified in her appeal to the masses, she now became more so than ever.

Taking advantage of the interest she had aroused, she made a journey across the nation. She preached to overflow audiences in large cities. Only last November, returning to this country after two months of missionary labors in London and travel in Europe, she declared that a renewed investigation of the kidnaping, then reported to be in prospect in Los Angeles, was more "persecution instigated by unknown enemies."

She predicted that if it went on, the number of her followers would double again, having done so at the start of her original investigation.

EVER the woman and vain, Aimee Semple McPherson's physical description of herself is a trifle misleading. Always she is "the little lady," "the girl widow," "the little evangelist."'

As a matter of fact, the evangelist is broad, heavy, and sturdy.

She invariably refers to women as "ladies." A woman seems to be a woman to Mrs. McPherson only when she has fallen from grace.

On a recent transcontinental trip I talked to the minister who filled Aimee Semple McPherson's pulpit at Angelus Temple while she was abroad. He is the Rev. Paul Rader, a former prize fighter, now a leading Chicago evangelist.

Heavy jowled, over six feet tall, and weighing more than 200 pounds, he is kindly, serene, childlike.

Before her contemplated journey to the Holy Land, the Rev. Mr. Rader came to Los Angeles and heard Mrs. McPherson preach.

After the sermon he was said to have advised a change of scene, saying, "Sister, you are in love."

Mr. Rader preached in Angelus Temple during her absence. It was soon after her return from the Holy Land that the kidnaping episode occurred.

Intelligent and tolerant people have no harsh judgment to pass upon Aimee Semple McPherson.

Even those who feel that she is a block to mental progress have high admiration for her many sterling qualities.

It must always be remembered that the case against her collapsed in an American court. Even had she been proved guilty it should have in no way lessened her power for good.

A woman approaching middle life, and deeply human, she pours daily without stint her vast affection upon the afflicted of the world.

All this was forgotten by thousands when it was thought the evangelist was guilty of the monstrous sin of having had a love affair.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page sixty-six)

1—Which is called the Lone Star state?

2—In what war were Generals Botha, Cronje, and De Wet prominent?

3—What word, descriptive of elegant manners, is derived from the name of an English nobleman?

4—What does friable mean?

5—What name was given to the last Liberty Loan?

6—With whom is the phrase "to make the world safe for democracy" associated?

7—Who is King of Norway?

8—What is a Maori?

9—Who of all National League players was adjudged the most valuable to his team for the season of 1928?

10—What does *modus operandi* mean?

11—What Shakespearean play, other than Romeo and Juliet, includes a Juliet?

12—Is the Irish Sea east or west of Ireland?

13—What is centrifugal force?

14—What are the level plains of southeastern Europe and Asia called?

15—A session of what United States Congress convened last December 3?

16—What is the Talmud?

17—What is a bellwether?

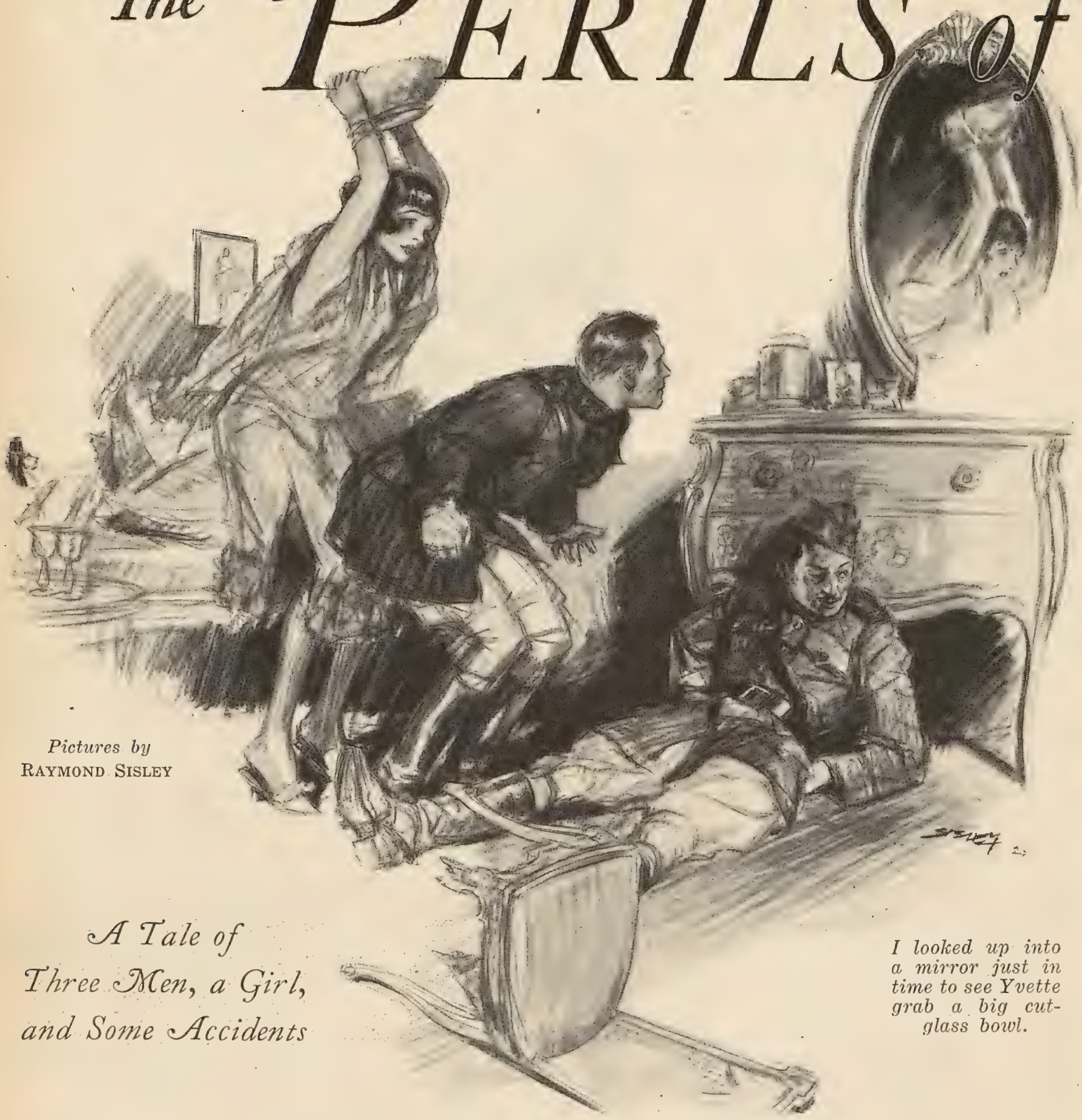
18—What animal is used as the mascot of Yale athletic teams?

19—In what city in the United States is there a district called the Loop?

20—What does postprandial mean?

The PERILS of

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY



I looked up into a mirror just in time to see Yvette grab a big cut-glass bowl.

A Tale of Three Men, a Girl, and Some Accidents

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

JOE GISH and I were splitting a big bottle of ale in a little speakeasy on Forty-ninth Street one night when the bell rang to announce new arrivals at the door. After the customary rattle of chains and clank of bolts, two men and two women came back to the kitchen where we were sitting. They were all in evening dress and had apparently come from the theater between the acts for refreshments. They ordered drinks and one of the men turned around and looked over at us. He jumped as if someone had stuck a pin in him. Joe saw him and stiffened. I could have sworn he made a motion to put up his guard—then nodded slowly in uncertain recognition.

"Why, hello!" called the stranger. "How are you? I'd like you to meet my wife. This is my wife with me."

Joe got up and walked over to them where they were standing and shook hands with him. I noticed that he wore the rosette of the Legion of Honor.

"I want you to meet my wife, Lieutenant—I mean Mister—Gish," I heard him say. They all had a drink. Presently Joe returned to where we were sitting. The four newcomers left almost immediately.

"Who was that?" I asked him.

"That was an old friend of mine," he told me, "formerly a stalwart defender of Democracy, but now a banker in St. Louis, I gathered."

"Is he on his honeymoon?"

"Not to my knowledge. Why?"

"He was awfully proud of his wife. The folks over in Brooklyn know that it was his wife he had with him."

"Oh, that? He was just giving me the office—tipping me off to be careful what I said before her. It's just

PARIS

as well he did. A few careless words from me might have sent him back to gay Paree—and not to get a medal this time."

"How so?"

"Oh, it's a long story."

"Shoot. I'm not ready to go home yet."

And here is the story as Joe gave it to me for the price of two bottles of ale:

ABOUT two months before the Armistice, the squadron was up in the mud with the Second Army, and things had gone from bad to worse and then on the rocks. There were no towns near us, food was bad, likker was scarce, and the only good-looking girls we saw were in *La Vie Parisienne.* War was getting to be just one hell after another and we were fighting among ourselves to kill time. I was about to give up the ghost and do some rash deed of valor when Hap Willis came into the hut one day with a broad grin and some papers.

"I got bad news for you," he informed me.

"All right, tell it," I suggested. "Even bad news is welcome to break the monotony."

"It's terrible news," he insisted.

"Well, what is it? Is the war over?"

"Nope."

"Don't tell me the C. O. has been killed! He owes me two thousand francs. Is that it?"

"Nope."

"Then what in holy highballs is it? You look damn' well pleased about it."

"Yes, and I ought to be. You and me are hereby ordered and authorized to proceed at once to Orly and return immediately with two new Spads. I just came from the adjutant's office and here're your orders."

"Well, what of it?"

"Wake up, Simple Simon! Don't you comprez that Orly is only ten miles south of Paris, and that we'll have to go right through the gay city to get there? And in Paris we can tarry."

"Not on these orders, we can't."

"When did you get in the habit of obeying orders?"

"Ever since the Marines became military police. They saved Paris from the Huns, so now they want to keep it for themselves. They've had me in the bastile once already. If they catch you in Paris after your next train has left, you got to shoot the birds or sleep in a stone bedroom. And they are still looking for an aviator who broke a marble table top over the head of a sergeant and then departed with said sergeant's gun and blackjack. That little incident is the only thing from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli that stands between the Marines and eternal glory, and I don't want to give them a chance to wash that blot off the scutcheon."

"I hear the Marines have come out from behind their barricade in the Rue Ste. Anne and joined the war. Maybe they'll arrest all the Germans. Paris is our oyster."

"Maybe so."

"We might get a week out of this."

"Yea, and then we'd get six months making little ones out of big ones."

"Ain't you got no imagination? We can't come back right away unless the weather is good."

"No?"

"NO! And I am weather prophet enough to assure you that there is going to be a heavy fog for the next week around Orly. We can get passes from there to go into Paris. Those boys at Orly lead a hard life and we can borrow a car from some of them. This is gravy. It's like spending a rainy afternoon with a girl who don't play bridge. I can already taste a filet mignon and some Piper Heidsieck. I wanna trip the light fantastic on the primrose path that passeth all understanding just once more before this corruptible shall have put on in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

They thought he was drunk, and tried to take him to his hotel.

[THE PERILS OF PARIS
Continued from page fifty-three]

corruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality. Alley-oop."

I gradually saw that all the world wasn't so sad and dreary and we lit out for Orly as per orders. At Orly it was easy. As luck would have it the weather really was dud. My cousin was a Kiwi down there and put me wise to the proper method of going A. W. O. L. legally. Hap knew the adjutant and it didn't take long to get passes and a car to drive us in to Paris.

We arrived in Paris like the Peace Commissioners and demanded the best of everything. We cleaned up the outer man, satisfied the inner man, and looked about for more worlds to conquer. We soon found something worthy of our mettle. I'll say it was.

It was about 5 o'clock when we strolled out of our hotel and looked about for means of conveyance to Ciro's. There was none to be had. Taxis were as scarce as sugar then. So we started to walk. After a couple of blocks we saw a nice little town car with a liveried chauffeur parked in front of a hotel on the Place Vendôme.

"Let's take it," suggests Hap.

"All right," I agreed. "Proceed. Your French is better than mine."

So he entered into negotiation with the chauffeur. His French was fair, but the chauffeur's skull was thick and he didn't get far. The chauffeur was trying to explain to us that it was a private vehicle and not a taxi. We knew that, and Hap was trying to make him understand that he could drive us to Ciro's and return before his boss missed him, and he would thereby be ten francs richer.

In the midst of the argument the chauffeur snapped to attention and opened the door of the car, gently pushing us aside.

A lady had just come out of the hotel and was about to get in the car. And, oh, boy, how the band began to play! There were a million pretty girls in Paris by actual count, but after Hap and I got a good look at this example, you could have had all but this one. As far as I was concerned the battle was over. Paris was saved again.

I ran up a white flag, smiled my best, and offered my apologies.

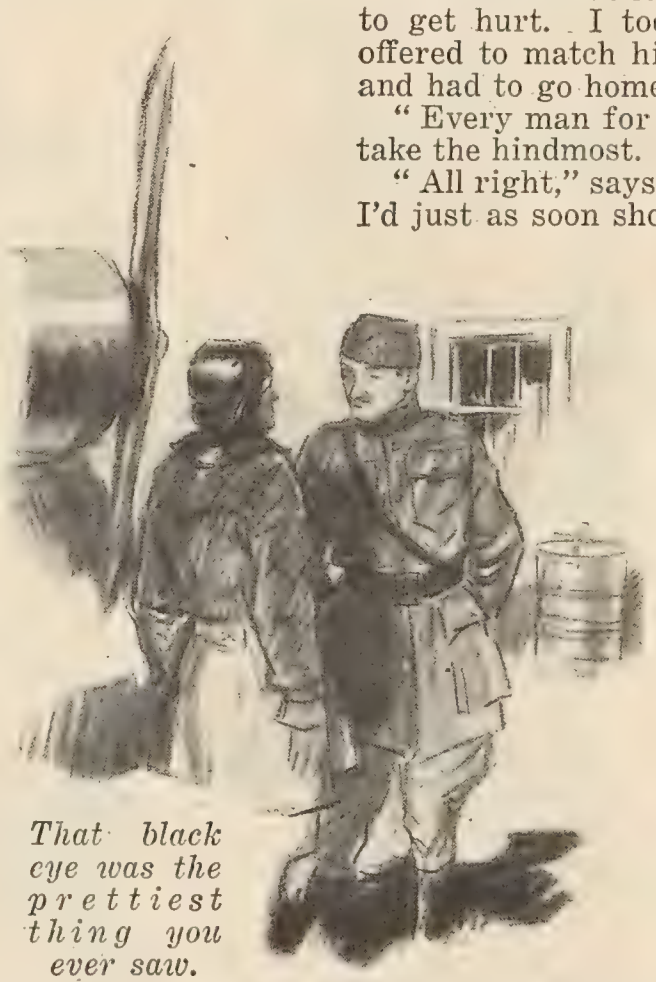
The lady hesitated.

Hap almost ruined his face trying to register his pleasure and pushed people off the sidewalk bowing and scraping.

"*Qu'est que c'est que cela?*" the lady inquired with a voice like a mountain brook in spring.

I EXPLAINED. Hap explained. We admitted we had been trying to steal her car, but the chauffeur was too honest.

She laughed. I was sold down the river right then. She had a mouthful of matched pearls under the prettiest little turned-up nose you ever saw. And she wrinkled it when she laughed, and her blue eyes sparkled like an Archie burst on a dark night. She couldn't have gotten into that car without us unless they'd brought the whole Marine Brigade back from Berlin or wherever they'd taken the Fourteen Points.



That black eye was the prettiest thing you ever saw.

Finally, to save spending the night on the pavement, the lady suggested that we drive home with her and then we could have the car to take us where we wanted to go if we could make arrangements with the chauffeur. So we got in and drove her to her apartment up near the Arc de Triomphe.

When we got there she asked us to come in and split a bottle of champagne in honor of Lafayette before proceeding further. She told us she was very fond of Americans. Yes, especially fond of Americans. It was due to the kindness of an American that she got petrol for her car. Yes, he was so kind. And now he was gone!

Tears came into her eyes. We shed a few ourselves to show our sympathy. Yes, he had gone—a *colonel américain*. A big handsome colonel. Oh, so big! Oh, so handsome! Oh, so brave! She would always love *américains*. Only three days since he had been ordered to the front. Now he would never come back! He was so brave, the *colonel américain!* The Germans, they would kill him. She would never see the colonel again.

HAP and I looked at each other and smacked our lips—over the champagne. I reflected with pleasure that the Hun marksmanship was getting better every day.

After two bottles we were hands across the sea. Oh, Lafayette, what crimes were committed in thy name! Her name was Yvette, and since the handsome *colonel américain* arrived she had burned up more government gasoline on the Champs Elysées than either Hap or myself had used over Germany. But the colonel lost his swivel-chair job and had to move close enough to the fighting to expose himself to some decorations. He had to do his duty even if it gave him a round shoulder. Maybe some general had seen Yvette.

She had come back to spend the evening at home mourning for her colonel, but we easily persuaded her that the thing to do was to dine with us at the Bécasse and go to the theater. It was no sooner said than arranged. Her mourning period was very short.

We wrapped ourselves around a few cocktails and a good dinner and drove to the theater. Boy, we were hot! We were the hottest things that hit Paris between Edward Sept and the Peace Conference.

The only trouble was that three was a crowd. The biggest crowd I ever saw.

Yvette smiled first at Hap and then at me. She held hands with both of us and was perfectly impartial in her conversation. It looked to me like somebody was going to get hurt. I took Hap aside between the acts and offered to match him to see who had the stomach ache and had to go home. He wouldn't do it.

"Every man for himself," says he, "and let the devil take the hindmost. All's fair in love and war."

"All right," says I; "but I don't mind telling you that I'd just as soon shoot you in the back over this."

"Certainly," he agreed. "And I might as well tell you, furthermore, that I am going to shoot *you* in the back over this. I've even played square in war with you, but this here is more important. Lay on, Macduff."

So we both strutted our stuff. Yvette still refused to show any preference. She liked a lot of attention and, believe me, she was getting it. That colonel must not have been so damn' good after all.

Hap had one big advantage over me. He spoke French pretty well and I could just about exhaust my vocabulary in a restaurant. I knew the names of the dishes and when I needed a verb I used my hands.

After the show we found Yvette's car. It looked like a dead heat, but Hap had been getting in a lot of fast French that was out of my class. We were just starting to get in the car when she put her hand out to me and told me good night. I looked at Hap with murder in my eye, but there wasn't anything I could do about it then, as she had cuddled up to him to announce his election. He was a fast worker. And a dirty one, I suspected.

I slammed the door on them and went after a drink.

I got a couple of shots of cognac, looked over a few members of the Girls Friendly Society, and went to bed. Yvette had spoiled my taste for fleshpots and the

Marines could have Paris back as far as I was concerned. I was less than the dust. I was sitting on the bed getting my new boots off and trying to think of some new term of endearment to apply to Hap when in he comes, looking like he'd smashed all his toys.

"Hello," says I. "You're back early."

"Yeh," he admits.

"How come?"

"Well," says Hap, "it just goes to show that you can't count your chickens without crossing the road until you come to it. Yvette and I walked into her apartment all full of love and best wishes, and there sat that colonel she'd been talking about. His eyes rested on me like flint striking steel. I thought he was going to bust an artery. And, oh, boy, can't he cuss! He calls a spade a steam shovel. He'd melt the brass ears off the statue of Sherman's horse.

WE were starting to get in when she put her hand out to me and told me good night. I looked at Hap with murder in my eye.

"IT seems that he'd come down from the front to spend a quiet evening with Yvette, and there he had been sitting since seven-thirty contemplating various kinds of murder. Now it was time for him to start back to the front and he was just tickled to death with his trip.

"Yvette did everything she could to calm him down, but there was no chance. Every time she'd festoon herself around his neck he'd push her away. And she was having a hard time trying to explain me. She claimed I had just escorted her home from her cousin's house.

"He asked me what my outfit was and I told him it was the Seventeenth, because I knew they were on the British front. He asked me where I was staying in town. I told him and he said he'd drop me by the hotel as he was going that way. There wasn't anything for me to do but go along with him, and we left Yvette crying like her heart would break. I don't know which one of us she was crying over."

"Oh, you don't, eh?" I cut in. "Well, think again, Casanova. You may be handsome, but you haven't kicked in with any petrol yet and this is still Paris and not Grimm's Fairy Tales. Say, how did you happen to beat my time in such a hurry? I'll bet you told her some lie about me."

"Well, I just told her you said you were tired and wanted to go to bed and wanted to ask her to excuse you."

"You lousy double-crosser. Serves you right! I wish the colonel had taken you on back to the front with him. I'm glad you got stood up."

"Oh, don't be so glad yet. I got a word in with the lady as I was leaving and she's going to be waiting for me at Ciro's at seven-thirty tomorrow night. And if I don't make up for what happened tonight I'll kiss your toe. I tried to get a taxi to go back tonight, but there wasn't one around, and I could never find the place in the dark. But tomorrow is another day. Oh, boy! Her lips burn like phosphorus. O grave, where is thy victory? Death, where is thy sting?"

I lay awake a long time plotting various and sundry forms of crime, and I didn't drop off to sleep until I could picture Yvette dining with me at 7:30 the next night without either Hap or the colonel to spoil my digestion.

Next morning we went out to Orly and reported and got new passes and came back to town. We saw a cloud at 20,000 feet. I told Hap I knew where we could get some real cocktails and we went around to Henri's. I saw to it that Hap had somebody to drink with him all afternoon; I left it alone. I wasn't going to fire until I could see nothing but the whites of his eyes. About 7 I poured a couple of double Martinis into him and suggested we go on to Ciro's.

"Ciro's?" says he. "Who in hell invited you to go to Ciro's? Run sell your papers. I gotta date."

So I walked out and left him buying another round for the boys in the back room.

I WENT to Ciro's and sat down to rest myself and sip a champagne cocktail. In a few minutes Yvette came in looking like a million dollars. I couldn't blame the colonel or Hap either. Death had no sting while that girl was a Marguerite. She'd have rejuvenated Faust without the aid of the devil.

I explained to her that Hap ran into his old girl at the Café de la Paix and felt he ought to take her to dinner, so he had asked me to keep his engagement and explain his absence. She expressed her opinion of Hap mildly and then brightened up as she gave me to understand that this was a most welcome arrangement as she really preferred me. I was easily convinced of that and we went on in to dinner.

During dinner there was a big commotion at the door and I heard somebody say that three M. P.s had arrested a drunken aviator after two of them had been unable to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE PERILS OF PARIS Continued from page fifty-five]

subdue him. I understood it was a good fight, but I was too busy letting death sting me to be bothered about it.

After dinner we got in the car and drove on back to Yvette's apartment. And Hap was sure right about those lips. That was the fire that was brought down from Olympus. I was ready to join Prometheus on the rocks. After the second exposure I had blisters on the soles of my feet.

We dismissed the chauffeur, went up to the apartment, and opened a bottle of champagne. I was sitting on top of the world with three machine guns and a spare motor in an armor-plated ship. Did you ever see the angels come down the golden stairs in the opera to get Hansel and Gretel? That was this scene. Cleopatra's barge had just raised sail.

Then here came the fly in the ointment. It was the colonel. We heard a key turn in the lock and there he was—a million dollars' worth of poison ivy. Yvette rushed to him and threw herself around his neck, but he wasn't at all pleasant. He was looking at me like I had on a roll collar and a fur coat. And he was certainly an unwelcome sight to me, but I couldn't blame him for coming back again. She had a face to launch a thousand trips.

"My God!" groans he to Yvette. "Another shavetail! Where do you get 'em?"

Yvette had a good explanation. I don't remember it, but the alibi was good. I had come with a message from her cousin or to read the meters. I've forgotten which. But she finally persuaded the colonel that she had nothing to do with it. She even convinced me that I was a total stranger.

The colonel was much annoyed to run into another aviator, but he apparently wasn't keen on having too many people know about his little rendezvous. So he thought twice and was quite pleasant—everything considered. I knew just how he really felt because I was sore as hell at having him butt in on my party. And I had no intention of leaving without a battle.

WE finished the bottle of champagne and then he said he had to be getting back to the front. He asked me where I was stationed and I told him Issoudun. He apologized for having to hurry off and asked me if he couldn't take me where I was going. He wasn't very tactful about it. I told him I was just going down to the Casino to do a little light drinking. He said he'd like to have another drink before he left and he'd go with me.

So out we went and got in his machine. But I caught Yvette's eye before we left, and she gave me a slight wink which meant the home fires would still be burning when I got back.

The colonel seemed like a nice fellow. He was young for a colonel, but seemed to know his business. He was quite chatty. He failed to mention his name or what part of the wall he had his back to, but I gathered that he commanded at least a division and waded in gore every morning. His collar ornaments said General Staff, but I understood that he was now with fighting troops. He told me all about the war and advised me to stay away from the front. He intimated in a fatherly way that it was too dangerous for a youngster.

I said nothing as befitted a modest shavetail who had only been dodging Archie and Spandaus for five months.

We got down to the Casino and managed to snare a few drinks and fight off the houris. The colonel said he was sorry that he had to leave now, but he had a date to conduct a battle the next day and he had to stop by the Hotel Ste. Anne before 10 o'clock to get some orders. So we said good night and he left.

SO did I, five seconds later. I got a taxi and beat it back to the apartment. Boy, I was so impatient we nearly blew off both cylinders. There was a slight air raid going on, but I didn't even pause. I could see an air raid any time.

Yvette was overjoyed to have me back. She didn't appreciate these surprise parties from the colonel, either. She thought as long as there was a war on somewhere that he might be considerate enough to stay with it a couple of days while she entertained her *petit aviateur américain.* Now she meant to make up for lost time. Hallelujah!

Oh, boy, I was sitting pretty! And I was so pleased with my sagacity in leaving Hap in the bastile and sending the colonel back to the front.

Yvette was sitting on my lap patting my cheek contentedly when I heard a key turn in the lock, and slay me with flagons if there wasn't that colonel again! The sly devil had doubled back on me!

Yvette jumped up and tried to get around his neck, but he was Ulysses to the sirens. He gave me a sour look and said to her:

"You damn' little liar. I might have known it. What're you trying to do, console all the American aviators in France? Well, you can't do it. There're ten thousand of them loafing around this country.

"They must have found a new process back home to hatch them out. They sprinkle gasoline on them, feed them some birdseed, and send them over here for the M. P.s to raise. It's a damn' shame they don't send their nurses along to blow their noses for them. I issued orders two months ago that no more aviators could come to

Paris under any circumstances. But they swarm in just the same.

"I might have known you had gone out and gotten one of them as soon as I left town. Last night was bad enough. But I came back down again ready to forgive you and didn't want to be unreasonable. Now look at you, you ten-franc wench, you ungrateful little cheater, you—"

"Wait a minute," says I, pretty hot under the collar. I'd come three thousand miles to protect the women of France and I felt awfully chivalrous. "Don't be hasty. You can't insult a lady in her own home."

"Her own home?" snorts the colonel. "Why, you poor bilious dastard, when I found her, she was living in an attic. Lady? If fifty thousand francs can make her a lady, then that's what she is. She was a stenographer at headquarters until I had to fire her. She couldn't spell. This needn't go any further, but between you and me and the gatepost I'll just tell you what she is, you half-baked cloudhopper. She's nothing but a damn' little—"

I started a right swing from the floor and placed it squarely on the colonel's right eye. He hit the floor with his shoulder blades and relaxed. I bent over him to see if he needed another one to shut his foul mouth, but he had taken the count. Then I heard a scream, and looked up into a mirror on the wall just in time to see Yvette grab a big cut-glass bowl and bring it down on my head with both hands.

When the birds stopped singing and the Great Bear put down the Big Dipper, a doctor was sewing up my head. I was in a hospital and a couple of nurses were holding me down. I inquired how I had gotten there.

"Two M. P.s brought you in," the doctor told me. "You got hit by a taxicab on the Champs Elysées. A colonel saw the accident and picked you up and turned you over to the M. P.s. You must have got hit by the lamp, but I never heard of a taxicab with cut glass in the lamps before. I've taken twelve pieces out of your scalp already. Hold still so I can finish."

THEY wouldn't let me out of that place for four days because they were afraid I had concussion of the brain. They finally complimented me on a thick skull and turned me loose.

I beat it for Orly. I was all washed up on the fleshpots and ready to play prodigal to the mud and bully beef. I thought Lafayette was overpaid.

Out at Orly I found Hap waiting for the fog to lift so he could take off. He said he'd spent four days in the bastile after his fight with the M. P.s outside Ciro's. They thought he was drunk, and tried to take him to his hotel. He had nearly as many stitches in him as I had, but he claimed the M. P.s looked worse. He went back to see Yvette when he got out, but no one answered the door. He guessed she was sore because he hadn't kept his date.

I told him how I got hit by a taxi.

We flew back to the squadron that afternoon and told 'em how bad the weather had been and how we had both got hurt in a taxi accident. The C. O. said he didn't care about our crimes as long as the Group didn't get any complaints.

The next day there was an inspection. Some stuffed shirt was coming over from G. H. Q. at Chaumont to look us over and find out why we hadn't won the war. We had all the ships lined up and each pilot stood beside his, waiting for the inspector's arrival. Hap was on my right and the procession got to him first. I heard a familiar voice and looked over out of the corner of my eye. And believe it or not, there was that same colonel! No bad penny had anything on him. And he had a black eye that shone like Miss Liberty's torch.

"And what is your name, lieutenant?" I heard him ask Hap.

"Willis, sir," Hap told him.

"Oh, yes. I have a complaint about you from the Provost Marshal of Paris. Report to me in the squadron office after this inspection."

Then he came over and stood in front of me and took a good look. That black eye was the prettiest

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ann Pennington, Dancing Star of George White's "Scandals," is a booster for the Stransky gas - saving invention. She writes: "I have found the Stransky Vaporizer has more than lived up to its promise and has given me 25% more miles per gallon."

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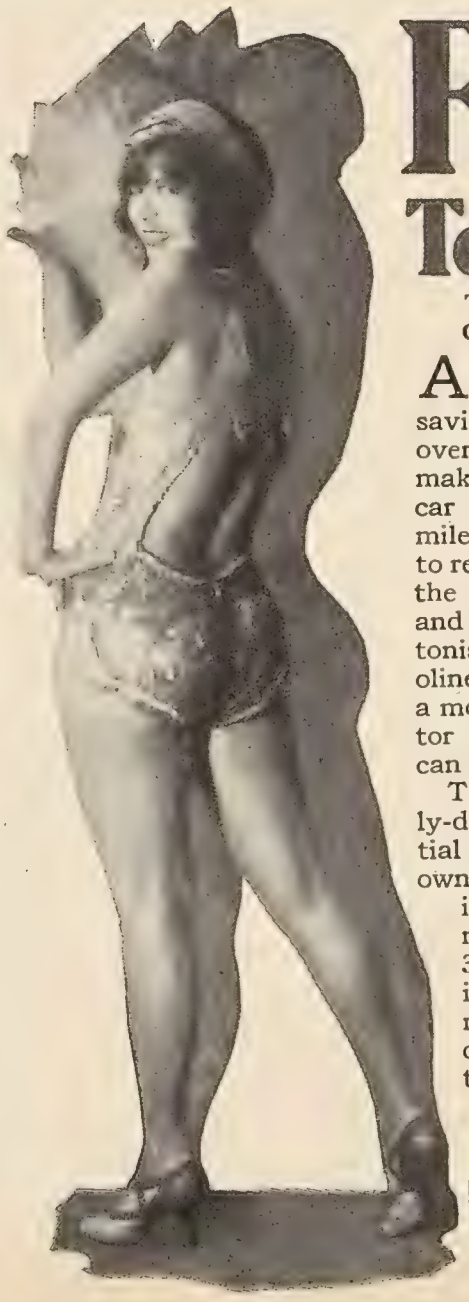

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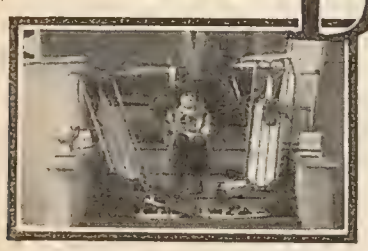

"M-m-m boy! The prizes I got are all dandies and it's as easy as pie to win them," writes Dick Knauf, of New York. He has received a wonderful bicycle, all kinds of sporting equipment, ice skates, sleds, electric trains, coaster wagon, and many other dandy premiums—FREE! Boys, you can't beat this wonderful chance to get free prizes—and make money every week besides. Thousands of boys are doing it. So can you. Just work in some of your spare time in your own neighborhood. No money, no experience needed. Everything supplied by us. Send the coupon and we will mail you our Big Catalog of Free Prizes and full details. Don't wait!

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[THE PERILS OF PARIS
Continued from page fifty-seven]

thing you ever saw. It was a double rainbow. It was purple on the eyelids and had a streak of yellow on the edges. It looked like the northern lights. I was proud of it. I thought it was worth a visit to Leavenworth. And I could just see myself swinging a sledge hammer. They took my finger prints to let me get in the army. Now they had my knuckle prints to kick me out.

"What is your name, lieutenant?" he asked me. The struts of my Spad cast a shadow across me that looked like iron bars.

"Gish, sir," I admitted.

"I wish to see you in the office after the inspection," he told me icily. "Ah—how did you hurt your head?"

"I was hit by a taxi in the dark on the way to Orly, sir," I told him with a straight face. Anyway he couldn't appear as a witness against me. I began to take hope. So this was how he was winning the war! This was how he waded in gore!

"Yes, yes. Too bad!" he told me. "Accidents will happen. Too bad! I had an accident myself last week. I was in Paris during an air raid. A piece of plaster hit me in the eye when a bomb fell on the building where I was. I was very lucky that it was no worse."

"Sir, the colonel has Lieutenant Gish's deepest sympathy," I told him sweetly. "It is apparently as dangerous in Paris as it is at the front."

He passed on to the next machine.

AFTER the parade Hap was in a deep funk. "I see where I bomb Metz for the rest of my natural life," he moaned. "Remember about David and Uriah? Well, that's Yvette's colonel. It's Hearts and Flowers for me. Tell my mother that I loved her."

"Shut up," I said, "and come along. I got an idea about this thing."

We reported to the squadron office and there wasn't anybody there but the adjutant.

"Hey, you bums," he called out to us, "the colonel just left and said tell you that Paris sent in a complaint about you for not wearing spurs with field boots. He says he'll pass it up this time, but not to let it happen again."

And we didn't.

"That sure was a funny coincidence, Joe," I laughed. "But I still don't see why your friend Hap was so worried about his wife."

"Hap? That wasn't Hap," Joe chuckled. "That was the colonel. Hap's a general in the Ecuador Air Force now."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

He'd Said His Say

Charlie was on his way with his father to visit Grant's tomb for the first time. Every time the bus stopped Charlie turned to his father and asked:

"Are we there yet, daddy?"

Finally, growing impatient, his father told him to keep quiet.

Charlie said nothing for some time after, but at last, unable to keep still any longer, he leaned over to his father and said:

"Say, daddy, don't blame me if we go past our corner."—William R. Leggatt, 3009 Avenue I, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Right at Home

It was Dave's first night in a sleeper—a stifling hot night. His aunt, in the berth below, was just thanking the powers that be that he had settled down so easily and quietly, when up piped his shrill little voice: "Say, auntie, I'm ready to have these curtains pulled back now, if you are!"—F. G. Detwiler, 1336 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Warming Up Against Winter Chills

By Eileen Bourne

IF you are one of those shivery, teeth-chattering individuals whose nose in midwinter acquires a hue inconsistent with the correct current mode of pale flesh coloring for the obtrusive feature in the middle of your face, you may be mildly aware that your circulation is not up to par. But you cannot be aware of how actually much below par it is.

The discomforts during winter months due to faulty circulation are many and beauty destroying. In far greater numbers than the beauty victims of summer disorders are the winter casualties piled up. It takes a little while to raise a crop of freckles or a good sunburn. But you can get a red nose almost the moment you put your foot outdoors if your circulation is run down. Before you've turned the corner of the block your feet begin to feel cold. A slightly purplish tinge appears in the cheeks and lips.

The obvious remedy is, of course, to build up a circulation by which you may escape these cold-weather annoyances. If you haven't been doing any exercises, if you've been coddling yourself shamelessly against the stiff breezes, it is doubtful if, on the sanest measures of improving the circulation, you are going to effect any immediate relief. But there is a little experiment I'm going to ask you to make which is almost immediate in its beauty reaction.

Assuming, of course, that your legs and feet are so dressed that they are dry and warm, since this is the first precaution to be taken in the interests of a better circulation, you are asked when you step outdoors not to crowd yourself down in your fur collar. Straighten up and take a dozen deep breaths. Take one right after the other with measured deliberation. Then walk as many steps as the twelve breaths covered and breathe naturally. Take a dozen more deep breaths, then walk and breathe naturally.

If you keep that up for the length of one good city block, you will find you are getting warm all over.

I do not guarantee a sudden cure in extreme cases of cold feet, but the benefit of inhaling clear oxygen to warm you extends to the toes in average cases of feet chilling, provided the precaution to keep them warm and dry is observed.

Improving the circulation is not alone a matter of exercise, as the average layman believes. Anæmic people are susceptible to all the known beauty discomforts of winter. So the right kind of food is important. But it is more often than not from lack of exercise that feet suffer and goose-flesh skin appropriates the epidermis surface of legs and arms.

If your circulation is in need of stimulation, this is the time of year when you can do it beautifully by facing the elements, and facing them uprightly and eagerly.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....126

New!

Patented

Just A Twist Of The Wrist

Banishes Old-Style Can Openers to the Scrap Heap and Brings Agents $5 to $12 in an Hour

Here is a truly revolutionary invention! It is something that every woman has been waiting and hoping for. Now, all the danger and wastefulness of old-style can openers is ended. Now, every home in the land can open cans the new, simple, safe, easy way by a handy little machine. Now, no man whose present income is less than $60 a week can afford to ignore the amazing new opportunity for real money that this novel invention has created. Read the generous Free Test Offer below. Then act at once.

WOMEN universally detest the old-style can opener. Yet in practically every home cans are being opened with it, often several times a day. Imagine then, how thankfully they welcome this new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful job. With the wonderful little Speedo can opener you just put the can in the machine, turn the handle, and almost instantly the job is done.

A "Million Dollar" Can Opening Machine

The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It's so easy even a 10-year-old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! And no wonder Speedo salesmen often sell to every house in the block and make up to $10 an hour either spare or full time.

Generous Free Test Offer

Frankly, men, I realize that the facts about this proposition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible to you. I'll grant you that the profit possibilities are so tremendous that it's impossible to give more than a mere hint of them here. So I've worked out a plan by which you can examine the invention and test its profit possibilities without risking one penny of your own money.

Mail the Coupon Today

All I ask you to do is to fill out and mail the coupon below. You do not obligate yourself in any way whatever. I'll rush you the details. Get my free test offer while the territory you want is still open—I'll hold it for you while you make the test. I'll send you all the facts about $75 to $150 a week with Speedo. I'll also tell you about another fast selling item in the Central States line that brings you two profits on every call. All you risk is a 2c stamp—so grab your pencil and shoot me the coupon right now.

AGENTS!

FULL TIME
$265 In a Week
"Here is my record for first 30 days with Speedo: June 10, 60 Speedos; June 20, 84 Speedos; June 30, 192 Speedos; July 6, 288 Speedos. Speedo sells to 9 out of 10 prospects."
M. Ornoff, Va.

SPARE TIME
$9 First Half Day
"The first afternoon I received my Speedo outfit I made $9."
Mrs. R. Spain, Kans.

PART TIME
$20 in 3 Hours
"I worked about three hours and took 25 orders. This is certainly a money-maker."
O. C. Gregg, Wyo.

READ One of my prospects told me she could get along with the old can opener she had been using for years. Two weeks later her husband ordered a can opener from me, saying that his wife had cut her hand badly with her old can opener.—W. L. Godshalk, Pa.

SPEEDO
PATENTED HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTIES

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.
Established Over 20 Years

Dept. A-992, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Central States Mfg. Co.
4500 Mary Ave., Dept. A-992
St. Louis, Mo.

Yes, rush me the facts and details of your FREE OFFER.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

( ) Check here if interested only in one for your home.

Vox

Yes. We've Given the Matter Some Thought

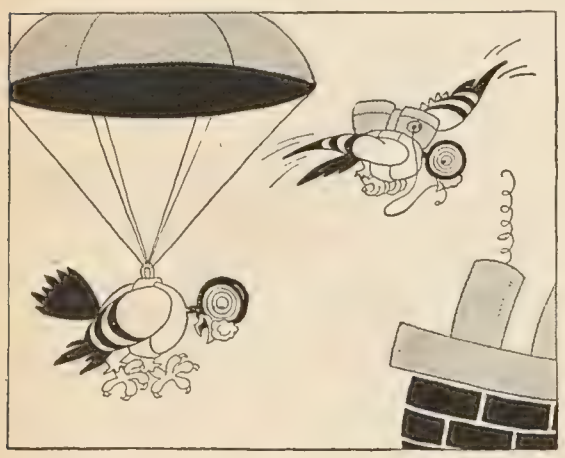
SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—Did you ever realize how much more fanatical a dry is than a wet? The dry forces believe in compulsory abstinence and have succeeded in getting their beliefs written into the Constitution.

No wet, no matter what the degree of his dampness, has ever been so fanatically wet as to propose a law for compulsory drinking, yet to the average person with normal mentality such a law would be just as constitutional as the present Eighteenth Amendment.—*O. Gilroy.*

What Would the Artist Do if We Didn't Get Letters Like This?

PORTLAND, ME.—I note that one of the aërial safety devices of the future may, possibly, be a parachute big enough to let an airplane, as well as its pilot, down gently to earth. That's what Lieutenant Maitland said in his article, "Making the Air Safe for Humanity."

Well, what's good for a plane is good for a pigeon. It's been proved by the Amalgamated Society for the Prevention of Lung Diseases in Carrier Pigeons that these birds' lungs sometimes give out in the performance of their duty. There's where a pigeon parachute, strapped to



the bird's back, would do its stuff. I've invented just such a parachute and am trying to put it on the market.

What sweeter sight than to see a prize pigeon floating gently to earth, its little throat pouring out tweet-tweets of gratitude, supported by a silken dojigger like that?—*Bird Benefactor.*

Kinda Deep, Leo

RACINE, WIS.—Vox Pop isn't so good when it comes to what people think, but it's sure there with what they say!—*Leo J. Lange.*

A Traffic Cop Tells the World

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.—Apple sauce, Laurence Stallings! Where did you get that noise you handed out in "The Transfer" about riding up the San Fernando Valley with some movie star who "drove his roadster at its customary seventy-five miles per hour"? Are you trying to lead people to believe that movie stars are privileged characters?

You know, Laurence, that's a lot of speed for a busy highway like the San Fernando Valley Road. It just isn't customary for anyone and isn't being done.

Speaking of "transfers," as a traffic officer for the past five years I've seen several movie stars make a transfer, but not the kind you refer to in your story—just a transfer of money to His Honor the Judge, and in some cases a transfer of themselves to the jail. And it was usually because they were trying to make a speed record which you would have your readers believe they have a special license to do.

It is a special pleasure for me to assist a conceited movie star in making a transfer to the jail, for speeding.

The speedy part of your story was not unlike many others. To the officer, when caught going sixty miles per hour, they were only doing a mere forty. But to their friends they were making all of eighty.

Razzberries!—*Just a California State Traffic Officer.*

Not Bad, But You Ought to Manage More than One Observation

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Just a mild protest from Ontario—mild because the laws of this country will not permit me to transmit through the mails one-tenth of what I should like to say to express my utter contempt for Phyllis Duganne's story entitled "For the Good of the Garden."

After reading this story, the only observation I can make is that she is trying to prove men in general to be nothing short of sensuous beasts.—*A. W. Whiskin.*

Go as Far as You Like

HUNTSVILLE, ALA.—I note so many Vox Popping Southerners thanking God they're Southerners, and so many Northerners thanking God they're Northerners. May I suggest that we also have some reports on conditions in the East and West?—*George Hatch.*

What Chippewa Charlie Think

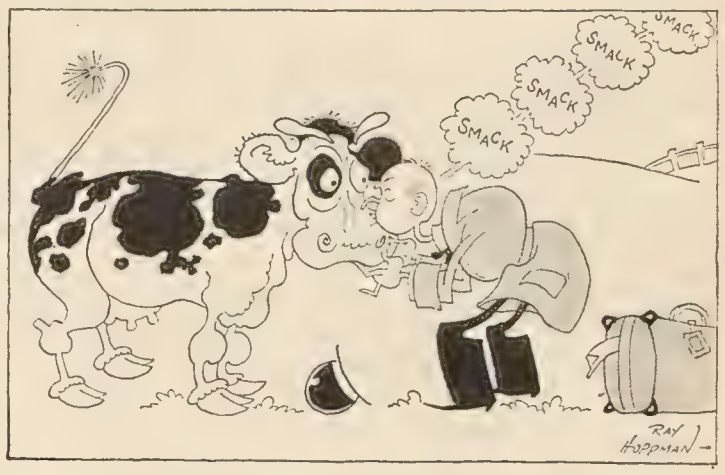
MILLE LAC LAKE INDIAN REZERVATION. —Chippewa Charlie Crow lik LIBERTY! LIBERTY dam fine magyzine. Charlie lik LIBERTY stories, dam fine stories. Charlie lik moovy talk.

Charlie think St. Johns squaw give rhumatisum in neckum. Charlie think storys of Springs man dam fine!—*Chippewa Charlie Crow.*

Some Cow's Going to Be Lucky

NEW YORK, N. Y.—After being in New York a week I've come to a big decision: I *don't* like New York. That's why "My Home Town," by Clarence Budington Kelland, was like a breath of fresh air.

This dirty, noisy metropolis of foul air and high prices makes me feel I'd like to imitate the man who, it's said, was so eager to get back to his home



town that he swore he'd kiss the first living thing he saw. The first living thing turned out to be the preacher's cow.

Well, I envy that man. All I want is his chance. Just lead me to a cow. *Any* cow.—*L. Jenkins.*

Advice to the Lovelorn

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Why in the el do so many of your love stories end in marriage? Haven't your fictional males any sense at all? Is not marriage (à la 1928) a sentimental mirage which fools a young man into turning to the left and getting into the quicksands when sober judgment would have directed him straight ahead?

The girls have a better break. It is their game, but a man is a goat to get married—a goat led to the altar. His interests are completely ignored, nature

and organized society secure their ends, and the poor simp completely loses his spirit and becomes a dull, uninteresting bill-payer.

Avoid it, fellows! It's poison.—*Fox Who Saw the Trap in Time.*

Pop

The Amused Mr. Mars

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Sound common sense. Yea, bo, that's what your editorial, "Antiseptics, Birth Control, and War," had in it.

It gives me a pain every time I think how the nations are steadily arming to the teeth, and the politicians and statesmen busy proclaiming that war has been done away with, and is dead.

War dead? Don't you believe it. Kellogg and the other statesmen have laid Mars out and lighted candles at his head and feet, and they're looking up at the dove of peace. Old Man Mars' eyes are closed, but he's got a broad grin on his face!—*Jack S.*

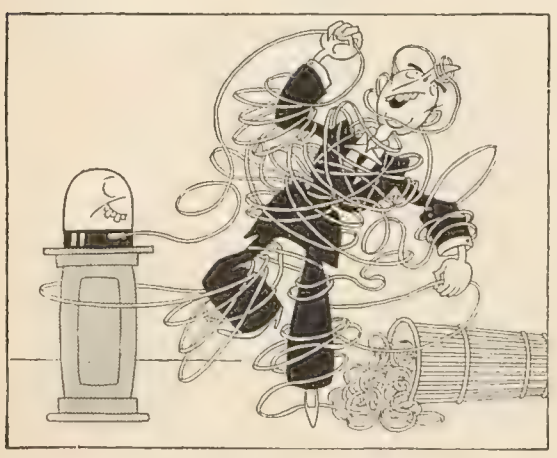
Mr. McKenna Thanks You

IRVINGTON, N. J.—Shake, Mr. Editor, old kid, for printing one of Edward L. McKenna's stories. To me, "Dusk of the Gods" stands out as the best short story I read in 1928.

It should rank with Ring Lardner's "The Champion" as an inside sports story.—*Haley from the High Seas.*

Wall Street Has No 'Ifs'

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Why not give us some articles about the best business methods and about money making and investments? So many of us have the



quest for cash on our minds so much of the time that articles like that, if well done, would go big.

And give us a series about the stock market, d— the thing (yes, I lost!). Once a man begins to speculate, he gets more balled up in ticker tape than a fly in a spider's web. Tell us the if, why, and wherefore of Wall Street.—*Frank F.*

It Might, at That

NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.—How do you pick the writers for your magazine, including the bozo who writes the editorials? His brain is tangled up with the base of his spine.

He seeks to solve the problem of abolition of war and resorts to a suggestion that we practice birth control—in other words, that we become a country of legalized abortionists and bedside murderers. A beautiful fantasy in this age of enlightenment.

In heaven's name, rid your columns of a monster with a brain that is equal to formulating the suggestions that he makes.

Print his picture in Vox Pop and I'll gamble it will be a picture of something that can wiggle its ears.—*Common Sense.*

Solly Condemned

MASSILLON, OHIO.—If, Mr. Editor, you are a man with a human heart and soul in your body, I cannot quite understand how you would allow such a vile story as "Little Solly Lives" to clutter up the pages of your magazine.

LIBERTY is widely read by very young boys and it's a crime crying to the high heavens for vengeance that you make murder and gutter snipe romance a theme for any of your stories.—*Mrs. Heinauer.*

Solly Praised

DETROIT, MICH.—I take my hat off to Mr. Walton Green for his "Little Solly" stories. They are the best I have ever read of that kind. By all means do not let him discontinue writing them. I have a hunch that he is or was a news reporter and that his stories are more or less based on actual happenings.

Do not pay any attention to these habitual crabs that find something wrong with everything.—*Stanley P. Kovick.*

To Spank or Not to Spank

BOSTON, MASS.—I see that Smarting Marie had a letter in LIBERTY protesting against spanking young girls.

For twelve years I have seen many fine girls spanked by a strong armed matron because ma and daddy neglected their spanking duties.

Out of 4,406 prisoners in a New York institution, 785 were between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. Ma and daddy spared the rod but filled the jail.

Be a sport, sister! Take your spankings as part of your education and remember that when the spankings stop, real punishment begins.—*Spanking Mary.*

PORT ANGELES, WASH.—I agree with Smarting Marie. LIBERTY should publish an article on spanking young girls. Not long ago I had one of the sessions, at the receiving end.

Marie is fortunate, if your Vox Pop artist was correct in the details, because my parents get much closer to the seat of the trouble with their hairbrush. Does LIBERTY think this is right? I have protested, of course, but my position was weak and embarrassing.—*Blushing Alice.*

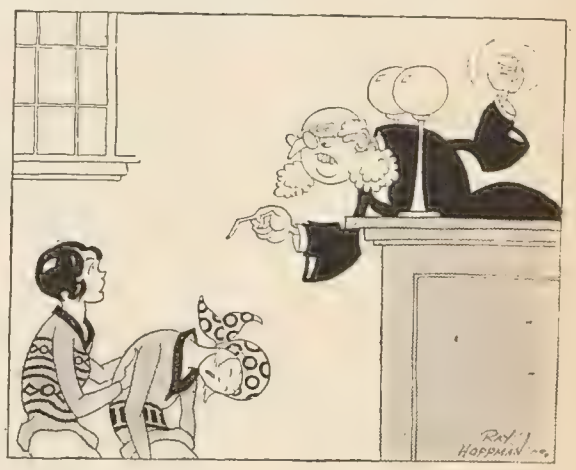
And His Name Is Hoover!

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I want to say that the article "What a Man Does When He Loses the Presidency," by Edward Doherty, was excellent. It showed the fine spirit of a great man, even though he did lose.

On reading the last lines tears had gathered in my eyes.—*André Hoover.*

Sad Results of Publishing an Expense Account

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—I read every word and figure of the "Gasoline Gypsies'" expense account and I think its publication has so injured the poor traveling



public that it will take five years to overcome it. I speak only of the disgraceful tips, the biggest curse in this country today.

I do not know of a more obliging employee than a shoe clerk, but when you go in and cause him to pull down a couple of dozen pairs of shoes in an effort to please you, do you drop a quarter or half a dollar in his hand as you go out? When you have to make a run to catch a trolley and the motorman waits for you, do you hand him a quarter? I should say not. Then why tip at all? There should be a law against tipping, and when proven guilty the giver and receiver should be fined $500 or a year in jail. Yessir, Grace and Ester should be brought up before a judge, sentenced, and led away in irons, to do time.—*McK.*

The Girl Who Went WRONG

A True Story

By GRACE ROBINSON

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In her quest for stories of representative women in various occupations—stories which have appeared at intervals in recent issues of LIBERTY—Miss Robinson was able to get the following narrative only after a great deal of difficulty. If crime is an occupation, Julieta's story has its place in the series. Of course her real name cannot be given, but the things she tells and the things told about her are true in every detail. In some cases—for example, that of the rather fantastic facts about her ancestry—LIBERTY has been at considerable pains to verify the account as it is given.]

Grace Robinson

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

LIGHTLY the girl in the black satin dress moved across the smoke-filled supper room. She walked to a corner table, where a man sat alone drinking wine. The dull green bottle before him was his second that evening.

The girl dropped into a chair. She tore open a fresh pack of cigarettes and the man gave her a light. It was her third pack since dinner.

"You look tired, Julieta," murmured the man. "In fact you look dead." Then, raising his voice, "Have some wine. Waiter—oh, waiter—another bottle, and a glass for Julieta. But first bring her a coupla straight ryes. Nothing like a good shot of rye, kid, for that flat-tire feeling—yuh might bring me a coupla jolts of the same."

The rye and the wine were brought.

Julieta drained the whisky glass—but did not swallow. When the chaser of ginger ale touched her lips she neatly spat the fiery liquor into the larger glass and motioned to the waiter who brought her fresh ginger ale. The man did not notice.

She was too experienced in night clubs to mix her drinks. Tonight she was drinking wine.

The delicacy of the girl's perfectly proportioned body cried out that she wasn't a day over twenty, as if to protest against the skin-pallor and the violet eye-circles that argued for age. She carried no coat—obviously she was one of the human appurtenances of the place.

Her rouge showed orange under the yellow lamps, and her bob was jet, carved into little ridges and furrows.

She glanced about the scene of her employment. It was known as the Green Worm cabaret.

From her seat she saw the proprietor—her boss—through an open door that led into a back room. He was dark and fat. She could hear him and his mustachioed Italian friends arguing over cards.

Her gaze wandered to a near-by table, where a man of seventy in a shabby dinner coat sipped "red ink" with a young lady of the evening. She was not prosperous—

"Poor little kid. Will this help?" He squeezed a twenty-dollar bill into Julieta's palm.

poor thing—thought Julieta. Her sealskin wrap showed a rent, and the high heels of her shoes were run over.

Everywhere was the smoke of cigarettes, mingling with the smell of bad whisky and the smell of garlic.

Julieta turned wearily to her companion. He was drinking three to her one. They drained one tall green bottle and most of another.

Half through the first he caressed her bare arms and said:

"Poor little kid. All in. I know. Say . . . will this help? Huh? Will it? . . . You're god-damned right it will," and he squeezed a twenty-dollar bill into her palm.

"Thanks, Jack. I always knew you were my friend . . . you're my good pal, ain't you, kid? There ain't many like you, Jack."

CONTRIVING a grateful smile, Julieta continued to make herself agreeable to her boss' guest in the approved night club manner. In time he became confidential. He spoke vaguely about a "check racket" that he knew about.

Julieta was all radiant interest now.

She returned confidence for confidence. Her husband had deserted her, she had a baby to support, she clerked all day in a cheap women's dress emporium and worked as hostess in this sordid Greenwich Village cabaret at night—she was sick of the struggle—sick, sick, sick—oh, God, how sick!

Jack watched her through glazing eyes. Finally, in a thick voice, "Shay, you're a wishe kid. You're a shmart

Pictures by
G. PATRICK NELSON

kid. Yuh wan' dough, doncha? Awright. I know a check—an A-one check—that can be put through by a li'l' jane like you. It's four hundred dollars—gimme a hundred—tha'sh all I want. 'N' if there's a rumble, yuh never knew me."

When Julieta left the speakeasy at 3 A. M. the black silk moiré bag she clutched under her arm held a check for $400, signed with the name of a man who had a large account in a bank at Far Rockaway, Long Island. Signed with his name—but not *by him.*

Her casual friend Jack, then, was a forger. Until tonight he had represented himself as a real estate salesman.

As Julieta waited in the draughty subway for the slow local train to her uptown flat, his parting admonition rang in her ears—"'N' if there's a rumble, yuh never knew me!"

Her head ached from the putrid staleness of the Green Worm supper room and from the vile wine she had been drinking. She wondered with a physical pang of dread how she would drag her tired body out of bed at 7 and to Fitmann's Self-Service Dress Shoppe by 9.

THE train jerked itself along, stopping with a nerve-crashing thump at each tedious white tile station in a series of white tile stations that seemed endless. It is the behavior of subway trains in the low-ebb hour between 3 and 4 in the morning.

Sitting upright with her head sunk into her fur collar, the tired girl dozed off, coming to with a cruel jolt every time the brakes took hold and shattered her comfortable drowsiness.

When she climbed out at Freeman Street station, exhaustion was strumming a variation on her brain: "'N' if there's a rumble, yuh take the rap alone. 'N' if there's a rumble, yuh take the rap alone. Alone—alone—alo-o-ne." The last word was snatched up by the wind that moaned in the vacant lots around the tall, naked apartment buildings—the wind, that howls so mournfully at 4:30 of a cold winter morning.

"Alone." It was the motto of the underworld. Already in her short life—in the world of position and respectability—Julieta had felt the bleakness of that word. Perhaps that was why she didn't care too much. Again its steel chill was to strike at the marrow of her soul. But that she couldn't foresee . . . or she was too tired to think. . . . At length mind and body sank into the grateful torpor of sleep.

It was after 9 o'clock when Julieta awakened. She was late for work! Ow!—how her head ached! She remembered the night before, and the check. She easily persuaded herself that it would be foolish to give Fitmann's Self-Service Dress Shoppe another thought.

In the comfortable warmth of the pillows she reckoned it out. At Fitmann's she stood to make twenty-four dollars for a week of 9-to-6 toil, not to mention the tonguelashings of the toadlike department manager over her. At the Green Worm cabaret she drew eighteen dollars a week and tips—and endured the licentious talk of drunken men, and their disgusting familiarities. Of this income, twelve dollars a week and maintenance went to the indifferent colored servant who kept house for her and cared for her little one—a babe in arms.

Whereas, with the innocent-looking bit of paper in her bag—she got it out and examined it—with this scrap of paper she stood to make $300 in a couple of hours! And having the money safe in her possession she could come home—and sleep!

SHE dressed carefully, applying make-up generously. At the corner drug store she swallowed a bromo-seltzer, and downtown she went to the Pennsylvania station. There was a train for Far Rockaway in five minutes, the ticket seller said.

She purchased a ticket, bought a picture newspaper to distract her mind from the fear that kept pricking at her brain, and sauntered toward the iron gate.

"All aboard," yelled the guard below.

Julieta dashed down the steps, and was aboard before she could start an argument with herself. The train moved out through the dank midnight of the Pennsylvania tunnel. She was started now. There was no going back. The train was taking her.

When it emerged into the sudden air and glare of Long Island her spirits rose. The contrast, for her, symbolized emergence from the fume-filled night club into the bright air of independence. But it was only the contrast that made the air and glare seem pleasant. In reality this was merely a succession of monotonous flatlands, with boxlike little houses and people herded like rabbits in their tiny inclosures.

Thus did Julieta embark on her career! A career as forger, swindler, bootlegger, car thief, and confidence woman, that brought shame, misery, and ultimately the despair that hangs like a shroud from the walls of her prison cell.

Julieta—lately a student in a well known western university!

Julieta—daughter of English nobility, foster daughter of a bank president, and a gay figure in the society of a flourishing midwestern city!

Behind the bronze grille-work the good-looking young bank clerk fingered the check.

"Have you any identification, Miss Reynolds?"

"Oh, gee," gurgled Julieta in her best flapper manner. "I didn't know I had to bring identification. Why, Mr. Harrison gave me that check himself. Listen, my ring has my initials on it. Will that do?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL WHO WENT WRONG
Continued from page sixty-three]

She showed him a signet ring. The initials were the same as the first letters of the name on the check.

The teller shook his head.

"Sorry. You've got to show more than that. We've got to protect ourselves, y'know. Why don't you cash it at your own bank?"

"They told me it would take three days to go through the clearing house, and my show's leaving town. I *must* cash it now."

"Your own bank should cash it."

Next day Julieta presented herself before the bronze wicket again. This time she was fortified with calling cards and a telegram (which she had sent to herself).

"I thought you told me my bank would cash this right away. Well, they won't. But I have identification for you now."

The clerk glanced at the telegram.

"How do you want this?"

"I'll take three one hundreds, and five twenties."

She joined Jack, who this time was waiting in a taxicab, and they drove back to New York. She gave him his $100 and that night quit the Green Worm forever.

"If I'd been in the business longer," wails Julieta now, "I could have got $4,000 instead of a miserable $400. The check I and my pals were finally pulled on was for $10,900!"

Julieta is a living, breathing girl. She was as smart a little figure when she promenaded in Fifth Avenue during the shopping hour as any daughter of a Vanderbilt or a Gould.

And why not? She is as well born. She buys her clothes—or did—in the same shops—Milgrim's, Bergdorf's, and Goodman's, and the other shops with the charmed names. In any of the higher strata of society, she could "get by" as a girl of breeding and refinement. Because she is one.

The only thing about her that is not real is her name. I named her Julieta, first, because of her Spanish blood and beauty, and second, because it is necessary to conceal her real name.

For although Julieta was finally apprehended and convicted for her part in the $10,900 check racket, she has a long list of other shady achievements which she has never confided to the authorities in the several states where she has operated. We will detail many of her glamorous exploits in these pages.

JULIETA was born in Spain, the child of a younger son in the British nobility. He had been disinherited for his marriage to the Spanish dancer who at fifteen became the mother of Julieta and her twin brother. He had deserted from the English navy.

He died when the twins were three years old. The mother, well known in Europe, came to the States on an engagement.

"She gave me for adoption," says Julieta. "She kept my brother because there was still a faint chance of his coming into money from my father's family. It may sound hard, but I have no great love for my mother. I pity her, though. She is going blind—can't dance any more—and occasionally I send her money.

"Once, when I was twelve, I went to a Keith theater to watch her dance. She was lovely in her Spanish costumes—very pretty and small. But I felt forlorn to think she had cast me off. I took a violent dislike to her—and instead of calling at her dressing room, I left the theater before her act was over."

As an adopted child, Julieta was both fortunate and unfortunate. Her foster father lavished luxuries on her and superintended her education as fastidiously as if she had been his own.

He was a state senator, president of a bank, worth a quarter of a million dollars.

Julieta's mother was lovely in her Spanish costume.

He gave Julieta a big maroon car which she always drove herself. He taught her to use a rifle and an automatic. He oversaw the furnishing of her dainty wicker and ivory chamber, selecting the rose-colored draperies himself, in New York.

In summer the family lived at a delightful resort on Lake Michigan. The spacious colonial house had sunken baths, a bird room, and everblooming gardens.

Julieta was her father's comrade—his little pal. He taught her much about banking. She could write checks in his name, merely by adding her initials below. He took her about in public a great deal. With all his indulgence he exercised a kind of gentle severity—insisting, for instance, that she take cold showers mornings.

IN her first year at college, Julieta fell madly in love with the football coach. They eloped, but when four hours married, were overtaken by Julieta's father on a train outside Chicago. The marriage was annulled and Julieta was rushed back to a college dormitory.

But over all her girlhood was a shadow of tragedy impending in the hatred of Martha, her foster mother.

Once, when Julieta was twelve, Martha permitted the child to come downstairs early on Christmas morning and look over all the presents for her two visiting nieces. But Martha had laid out no gift for Julieta. "That," she says now, "was typical of her studied hatred of me."

Finally, when the girl was fifteen, the fiendlike Martha gave an interview to the newspapers stating that she would name Julieta corespondent in divorce proceedings she contemplated. Although the suit was not yet filed, the newspapers printed her astounding accusations and for weeks the city seethed with the scandal. When she did bring suit, she named another woman.

But the harm had been done. Julieta was ostracized everywhere. Finally in desperation she left her home town, declaring she would never set foot there again.

Her foster father, enmeshed in a scandal net of his own weaving, was powerless to help his adopted daughter. The divorce was obtained, and the father Julieta had idolized married the corespondent and thereby legitimized her seven-year-old son!

"It was not the outrageous talk about me that was the hardest to bear," says the girl now. "It was the horror of finding that all the things my foster mother said about him were *true!* He had been so kind, so good to me."

Through her old dancing teacher she got a job in an eastern show at fifty-five dollars a week. Finally, stranded in Buffalo with rings and clothes pawned, Julieta learned what it was to be hungry.

"The first day you're famished. The second day you don't mind so much. But on the third day you're dizzy and weak."

She applied for a job dancing at the Ritz café in Buffalo. Before her try-out the proprietor invited her to eat, and when the music started, she was so stuffed she could hardly dance. But she landed the job.

Here she met many men. Every night for three weeks a handsome theatrical personage named Tom Hancock sent his card around with a request for an introduction. Julieta refused to meet him. "Too egotistical looking," she said.

She trained a girl friend as partner in the dancing numbers, coaching her patiently. Then one night the restaurant was padlocked and all hands were out of jobs.

Julieta was advised to apply to the rebuffed Mr. Hancock, who was manager of a local theater. There was nothing else to do. He gave her work as a prologue artist. She had already succumbed at heart to the charms of this man, twenty-two years older than herself. After three weeks in his employ, she was married to him at Yonkers.

"Those first two years with Tom were my only experience of genuine happiness," said the girl sadly, in the penal institution where she is now serving time. "He was husband and father in one. He treated me like a baby."

BUT hot Latin blood surged through Julieta's veins. She was insanely jealous of her husband if he glanced twice at an attractive woman.

Once, in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Philadelphia, she observed a heavily rouged and mascaro-trimmed girl flirting quite brazenly with Tom. Julieta watched quietly for a moment.

Suddenly she walked over to the girl.

"The man you just called to your table is my husband," she said. "He hates rouge—I'll remove yours." So saying, she threw a glass of water in the girl's face. There was a small hubbub, and the head waiter hastily escorted the flirtatious female to the street.

The next contretemps nearly made a murderess of Julieta. She discovered the Buffalo cabaret girl, whom she had coached and befriended, at home with her husband. Out of her mind with rage, Julieta knocked the girl's head on a heavy andiron, and "kicked her until she was stark naked." Then she rushed to the kitchen for a butcher knife, and until 4 A. M. stood vigil outside the bathroom where Tom had locked himself in.

Despite this, the couple knew happiness again—until it appeared that Julieta was to have a baby. Tom detested the idea of offspring. He got doctors to advise her falsely against having the child. She would not listen, and he left her, without funds. For a time she supported herself as a millinery saleswoman. When she refused to be starved into submission, Tom returned in a burst of generosity and gave her $200 a week. She started divorce proceedings in Peoria, Illinois, having legal residence in the state, and while these were pending, the baby was born, in New York.

"Little Rita was a beautiful baby, even at birth," recalls Julieta now. "The nurses called her the 'darling of the Fifth Avenue Hospital.' For four days Tom did not come. I heard he was on a drunk. At last he came. When the nurse told me he was downstairs I was hysterically happy. When he came up, the nurse offered him his new little daughter to hold. He refused, curtly.

"I was stunned. I had never dreamed he would feel so after the baby had actually *come*.

"'Julieta dear, anything you want me to do for the child I will do,' he said. That was duty, not love. I couldn't bear to see him again.

"When the baby was six weeks old I took a boat for Florida. There wasn't a night when I didn't cry for Tom. I often woke up weeping for him. But now"—she glanced at the barred windows—"now there is no hurt left. I know now I was in love with an ideal. How bitter that is!"

Despite occasional advances by Tom, Julieta went about the stern business of supporting herself and her infant in arms. For seven months she did one-nighters as the press agent of a show, taking her baby and a full equipment of bottles and utensils. She saved money—her salary was high—but at the end came a nervous breakdown and her nest egg went for hospital bills.

"My husband hates rouge — I'll remove yours."

And now we come to Julieta doing the hostess rôle in the Green Worm cabaret. Here her energy gave way, and her body screamed for rest. So she cashed her first forged check, making a quiet and therefore a successful début in the check racket and confidence game. Let Julieta tell it.

"My friend Jack persuaded me to go into a racetrack racket with him. I took a good-looking apartment in Eighty-sixth Street and bought some clothes.

"It was my job to get the sucker. I worked the Roosevelt and Biltmore hotels. The technique of this racket is complicated. Clothes are everything. I wore a lot of sports things—mostly tailored—from the best shops.

"You must never dress theatrically. Ninety-nine out of a hundred gold diggers fall down here. Your shoes and gown and hat must harmonize. I never wore jewelry except a small string of pearls and possibly one diamond. And of course my wedding ring was left at home.

"You must use good English. Cut out the slang.

"You go to tea at the hotel where you are operating. Pick out one or two men.

"It is easy to watch a man out of the side of your eye while you appear to be looking straight ahead. When your man glances in your direction you look down, startled. You do this every day, until you strike. When a man past forty sees a young girl interested in him, he'll seldom pass her up.

"Never flirt openly in the hotel. 'Cause then the house dicks'll get wise to you.

"You leave the hotel. Your man follows. Within a block you let him pick you up.

"He lifts his hat. 'Haven't I met you before?'

"You blush. 'Isn't that the old stall? But *I'm* really to blame. I'm afraid I encouraged you. There was something about you that appe-a-led to me.'

"I know it seems incredible that wide-awake men should tumble for this kind of guff.

"But they do. Oh, how hard they fall. *All men are suckers if you handle them in the right way.*

"Then your sucker says, 'What'll we do?'

"If he suggests a hotel, you drop him at the next corner. He's no good to you unless he's a gentleman. He may suggest a theater. Or a drink. If he suggests a theater, you must go home first to dress. You always keep an unseen mother or aunt hovering in the background. In this game it is absolutely necessary to keep a man's respect.

"OR you may mention a sweetheart. Instead of taking alarm, the sucker will be pleased to think he can take a girl away from somebody else.

"You are guarded about your identity. You don't trust him. So anxious does he become to gain your confidence that he starts talking about himself—which is just the thing to be prayed for. It is easy to hold him at the exact distance which is so tantalizing to males.

"You *must* remain the refined girl out for adventure. If he offers you money for a cab, you refuse. If he pays the driver in advance, that's O. K. I'm speaking now only of the racetrack racket. In ordinary gold digging one takes the five or ten dollars proffered for a cab, and any other change that comes one's way.

"Get rid of him before midnight on the first night. Let him kiss you good night, but be flustered. Of course he doesn't see you home. Because then mother or auntie would find you out.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL WHO WENT WRONG]
Continued from page sixty-five

"You always carry a roll of $500 or more. If this is noticed on the first day, you explain that you are just going over to Milgrim's to pay a bill. You always pay this store in cash. The presence in your black suède bag of cash allays any suspicions of gold digging.

"On the second day you suggest the racetrack. You flash a few hundred dollars (the same old roll). You have met a bookie, or your girl chum's brother has a friend, or your cousin knows somebody who has given you a great tip on a horse.

"He may demur.

"'But why not?' you urge, with a look of innocent girlish fun smeared all over your map. 'Why not? It's just for the excitement. *Come on.*'

"The man doesn't live who will back out at this point.

"Once you reach the track, you meet Jock, your girl chum's brother's friend, or whatever you have represented him to be. Jock is actually your confederate. The bookie is in on the racket, too, but Mr. Sucker never sees him.

"Jock, wised up beforehand, makes veiled allusions to the little friendship you are carrying on with your lovely new man. This hokum bolsters up the refined-girl-adventuring rôle.

"At first you play the favorites. You may lose $100 or $200. It doesn't matter, because your friend the bookie returns *your* money. Mr. Sucker becomes excited and risks fifty or sixty dollars. You let him win a little. It gets his sporting blood up. All your bets are handed to Jock, who goes away and gives them to the bookie.

"If they got plastered I could short change and make more."

"ON the third day, if the sucker has won pretty steadily and the time seems ripe—you go again to the track. Jock comes up with a red-hot tip—a twenty-to-one shot, but certain to win. You set your whole roll on this great chance!

"You are excited—flushed. When he sees your confidence in the horse the sucker will generally set his whole roll, too. It's a certain clean-up!

"Of course the horse loses, and the sucker is out his roll, which, of course, has never actually been placed on the horse.

"You, to all appearances, are inconsolable. I always found that a few tears splashed about gave a fine, realistic effect. This worked so well on my first sucker that he actually made up to me some of the money I had 'lost,' after parting painlessly with $500 on the horse! Generally I don't go in for slang, but honestly, CAN YOU BEAT IT?

"This racket is quite safe in New York. What can the victim do? Betting is illegal.

"It can only be worked, of course, where there are bookies. In some states betting is done by the pari-mutuel machines, and there this game is out of the question.

"Sometimes there is a snappy little aftermath to this racket. On one racetrack sucker I tried out a little free love propaganda. I believed in free love, I told him. Love couldn't be bound. But I wanted to be sure I really *was* in love. . . . Well, after 'losing' my roll I was afraid to go home. 'Mother' would wonder what I had done with all my money. This man actually decided to take me on as his mistress. He gave me $100 to come on to Chicago, *where his wife and seven children were.* I gratefully accepted the money and the proposition, and of course stayed comfortably in New York.

"You may think that $100 was his last donation to the cause of supporting little Julieta. Well, it wasn't. Because by then I had his signature for the check forgery racket. We kept his name and address on file for a long time. Both proved useful."

And does it pay, this trading on male gullibility?

"The first year I tried it, with Jock and his bookie friend, we broke $800 ahead when the Empire City track closed. That represented two weeks' work. Of course it had to be split three ways. But that was net profit. In addition, all our living expenses were paid. I found in working this racket later that I had to move frequently—and this is expensive."

THE racetrack coup that Julieta has described to you, although still a vigorous form of swindling, is old. This accomplished young criminal, now only twenty-three, produced some new rackets later on. Details of one, her masterpiece, will be given in due course.

Meanwhile having discovered, in her racetrack adventures, that men were putty in the hands of a pretty and unscrupulous girl, she went in for illegal gambling. She started a quiet poker game in her New York flat. This enterprise lent itself well to her domestic arrangements—particularly the care of her baby.

Every night five sedate-looking brokers came to play in her three-room apartment on Riverside Drive. Baby Rita slept calmly in the bedroom.

"I got twenty-five cents a deal and seventy-five cents a drink. They were never noisy. My profits depended on how drunk they got. If they got plastered I could short change, and make more. Generally cleared sixty to seventy dollars of an evening. But I got tired laughing at their coarse jokes, and being tough for their benefit. Besides, they sprinkled their cigarette ashes all over my fine Chinese rug! So I gave it up."

Before she gave it up, however, crooked playing nearly spelled finis to her career. Although Julieta packed a rod (carried a gun), she did it for the particular benefit of hijackers when she was running liquor, an enterprise in which she engaged at odd times. She has never looked into the business end of a gun except once. A man who came to play cards thought he was going to be her lover. He found her out in her double life.

"I'd been kidding this guy along to the tune of $100 or $150 a night. He thought I loved him. You always get more money out of a man by holding him off. Finally he got suspicious, and when I did him in a card game—he wasn't as stewed as I thought—he followed me into the kitchen. He was overwhelmed with the realization that I had been making a damned fool of him. Still—I guess he loved me, in a way. As he stood there glowering, I realized he was a perfect specimen of whatever it is that makes a man lose his mind temporarily when a woman has deceived him.

"I'd had several drinks. I was indiscreet. I yelled, 'Get the hell out, you dirty bum!'

"His face went white with rage. Suddenly, he pulled a gun on me. . . ."

What happened—how Julieta saved her life by sheer nerve, and her subsequent rackets that led to her imprisonment, will be told next week.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 51

1—Texas.
2—The Boer War (1899-1902).
3—Chesterfieldian (Earl of Chesterfield, 1694-1773).
4—Easily crumbled, pulverized, or reduced to powder.
5—Victory Loan.
6—Woodrow Wilson.
7—Haakon VII.
8—One of the aborigines of New Zealand.
9—Bottomley of St. Louis.
10—Manner or mode of operating or working.
11—Measure for Measure.
12—East.
13—A force directed outward when any body is constrained to move in a curved path.
14—Steppes.
15—The seventieth.
16—The body of Jewish civil and canonical law.
17—A sheep which leads the flock, with a bell on his neck.
18—The bulldog.
19—Chicago.
20—After-dinner.

Pictures by
WILL FOSTER

The Way of PEACE

A Story of Loneliness and Love

By
DOROTHY BLACK

"I was pretending to be you, and put on a silver and green dress, and go to a ball."

SHE put on her green chiffon dress with silver lace. It had two camellias on the shoulder, made of white velvet. So real looking that you could almost smell them when you looked at them. She put on her pearls. She felt as someone who has been condemned to death might feel on being free and in the sunshine again.

"Your hair," said Betty, her maid, brushing it, "I'm sure it gets prettier and prettier, ma'am."

Marguerite smiled. From her seat before the mirror she saw the garden reflected with its glory of roses and sweet peas. And perched on the wall was the child from next door, looking in. Gazing in, moonstruck, with great brown eyes.

"It's really rather tiresome," said Marguerite. "Can't you say something to her?"

"She seems so lonesome, ma'am. And those dolls of hers are a crying shame. It's not much trouble to dress dolls for a child."

"I don't like her staring in all the time. She ought to be told."

"I'll speak to her. It's the pretty things she likes. That house next door—it's like a mouselinoleum, I'm sure."

Marguerite wrapped herself in her chinchilla coat. She was dining at the Savoy. Alone.

But she wanted to be alone—to remember and to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE WAY OF PEACE
Continued from page sixty-seven]

think. On this, the greatest day of her life. She drove in her limousine through the streets of London, and the light fell on shops full of artificial flowers, and imitation jewellery, and mock-Paris models left standing in the windows in case anyone wanted to look at them although the doors were closed. Suddenly she remembered driving down those very streets, years ago, with her mother. Believing all those jewels were real. What fun it had been!

At the Savoy they took her to her own table. A corner table. She could look down at the dance floor. How many times had she dined and danced there with Mervyn Grandison. Mervyn, dark and splendid. With tawny eyes. And now there was no longer anything to keep them apart. She was free.

She went through her memories, beginning with the very first time she had seen him. She was sitting in the Grand Stand at Hurlingham, and he had come in from polo. His shirt open at the neck. Triumphantly, and not disgustingly hot. She knew the minute she saw him.

He had come back right away with Jerry Fitzhope—and got an introduction. . . . She had worn a white chiffon dress and a hat with roses. She had them still, unable to part with them—because of the memories that went with them.

She had fallen in love with him, and he with her, at first sight. But it wasn't any good, for there was Freddie.

Poor Freddie. Whose fault was it they had not got on better? Even now she could not say. Hopeless and wearing, that marriage had been. One long never ending argument. She had felt nothing but intense relief when Freddie had left her. Relief that made her shed tears.

In his queer way he had been fond of her. He refused to divorce her. He had taken a sort of savage delight in keeping them apart—Mervyn and herself.

Why had they not run away together? A dozen times they very nearly had. But Mervyn would not let her. "I won't have your name dragged through the mud." At the back of both their minds the horrible suspicion lurked that perhaps, even then, Freddie would not divorce her.

"We can wait," Mervyn had said.

SO they had waited. Life hadn't been glorious, but it had been possible. They had seen a lot of one another and done everything amusing together. Stayed at the same house parties . . .

She lit a cigarette, remembering. Now all that was over, for always. Freddie was dead. He died most untidily and unexpectedly in a motor accident on the Cannes-Monte Carlo road. She had had the wire the previous day, and had written at once to Mervyn, who was in Scotland.

Their day had come at last.

They were both young still. Young enough to begin a new life, to have children of their own. Mervyn was poor, but she was rich, having had an American mother. She was rich enough to let him do whatever he liked, and live wherever he liked. She'd make an arrangement with his bank so that there would be nothing humiliating in it all for him. Then she saw Ronnie.

Ronnie Adair was a splendid young man with a head like a Greek god, only empty. The Adairs had pots of money, but it hadn't got Ronnie anywhere. He was making himself rather an ass over Sibell Moon. Sibell was with him now. She was a dancer, with a face like her name, and beautiful legs. It was cruel to let her talk. Maybe that was what was attractive to Ronnie. There was positively nothing in either of their heads. Vacuum called to vacuum.

Ronnie saw her. She thought, "Now he will come and talk to me, and I shall have to listen to Sibell's lack of conversation, and that is cruelty."

She called for her bill, but did not go. Ronnie had just come from Scotland. He would have news of Mervyn. So she sat on, watching.

Where, she wondered, was Grace? She looked round for her. Grace was Ronnie's sister. Good-looking as he was, and more intelligent. Grace had been rather rude to her when last they met. But that was understandable. Grace liked Mervyn. Liked him, and made no bones about it.

"If she gets her teeth into anyone, it's not much use his struggling," Mervyn, laughing, had said to her. In her mind she saw Grace, tall, blonde, determined. Ten years younger than she was. Extremely rich.

The music stopped. Ronnie and Sibell drifted to her table.

"Hello, hello," said Ronnie. "Know Sibell?"

"I do."

"Well, here she is. Looking more like herself than ever, don't you think?"

They sat down.

"Heard the latest? Sibell and I are engaged."

"Well, that's fine."

"I don't know that it is. We haven't heard what pa has to say about it yet. Pa has a way of being very balky. Maybe he'll jib a bit at Sibell."

Sibell Moon said, "I wouldn't be surprised."

"But ma'll stick up for me. She always does. You'll love ma, Sibell."

Sibell Moon said, "I wouldn't be surprised."

"Brains—that's what our family wants. I supply the cash, Sibell supplies the brains. That's as it should be."

Sibell ate an olive and said absolutely nothing.

"And how are you, Marguerite? I've got some news for you—of a friend of yours."

"Mervyn?"

"Yes—Mervyn. You'll see it announced tonight, I expect. The papers are always glad of a scrap of glamorous news at this dull season. Mervyn's engaged to Grace."

MARGUERITE felt giddy and sick, and clutched at the table. They mustn't notice what a shock it had been to her. But of course it couldn't be true. Mervyn was hers, heart and soul, and had been for years. He couldn't leave her if he wanted to. He had always told her that. It was just a wild tale. She'd buy a paper.

"No objections there," went on Ronnie. "Pa pleased and ma ravished. But I expect you know all about it already."

"No. I hadn't heard." She forced herself to speak quietly. She got up. "Must be going, Ronnie. Bring Sibell to see me some day. Ring up first."

She nodded, smiling down at them, and left them. Ronnie looked after her affectionately.

"Jolly old Marguerite. A real ripper. They do say she was once keen on Mervyn herself."

Sibell Moon looked after the tall figure in silver and green. She said:

"I wouldn't be surprised."

Marguerite bought a paper in the Strand, but she dared not open it. She sat in her car as they drove past those glittering shops full of mock jewels, and the windows where many unreal flowers blossomed, and Paris models were left out in case anyone wanted to look at them although the shops were closed.

There must be some mistake. A thing like that couldn't happen. Slowly she unfurled the paper. And Mervyn's dark face looked at her from the printed sheet.

He wore a polo shirt, open at the neck. Beside him, in the next column, was a picture of Grace. With rather solid-looking hair, pure gold. Suggestive of the Adair millions.

The least possibility of such a thing had never for one minute crossed her mind. There had been times when Mervyn had admired other women. There had been one time when she went to bed with a sore heart and wet eyes. But men, she knew, were like that. And he always came back to her in the end.

The unthinkable had happened. There would be a letter from him, telling her about it, and that letter would have crossed hers to him, telling him that Freddie was dead.

She sat digging her nails into the palms of her hands, her cheeks wet with tears. What was there left for her? Nothing. Mervyn was going to marry Grace. He had not even told her, or tried to spare her the shock of seeing it in the newspapers.

She began to shiver a little. Into her head idle words slipped. "Hell holds no fury like a woman scorned."

She was a woman scorned. But she would be very careful not to become a fury. Surely it was possible to be scorned gracefully. One could try. . . .

There was a letter from Mervyn for her in the hall. She was still sitting before her dressing table, with it in her hand, at 1 o'clock.

I know you would rather I was quite frank with you, Marguerite. This thing has happened. She swept me off my feet. And with us, my dear, it is still so hopeless. We cannot be married. Perhaps we can never be married at all, and we are growing old, Marguerite. Out of your dearness and kindness I think perhaps you will understand.

I wanted to tell you before it got out, but I haven't been able to. Forgive me, dear, for hurting you as I know I am hurting you.

Her throat ached abominably. What was there left? She couldn't think. She was not young any more. Presently she would see her beauty fade. Why cannot people blow to pieces, like thistledown upon an October morning, and so blow over the autumn fields, all sorrows forgotten, all ambitions turned to fluff—

She tore the letter into little pieces, and cried, her head in her hands.

TERRIBLE bitter things came to her pen when she tried to write to him. A week went by, and his letter was still unanswered. What was there to say? Better forget him. Better cross him out. If she got rid of everything that reminded her of him, perhaps it would be easier to keep him out of mind.

She sent the servants away for a long week-end, to Brighton. She had to be alone.

They went off, jubilant. Betty in a hat trimmed with primulas. Joe, the chauffeur, in an India rubber spongeable collar, "You-cannot-tell-it-from-linen." So spruce. So happy.

Marguerite, watching them go, thought, "One man's heartbreak is another man's holiday," and set about her horrible task.

Everything had to go. His photographs, and all the books he had given her. Those dresses she cherished simply because they were remainders of days spent with him.

And all the time she worked she was conscious of the child from next door sitting on the wall watching her. Gazing in with great brown eyes. She could not cry when she wanted to, with that child sitting there.

Marguerite supposed she was a niece of the old Miss Brits'. They ought to look after her better. She never seemed to have any occupation but sitting on that wall, nursing a sad and not very sanitary-looking doll.

She wanted to be alone. To remember and to think.

The end of the garden was the place for a bonfire, because one could rake the gravel over, and there would be nothing left to show what had happened. She got paper and sticks, and carried the things she wanted to destroy down there. A pile of papers and letters. Torn photographs, and books. The white chiffon dress she had worn the day she met him, the hat trimmed with silk roses, the green dress trimmed with silver lace.

HER face was wet with tears. She wished that tiresome child would go away. She could see her peeping through the branches of the beech tree.

She had to leave the things lying there and go into the house to look for some paraffine. It took her some time to discover where cook kept it, and when she got back to the bottom of the garden, the can in her hand, she came to a sudden standstill with a little exclamation of annoyance.

The child had come right down over the wall. She was sitting on the grass beside the bundle of dresses, smoothing out the silken roses with eager hands.

Marguerite stood watching her, her annoyance melting. What a queer wistful little face. What skinny brown arms and legs. Her hair hung over her shoulders in two indifferently groomed long plaits—thick, soft hair, chestnut brown.

Marguerite said, not unkindly, "What are you doing here?"

The child gave a terrified start.

"I'm only looking. I haven't touched anything. At least, not enough to have moved it. Only they are so terribly pretty. I just wanted to look."

And suddenly Marguerite remembered being twelve, and what the world looked like when one was twelve and had never heard of Mervyn, and believed all the jewellery in the glittering shops real, and loved only a stout white rabbit. How different everything was to what one had expected at twelve!

"Climbing over high walls isn't very safe."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE WAY OF PEACE
Continued from page sixty-nine]

The child said eagerly, "Oh, that doesn't matter, as long as I don't tear my stockings. And I didn't."

She smiled at Marguerite, a little smile that lit up her face like a lamp turned on within.

"Couldn't I please help you a little, whatever you are going to do?"

Marguerite turned away and busied herself with her bonfire. She hadn't the heart to send the child away, but she did not want her. She struck a match and set it to the paper. The flame flared up.

"Oh," said the little girl, horrified—almost with a sob. "You aren't going to burn these?"

She indicated the white chiffon dress, the hat with silk roses, the silver and green chiffon dress lying on the edge of the lawn.

Marguerite said, "I am."

"Oh, please, can't I have some of them? If you really and truly don't want them. Those lovely, lovely roses. Oh, please, don't burn them up."

"Whatever would you do with them?"

"Do with them? Why, I'd dress up in them. I often dress up, when I'm playing at pantomime, only I haven't anything very much. Besides, I'd make my dolls some clothes. . . . You can't burn this." She touched the white chiffon gingerly.

She said, "You can't!"

The papers flared up in a warm blaze—all his letters and the dear things he had said to her going up in smoke. Tears blinded her eyes, and she turned away.

She said roughly, to get rid of the child, "Take them if you want to."

THE little girl said "Oh—" with a gasp of rapture and hastily gathered the things together. Marguerite watched her. Seeing her there, her little face alight with pleasure, made Marguerite remember all that chiffon and flowers and silver lace had seemed as if they were going to mean, when one was twelve. And she seemed to hear again, afar off, the music of that ball she had dreamed of going to. The enchanted ball one had never found.

"Don't you really want them? Are you quite sure you don't want them?"

Marguerite said, "I don't want them one bit. Cut them up and do whatever you like with them."

"I shan't cut up this one. It's lovely. I shall save it and when I am grown up I shall wear it—to go to a ball."

Marguerite laughed, but her eyes were misty.

"Silly baby," she said; but she remembered what fun it had been when one believed in balls, and people, and chiffon, and flowers. And love. Nothing found out.

The bonfire flickered and died down.

"Have you any children?" asked the little girl, staring at her with wide, disconcerting brown eyes.

Marguerite shook her head.

"I thought you hadn't."

"Is that what you were looking for, when you sat on the wall looking in?"

"No. I was playing a game. I was pretending to be you, and put on a silver and green dress, and go to a ball."

"What a queer game."

"Oh, no. It would be lovely to be you. With a house full of lovely things, and blue cushions and flowers. I—I hope you didn't mind me looking in. Perhaps it was rude."

Marguerite changed the subject. "You live with the two Miss Brits, don't you?"

The child nodded.

"Do you like it?"

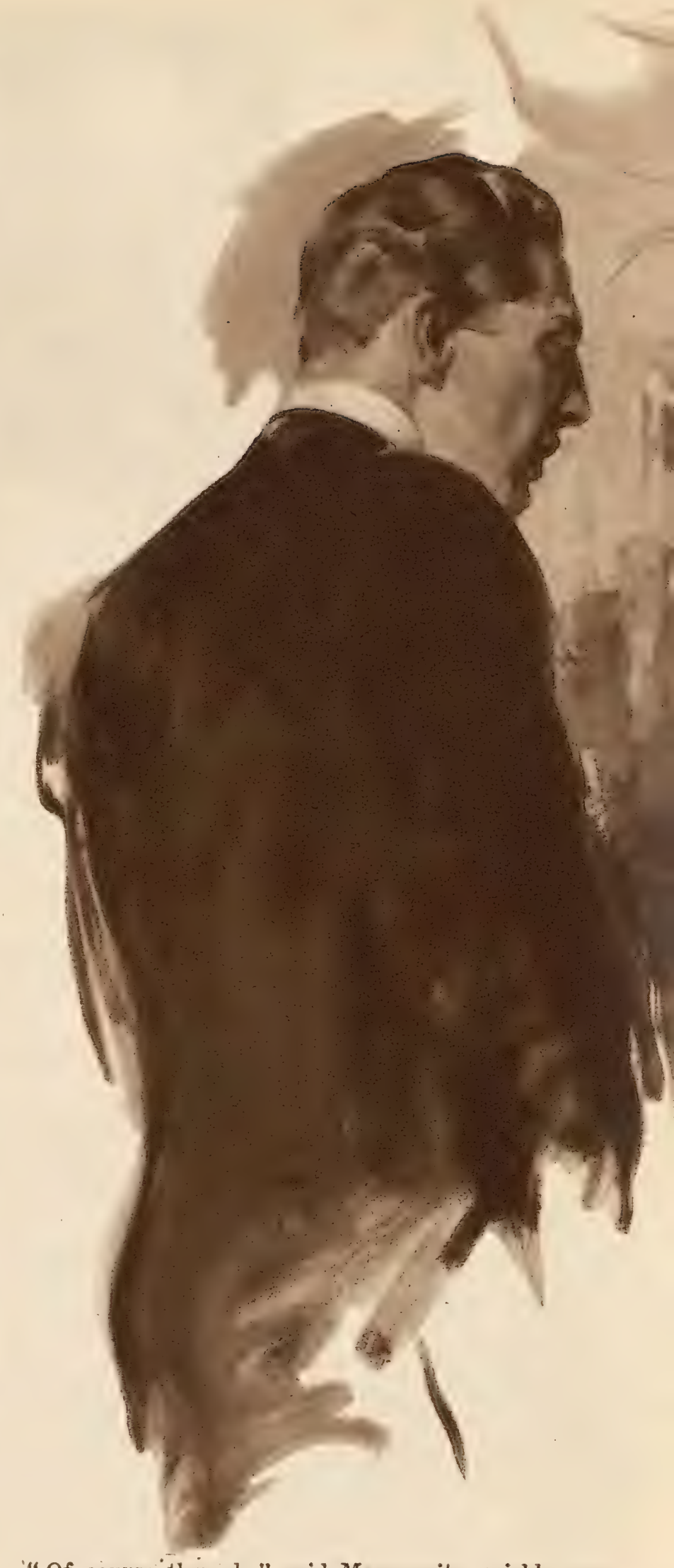
"Oh—it's not bad. You see, my father and mother are in India."

"When are they coming back?"

"Well, you see, we don't know. In fact, we don't know exactly where they are—not just now."

The child drew a deep breath. The lamp so recently lit in those dark eyes flickered and faded out, and she said tremulously:

"But still, parents always do come back and fetch their children in the end, don't they?"



"Of course they do," said Marguerite quickly, conscious suddenly of the anguish that lay behind that remark.

The child picked up the bundle and went away. She hoisted herself leggily on top of the wall, kissed her hand to Marguerite, and dropped out of sight.

Marguerite lit a cigarette. She went slowly into the house and made her own tea. She thought, "Poor little brat . . ."

She fell to wondering about the Miss Brits.

. . . . .

The interminable evening closed down, leaving her alone with memories that would not stay away. All

" No. I hadn't heard." She forced herself to speak quietly. She got up.

the dear things he had said to her—all his vows and promises that had meant absolutely nothing.

She thought, " There must be something in the world that does not turn into nothing. If one could find it. Something that does not end in thistledown, blown over the autumn fields."

She could not read. She opened the French window and went out into the white moonlight. She paced the lawn and heard through the stillness the voice of someone scolding shrilly. Whack, whack, whack, through the quiet night. Surely they were not beating the child? She stopped dead, listening. She felt wildly angry. No one had any right to beat a child.

Then she calmed herself down. What did she know about children? She had never had any. They were often naughty. Perhaps it was necessary to beat them occasionally for their own good. She tried not to listen. Tried to shut out the sound of that low sobbing, and the thin voice saying, " I didn't, Miss Brit. Indeed, I didn't."

It was unbearable. One ought not to have to sob like that at twelve, while life was still a game. There was plenty of time for sobbing later on. Life should be beautiful for the young. She thought, " I must go and see Miss Brit. People ought not to leave their children with crotchety old folks. I might let her come here sometimes. Poor little wretch."

She went indoors, hot and rather angry still. Before the mirror she paused, and smiled at herself. She thought, " For quite ten minutes I haven't remembered about Mervyn."

SHE meant to call on Miss Brit in the afternoon, but Miss Brit forestalled her. There she was in the hall, directly after breakfast, with a bundle. She said, " May I speak to you? "

Miss Brit was angular. She had a square face, oatmeal colored and thickly sewn with little dead white hairs. Her eyes were pale and she had the thin mouth of a spinster given overmuch to praises of the Lord.

" Why, this is nice," said Marguerite. " I had been meaning to come and see you."

She held out her hand. Miss Brit presented her with a collection of bones inside a cotton glove.

" We knew you would have discovered it. That's why I came at once. I don't know what to say. We are at our wits' end. And so ashamed. Believe me, Mrs. Longley, we knew nothing whatever about it until last night, or we would have communicated with you before."

Marguerite opened her eyes wide, astonished.

" I don't quite understand, Miss Brit."

" You can have no conception of what we have been through, my sister and I, with the child. Fresh instances of deceit every day. She must have climbed over the wall and got in that way when no one was about. Naturally, you must take whatever steps you think fit."

She unfurled her bundle. There they all were—the white chiffon dress, the hat with roses, the green chiffon trimmed with silver lace.

" When confronted," said Miss Brit, " she lied quite shamefully. She has been severely chastised, but of course we cannot let the matter end here."

Marguerite stared at the things on the table.

" But, Miss Brit, I gave them to her."

Miss Brit's thin lips came apart.

" You—gave them to her? "

" I did. I was going to burn them and she wanted them, so I said she could have them. For dressing up."

" But they are Paris models—quite expensive."

" Well, that's my affair, isn't it? If I wish to burn them or give them away." Then, suddenly softening, she said, " I was burning them because they have memories for me that I wish to forget."

" Surely it would have been more suitable to give them to the poor."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE WAY OF PEACE
Continued from page seventy-one]

Marguerite regarded the chiffons and silver and silken flowers doubtfully, and murmured, "Do you really think so?"

"You have put us in an uncomfortable position, for we naturally did not believe her when she told us you had given them to her. She has been severely chastised. She has become of late most difficult. When first we agreed to take her, it was for a year. That was five years ago. For the last year we have heard nothing, neither have any payments been made. It is, as you can appreciate, hard on my sister and myself. We fear they have abandoned Jane."

Miss Brit gave a dry cough.

"You had better take these back, if you don't mind. They are much too good for a child to play with. They will give her tastes above her station. She will have to go and earn her living at the earliest possible opportunity."

She got up. Marguerite followed her to the door.

"Won't you let me come and see her, and explain to her?" she said. "It's my fault she has been punished. I would like to tell her I am sorry."

Miss Brit agreed, grudgingly.

The stained-glass panes in the front door of her dwelling shut the sunlight out. The house smelt of old soup. Through the front window Marguerite caught a glimpse of antimacassars and waxen fruits. An ormolu clock presented a bleak face under a glass case on the mantelshelf. Like time in a jail. Ticking in little gasps.

"Jane's room is on the first landing," said Miss Brit.

Marguerite opened the door and went in.

There was a camp bed in one corner, covered with a gray blanket. A bed with the abandoned look of having been made by a beginner. There was a wooden table in the window, and one chair on which Jane sat, her back to the door. Her head was in her hands, and she was learning a page of the Bible by heart, punctuating it with catches in her breath, remnants of past grief.

Marguerite said, "Jane."

THE child turned a woeful tear-stained face to her, then over went the chair, and she was on her knees, her face hidden in Marguerite's frock.

"Oh, do tell them, please! Do tell them I'm not a thief. They wouldn't believe me. I won't go to jail, will I? I didn't tell them any lies. They will believe you if you tell them. So please, please . . ."

Marguerite sat down and took the child on her knee. And she remembered again, very poignantly, what it had been like to be little. Waiting to go to the ball. Only for Jane there wouldn't be any ball. Her arms tightened round the thin little body. All in a minute her mind was made up. She thought, "It's something for me to live for."

"Jane—if I can arrange it, would you like to come and stay with me for a bit—until your mother and father come home?"

The child's face was suddenly transfigured, as if that lamp had been lit again within. She said, with a little gasp, "*What?*"

"What I said. Would you? You shall have a blue cushion and flowers in your bedroom. Just like I do."

"Oh—will you ask them? Will you ask them now? Can I come today? Can I come now? With you—now?"

"Come along. Dry your eyes and we'll ask them this minute."

The Miss Brits were only too pleased. After all, Jane was not their child. So they presented Marguerite with collections of bones to shake, and one Miss Brit assured Marguerite that the Lord would reward her whilst the other Miss Brit packed Jane's bag with all possible speed.

It was great fun furnishing a bedroom for Jane, and allowing her to choose her own furniture for it. Blue curtains and cushions and flowers were what she wanted.

"Just like you," whispered Jane, with a hot passionate squeeze of her hard little hand.

It was great fun buying clothes for Jane, because Jane had never had anything—hardly even aspired to anything. She cried with joy when Marguerite bought her a baby doll. . . . Past those shops of glittering jewels and artificial flowers they went and everything was real to Jane. Every glass bead a solid diamond.

So they drove through Regent Street and walked through the big stores, Jane skipping beside Marguerite—she was a pretty child now that she was properly dressed and her long brown hair brushed out. People turned to look at her. With a thrill of pride Marguerite knew they thought Jane was her daughter.

She thought, "I'll take her to Paris. We'll do Switzerland in the winter. All the lovely things while she still thinks they are lovely. I'll present her at Court. Perhaps she will marry really well if I give her her chance. It will be fun, giving Jane her chance."

Late that night she stood beside Jane's little white bed, looking down at her. Jane slept, her brown hair spread over her pillow. Beside her lay the baby doll, its vacant eyes staring at the ceiling. Jane had attired it carefully in a nightdress.

With a catch in her throat, Marguerite bent and kissed the child. And Jane stirred, and half awoke, and caught her hand.

"It's not a dream?" she whispered hastily.

"No, it's not a dream," said Marguerite.

So Jane slept again, clasping her baby doll.

MARGUERITE went to her room. It was stacked with parcels. Things they had bought for Jane that afternoon. She undid some of them, smiling at the pretty things inside them, seeing them now through Jane's eyes. Glorified.

The telephone bell rang.

It was Ronnie.

"I say, Marguerite, may I bring Sibell to lunch with you tomorrow?"

"Why not, Ronnie? I'll introduce you to my new daughter."

"Oh, I say, Marguerite. Go on. You're raggin'. What? I say, there's the devil to pay over me and Sibell. Just as I thought there would be."

"I dare say Sibell isn't surprised."

"Well, that's just exactly what she said. I say, Marguerite, heard the latest?"

"I don't expect so."

"About Mervyn? He and Grace have had the deuce of a bust-up, and that's all off. The parents are woe-stricken beyond words. Well, I'll tell you the rest tomorrow. Night-night."

She replaced the receiver very quietly, and stood looking straight in front of her. A small pair of silver shoes stood out on their box lid. Shoes she had bought for Jane. Silver slippers, for to walk the silver streets.

She saw the life she had planned for herself and Jane, stretching like a broad highway in front of her. It would be fun, because Jane would enjoy it all so. And now it was as if, up that broad highway, the figure of Mervyn came toward her again. Mervyn, and memories, and all that violence of joy and of heartbreak.

She thought, putting her hand to her head, "I'm too old to begin all that again, with its upsets and its bitter disappointments and its searing joys."

She looked through the open door at the little white bed where the figure of the child lay sleeping, one arm thrown over her head, a smile on her face. Hearing in her dreams the strains of music from that wonderful ball she was going to.

Marguerite thought, "This is peace."

She touched the bell.

Betty came in noiselessly, in her frilled cap and little white apron.

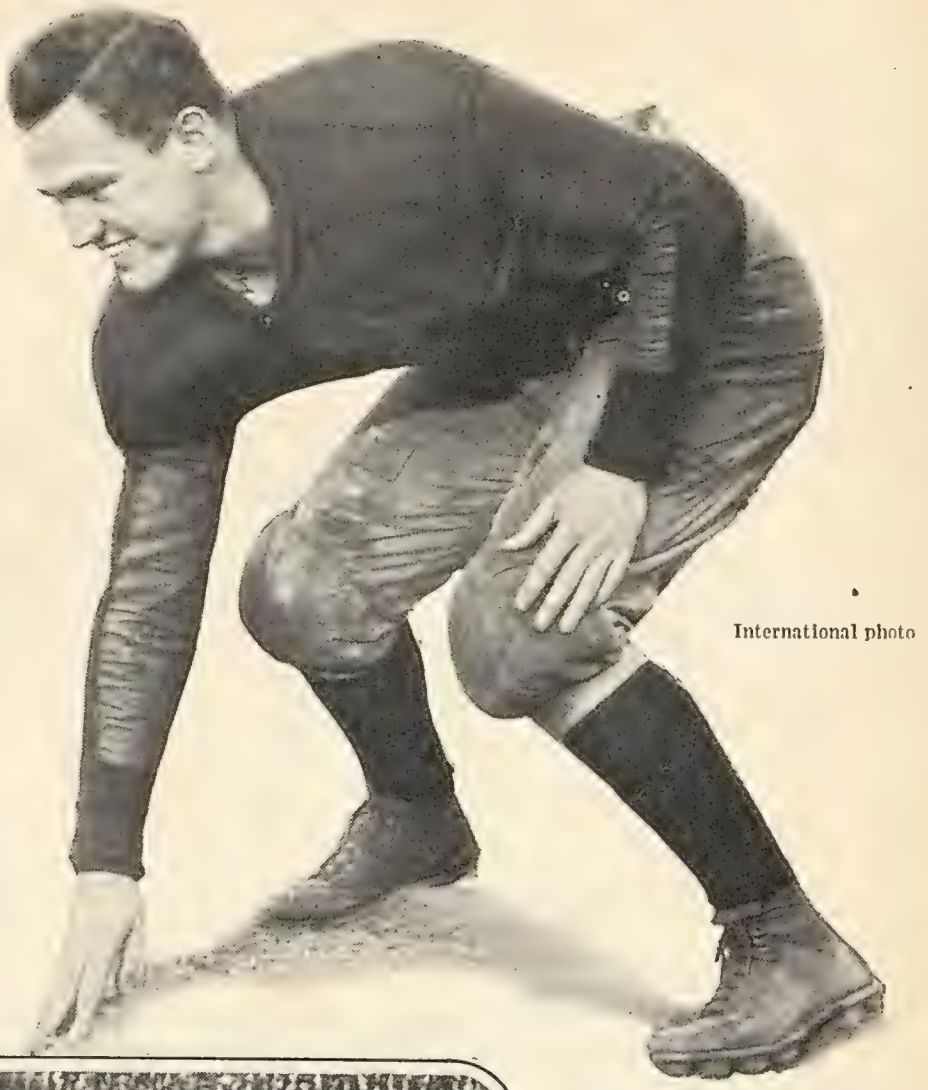
"When Captain Grandison comes," said Marguerite slowly, "please tell him, Betty, that I am not at home."

THE END

What Makes the "MONEY PLAYER"?

A Close-up of the Men Who "Deliver" in Varied Fields of Sport

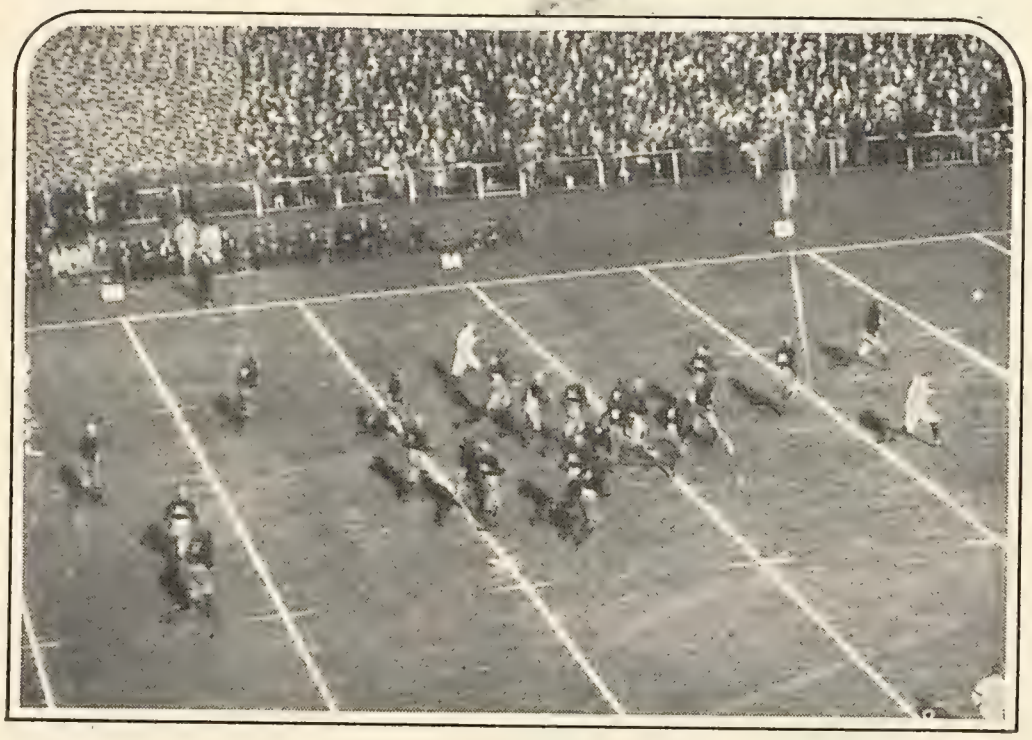
By GEORGE TREVOR



International photo

Ducky Pond, Yale's Man of Destiny in the Army game of 1924 and the Harvard game of 1923.

YALE is at grips with Army in the cavernous Bowl. Ray Pond—his mates call him "Ducky"—gets the ball near midfield and starts on a sweep around West Point's right flank. He has barely reached the line of scrimmage when the defensive end hits him—a low, diving tackle—the teeth-rattling kind Bob Zuppke listens for. You recall what Zuppke said—"I want to hear a tackle, not see it."



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They thought they had Ducky Pond down in the Army game of 1924, but the Yale half squirmed along the turf, gained his feet, and sped fifty yards to score the tying touchdown. This picture shows him leading the pack toward the goal line.

Pond goes down. His interferers and his foes pile up in a kaleidoscopic jumble of arms and legs. Army's defensive wing back, coming up on the run, hurls himself on the squirming mass. He shouldn't have committed himself prematurely.

Buried under a human blanket, nine men out of ten would resign themselves to the inevitable. Not Pond. Ducky is the Tenth Man. His legs keep digging turf. His shoulders heave. He crawls. Now forward progress seems to have ceased. The referee ought to shrill his whistle. Army's players assume that it will be blown. They relax—ever so little. They take it for granted that this play is completed.

That's all Pond asks. Somehow he has slithered and twisted out of those gold-banded arms. With a stumbling lurch he staggers to his feet. The quarry is no longer beneath that wriggling mound of bodies.

A ghost in blue emerges! Now Pond is out in the clear—open country ahead. There is no one between him and West Point's naked goal line.

Pond isn't particularly speedy, but see what a lead he has! You sense that he won't be caught from behind. The whistle that Army counts on never sounds. Brown-helmeted, black-jerseyed forms give futile chase. Pond scores standing up. Ducky has done it again.

That fifty-yard run enabled a weaker Yale team to tie Army's 1924 eleven. Only the year before Pond had slashed sixty yards to a touchdown against Harvard on a field that was little better than a morass.

Pond was a rather inconspicuous member of Yale's 1923 team of Titans. Nature hadn't endowed him with the talents shared by such brilliant colleagues as Stevens, Richeson, Neale, Mallory, and Neidlinger. That 1923 Yale eleven journeyed to Cambridge with the confident expectation of exacting revenge for the landslide defeats suffered at the hands of Percy Haughton's matchless pre-war teams.

In the Eli camp they smacked their lips and whispered, "Watch us wipe out that 41 to 0 disgrace!" Then came rain—the great leveler—to transform Soldiers' Field into a modern version of the primeval ooze. It was all off. Nothing human could run in that sticky mud. What price Stevens, Neidlinger, and the rest of the all-stars in such going?

WHEN that Homeric mud battle started, the worst fears of the Eli pessimists seemed confirmed. But they hadn't reckoned on Ducky Pond. The water-logged, ooze-plastered teams floundered helplessly around midfield, shackled by mire. Then came the break.

Harvard fumbled. Any of the Yale stars might have snatched up the mud-smeared pigskin. Anyone might have—but Pond did. We couldn't identify the muck-coated figure that went splashing and squilching sixty yards to the first touchdown Yale had scored in the stadium since Ted Coy's day. The runner's number was obscured.

It was a lowly sub on the Yale bench who anticipated

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHAT MAKES THE "MONEY PLAYER"?]
Continued from preceding page

the scoreboard. "It's Pond!" he shouted. "It must be Pond—he's the only guy who could beat this damned mud!"

It was Pond—Pond the money player. Sport fans understand that that expressive phrase in no way reflects on an athlete's amateur status. By money player is meant the man who delivers in the pinch, who comes through with a decisive effort when something vital is at stake, who, perhaps lacking native genius, plays better than he knows how when the issue hangs in the balance.

CUT back to old Monmouth Park race track in the roaring '80s. Ed Garrison, better known as "Snapper," has the leg up on Eurus, a mean mannered stake horse with an ugly reputation for swerving. Hard-faced layers of odds smile as the public goes down strong on the unreliable animal. They are ready to gamble that not even Garrison's wizardry can keep Eurus from bolting toward the rail or running wide in the stretch.

The staccato drum fire of hoofs brings the mob in the betting ring tumbling to the rail. Through the swirling dust one sees Eurus in third place as the field charges down the home stretch. The two leaders are racing neck and neck in the center of the track. There is an inviting gap on the rail and plenty of elbow room to the outside, but between the flying pace setters there is just about room to squeeze a thin-flanked horse.

The regulars, binoculars pressed to their eyes, expect Garrison to make a move for the pole. Instead, Snapper does a surprising thing. In the hot surge of a driving finish, with dried mud clods stinging his sunken cheeks, with his mount clearing twenty-four feet at a stride, he maps out a daring plan to forestall Eurus' inclination to swerve. Snapper's cagy racing brain warns him that to take the pole is to court a bolt toward the rail.

Lifting his horse with those muscular but sensitive hands, Garrison jams him into the needle-like gap between the two leaders. Hedged in a moving stall of horseflesh, Eurus cannot swerve. Snapper hand-rides him to the wire, a winner by a head.

It is just another "Garrison finish." Snapper needs no cenotaph of marble. His memory is forever perpetuated in that sporting phrase which his genius for winning blanket finishes has made a part of the English language.

Ed Garrison was a money rider.

It is an October afternoon at the Polo Grounds, with McGraw driving his team to the game which means the 1908 pennant. The tide has turned against Frank Chance's hard bitten Cubs. With the score a tie, with Giants on first and third in the last half of the ninth, Bridwell lines a clean single to center field. The Giant base runner dashes across the plate. The game is won, and with it the pennant. Bedlam breaks loose!

But hold a minute! What is that lantern-jawed, wry-faced, scrawny-looking little sliver of a Chicago second baseman gesticulating about? Look—he is motioning for the ball. The gray-clad center fielder retrieves the grass-smudged horsehide and hurls it to second. Johnny Evers stamps on the bag and claws at the blue-jacketed umpire. Hank O'Day heeds Johnny's plea. The rest is history.

Every baseball fan remembers how Merkle was declared out for neglecting the formality of touching second base. The brawny Giant first baseman had cut diagonally for the clubhouse as soon as he saw Bridwell's liner drop safe.

Because of Evers' nimble brain poor Merkle became the classic "goat" of baseball history—an unsavory rôle which he didn't deserve.

It was typical of Evers to spot this strategic oversight and capitalize upon it in that desperate emergency. Handicapped by a frail physique, lacking many of the elements that go to make the great ball player, Evers had the knack for coming through in a pinch. "The Crab" personified the attributes of what we call the money player. He delivered under pressure where many more richly endowed stars fell down. Evers went the limit in his zeal to win—even to the dubious ethical point of profiting by a technicality.

Fred Merkle, most famous baseball goat.

Brown Bros. photo

Johnny Evers, one of the best "pinch" players in baseball history. Above, the Polo Grounds on the day of the 1908 play-off between Chicago and the Giants.

Brown Bros. photo

Hank O'Day, who called Merkle out.

A BRASSY sun beats down upon the turf court at Melbourne, Australia. The Davis Cup, symbolic of international tennis supremacy, is at stake. The year is 1908. Norman Brookes, the inscrutable sphinx of the courts, pits his deceptive left-handed drives against the insidious southpaw chops of Beals Wright.

Brookes is a genius—the great master of his tennis era. Australia is confident that his rapier-like thrusts will overcome the stubborn tenacity of his less gifted American rival.

The thermometer on the umpire's stand registers 112 degrees as Brookes starts his kangaroo-like service motion. Cagy Wright has mapped out a plan. His are the Fabian tactics of attrition. Realizing that he cannot match the brilliant stroke production of his dour adversary, Wright elects to wear Brookes down—to run him ragged. The burly Bostonian seeks merely to keep the ball in play as long as possible. He runs Brookes from side to side.

For two sets and a greater part of a third, Brookes is the master. He looks unbeatable. He leads two sets to love and five games to two. Only one more game and Wright is beaten—but Beals refuses to yield those few skimpy points. Both men are punch drunk from the merciless heat. They reel groggily between rallies. No form of athletics tests stamina more cruelly than a five-set tennis match on a hot day.

As Wright passes the marquee he whispers to A. N. Reggio, a fellow Bostonian:

"I'm almost all in, but I won't let Norman know it."

Thereupon he races to the service line, feigning exuberant freshness. His clever acting breaks Brookes' morale. Wright runs five straight games for the set. On the verge of exhaustion, Brookes lets the fourth set go and husbands his strength for the rubber contest.

That fifth set will never be forgotten by those in the

rickety stands. The lead seesaws with service. Both men are playing mechanically. As tennis it is a travesty, but as a man-to-man, knockdown and drag-out fight, as a triumph of mind over matter, it is an epic. It is a question of staying power now, with every breath a labored gasp and every stride an agonizing torture.

Tactics are forgotten. Each man is content merely to get the ball back. Leading at 11-10 Wright mutters "I've got him" to Reggio as courts are changed. In that last game Wright keeps the ball in play till Brookes misses. Five thousand miles from home, before an alien gallery, and under atmospheric conditions to which his rival is more accustomed, Wright comes through against the outstanding star of the decade.

The Ring photo © Brown Bros. photo

Jockey Snapper Garrison, a money rider of the '80s. At the right, Walter J. Travis, first American to capture Great Britain's amateur golf title.

Beals Wright was a money player. He beat inherently stronger rivals by wearing them down, breaking up their game, and striking relentlessly at their soft spots. He epitomized the will to win.

THE scene is on the wind-blown Sandwich golf links—that hallowed sanctuary of the royal and ancient game. It is the year 1904, almost a decade before Francis Ouimet, America's golfing David, will arise to confound Ray and Vardon, Britain's Goliaths of the cleek. Among the scores of Scotch and English golf cracks assembled for the British Amateur championship at Sandwich appears the name of Walter J. Travis, entered from the Garden City Golf Club, Long Island. At this time no American has even threatened Britain's command of the links.

British golf critics treat Travis with amused tolerance. "A grotesque, dumpy little middle-aged man with a flat, ungainly swing, who doesn't get enough distance to clear our cross bunkers," is one expert's unflattering verdict. To say that Travis is given scant consideration is to exaggerate. The British simply ignore his presence.

Ordeal by match play begins, and this stoop-shouldered, grumpy stranger, with the inevitable cigar and the weird Schenectady putter, marches from one victory to another. They talk of flukes, of lucky winds, of unfair implements, the inference being that the Schenectady putter is not quite "cricket." But all the king's golfers cannot stop the stocky, middle-aged man from Garden City. Robb, Hutchinson, Reade—one by one Britain's best bow to the dogged tenacity of Travis.

Finally only Ed Blackwell stands between the invader and his goal—Blackwell, the Homeric slugger whose far-flung drives are legendary. Off the first tee, Blackwell outdrives Travis a good fifty yards. Travis' tee shot barely skims a frowning bunker. He sets those thin lips and, after reaching the green one shot to the bad, proceeds to win the hole with a heartbreaking forty-foot putt. That first hole epitomizes the match. Travis wins by 4 and 3. The British Amateur Golf Trophy takes its first trans-Atlantic journey.

Walter Travis was a money player. During the noon intermission, when a British journalist expressed the opinion that a four-hole lead ought to carry him through, Travis bluntly answered, "I would win if I was four down."

By no means a brilliant medalist, Travis regularly beat more talented shot makers at the man-to-man phase of match play. The idea of personal combat acted as a stimulant on him. He played against his adversary's ball, rather than attempting to equal par. In one championship match it is related that a youthful opponent

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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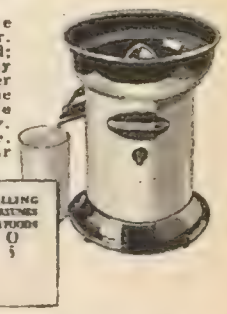

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[WHAT MAKES THE "MONEY PLAYER"? Continued from page 75]

exclaimed, "That was a fine shot, Mr. Travis."

Whereupon Travis somewhat testily snapped, "Well, what did you expect?"

Countless examples of the money player leap to mind. There was Johnny Rawlings, scarcely of major-league caliber, who somehow always bobbed up with a clean hit or a spine-tingling stop when a ball game had to be won or saved.

Beals Wright (America).
Above, the scene of Wright's Davis Cup m

IN the World's Series of 1921 the Yanks had men on first and third bases in the last half of the ninth. Thick-legged Frank Baker, with the shoulders and arms of a blacksmith, cracked a vicious hopper between first and second base. The ball was seemingly headed for the right-field barrier.

It required a miraculous diving stop to cut off Baker's solid smash. Johnny Rawlings was no Larry Lajoie or Frankie Frisch, but somehow or other he scrambled out to where the reddish soil of the infield merges into the outfield grass, slid along on his left ear, came up with the ball, and flipped it to George Kelly ahead of the pounding Baker. Kelly rifled it to third, completing the breath-taking double play that spiked Yankee hopes. Once more unobtrusive Johnny Rawlings had delivered in the pinch.

George Cutshaw of the Brooklyn Dodgers personified the money player. Cutshaw never hit over .265 during a season's stretch, but he always stood third or fourth on the list headed "runs driven in." He made his hits when they counted.

Gentle, self-effacing George McBride was a money player of the same stripe. A .235 batting average didn't make McBride any more welcome to the pitcher who had to face him with the bases full. That was the time Mac would deliver.

Joe McGinnity, Chief Bender, Miner Brown, Christy Mathewson—what money pitchers they were! The Boston Red Sox roster of the Hooper-Lewis-Speaker era was studded with money players. Remember Harry Hooper's leaping back-handed catch off Larry Doyle which saved the 1912 series for Boston? Hooper, his back to the diamond, climbed up a wire screen, reached over among the milling bleacherites, and came down with the ball in his glove. A money catch if ever there was one!

"Moose" McCormick, most dreaded of pinch hitters, had the knack of delivering in a crisis. He could go in cold and pulverize a pitcher. Played in the daily line-up, Moose didn't sparkle. Larry Gardner of the Red Sox had the money instinct abnormally developed. Merely ordinary when nothing vital was at stake, he played like a man possessed under the pressure of a World's Series. "Irish" Meusel, lethargic, phlegmatic as a cow in a lush

Norman Brookes (Australia). d triumph over Brookes in the bourne in 1908.

meadow, roused himself from his trance when the bags were crammed with runners rarin' to dig out for the plate.

"Tack" Hardwick, tough-fibered, paradoxical product of Groton, was "there" in the football pinches. The prince of interferers, Hardwick was never content as long as a potential tackler remained standing.

"I've been criticized for wasting energy knocking opponents down," Hardwick once said. "Nine times out of ten it may be a waste of effort, but the tenth time it may mean a touchdown, and I always play for that tenth time!" Not a bad definition of a money player, that—a chap who plays for that tenth time.

George Owen, Yale's nemesis, was the beau ideal of the money player. Owen had only to walk into the arena to lick Yale at any sport—be it football, baseball, or hockey. In him the will to win reached its apogee. He had the Indian sign on Eli's sons. When the psychological moment came Harvard "let George do it" and George invariably did.

SAM WHITE, arch opportunist, was another of the same stripe. This gangling Princeton end lacked many elements of greatness as a football player, but Sam did not lack the trick of winning games. The team that fumbled the ball when facing White paid dearly for its butter fingers. Sam cashed fumbles at the touchdown bank. A loose ball was his dish. In 1911 he beat a strong Harvard team by grabbing a free ball and dashing for a touchdown. "A fluke," said the critics; "Yale will be another story."

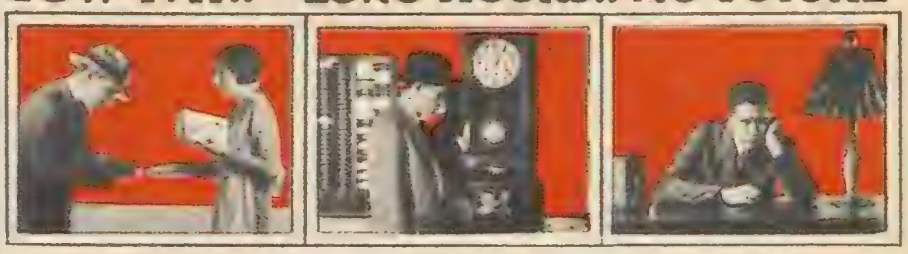
The 1911 Yale-Princeton game was played on a slushy, sodden field. A cold drizzle chilled the elevens. Yale seemed a shade the stronger. Captain Eddie Hart of Princeton, his fractured neck incased in a ghoulish looking contraption of steel and leather, saw his Tigers slowly forced down the field.

Suddenly Yale pulled the "phantom pass"—an Eli blunder that has brought many miserable moments to Yale men. A backward pass from center, intended for Dave Dunn, rolled unattended along the muddy turf. Dunn had missed his signal.

That soggy pigskin wasn't lonesome long. With the stride of a greyhound, Sam White was upon it, scooped up the yellow egg without hesitating, and escorted it over the goal line sixty yards away. Pasty-faced Art Howe, Yale's gritty quarterback, dogged White's heels in a splashy pursuit race. Howe's despairing dive nailed White on the three-yard line, but the Tiger coasted over the goal in the slippery ooze. Yes, Sam White was a money player.

More stories of "money players" will be told by Mr. Trevor in next week's Liberty.

LOW PAY.. LONG HOURS.. NO FUTURE



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Chicago, Ill.

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Age ..... *Occupation* .....

The cottage-cheese salad is nourishing and easily prepared.

It may be made in layers with olives, pimento, and nuts.

Food Economies

By Ethel Somers

AMONG the important food economies are hearty whole-meal soups. Being temptingly hot and delicious, as well as pleasantly savory and nutritious, they serve to satisfy the most fastidious eaters. Split-pea ham-bone soup ranks high in this group of gratifying edibles.

In the old days this was a common luxury. Modern cooks falsely consider its service an extravagance, but it need not be so if the week's menus are properly planned in series.

A single ham hock is first cooked with vegetables to furnish a boiled dinner. A second serving consists of the remaining meat, either sliced and cold, or camouflaged by scalloping, creaming, or preparing in a baked loaf. The third serving is derived from the bone and may well take the form of a delectable split-pea soup.

Though this delicacy involves a rather prolonged cooking, it is nevertheless found to be practical when we consider its heartiness, savoriness, and the possibilities of canning the surplus for future use. Nor is the canned product limited in its use. It may be served plain, or diluted with cream or milk and used as cream soup.

Ham hocks, then, are indeed a food economy and one your family will enjoy as a part of their winter menus.

Boiled Ham Hock

1 ham hock
6 potatoes, Irish or sweet
12 carrots
3 white turnips, halved, or a 1-pound yellow turnip cut in 6 sections
6 onions

SCRUB the ham rind thoroughly with a brush, as smoking often leaves soot. Place in a large kettle and pour in boiling water to cover the ham. As quickly as possible bring the water again to boiling. Then drain and recover with fresh boiling water. This freshens the ham and prevents a too salty flavor. After the simmering point is reached simmer 20 minutes per pound, or for about 3 hours. Continue the cooking until the ham is done enough to be easily pierced with a long-handled two-tined fork. Remove the ham to a platter and set in a warm place. Bring the liquor to boiling. Add the Irish potatoes after scrubbing and peeling off a ½-inch strip completely around the long way of the potato. Boil covered for 15 minutes. Then add the sweet potatoes, if used, peeled as were the Irish potatoes. The other vegetables are completely peeled and are added at this time. Cover and continue to boil 30 minutes longer or until the vegetables are tender. Meanwhile with a sharp knife inserted directly under the skin of the ham cut the top of the rind loose, pull the rind off, and continue the cutting until the whole rind is removed from the hock. Return the warm skinned ham for the last 5 or 10 minutes of the vegetable cooking in order that it may become thoroughly hot. Serve on a large platter, arranging the vegetables around it as a border.

Split-Pea Soup

2 cups dried split peas (green or yellow)
Ham bone removed from cooked hock
1 small onion, sliced
2½ quarts cold water
2 tablespoons minced salt pork or butter
¼ teaspoon pepper
1½ teaspoons salt
1 individual stalk of celery, minced
1 carrot, sliced
1 cup sieved tomatoes, if desired

FIRST wash, then soak the peas in cold water to cover for at least 12 hours. Drain, add the split ham bone and other ingredients, using the liquor in which the peas were soaked as part of the cold water called for. Slowly bring to simmering and simmer gently for 2½ hours. Remove the bone, and press the remaining ingredients through a coarse sieve or fine colander. Serve hot.

Savory Cottage-Cheese Salad

1 pound cottage cheese
2 to 4 tablespoons cream
1 tablespoon chopped parsley or olives
1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons minced pimento or lettuce or chopped nuts

PREPARE the cottage cheese by pouring an equal amount of boiling water over 2 quarts of sour milk. Drain at once through a double layer of cheesecloth. Add the salt, enough of the cream to moisten, and the chopped parsley.

Chill a small rectangular pan (toy-sized bread pans are ideal for this purpose). Dampen the chilled mold and line the bottom and two ends of the pan with a continuous strip of wax paper, leaving an extra length at either end to facilitate removing the molded salad.

Press some of the seasoned cottage cheese to form a layer in the bottom of the mold. Then place a layer of the minced pimento, lettuce leaf, or nuts. Repeat. If a varicolored salad is desired, pimento, lettuce leaf, and chopped nuts may be used alternately between the layers. Fill the receptacle to a 2-inch depth, or, if the toy-sized bread pans are used, completely fill the pan.

Place in the ice box. After several hours, remove, run a knife along the edge of the mold, and invert the pan on a cutting board.

Slice and serve on lettuce leaves with salad dressing.

ACQUIRING the knack of food economy is a problem worthy of any housewife's consideration. There are many hints in the three cookbooks listed below, which Ethel Somers has prepared for LIBERTY readers. Each cookbook costs 10 cents—all three for only 25 cents. Get yours *now*. Use the coupon, please.

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Little Things that Count

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris.

WE'RE very much like husbands in some ways, we women. We're all there when it comes to the big things. We take no end of pains with the dress, the coat, and the hat, but we're apt to neglect the little things that make all the difference. Many an otherwise ideal ensemble has been ruined in this way, and the happy life of a well chosen frock has often been cut short because of an absence of proper details to play it up. Chic is much like matrimony, in that it needs a lot of small attentions to be always delightful.

If you have only one dress to your back, support it with the accessories that achieve that enviable marriage of chic and personality. Choosing accessories with care and wisdom will do a great deal toward bringing your entire wardrobe into that happy state of personal distinction for which most of us strive.

Accessory styles change — aye, there's the rub, for it's heaps of work to get them together—but by choosing the newest and the best, your accessories will last twice as long. Avoid flagrant novelties, for they, like butterflies, live only a day.

A new, and wise, movement of Paris modes says, "Real jewelry — no imitations." This doesn't at all mean diamonds and square-cut emeralds, which take a lot of wearing. It means very simple honest stones, or metals, that do not ape anything more precious. In fact, there are many strange but honest products that make up the smartest jewelry today. There is the collar and the bracelet by Premet, who is famous for jewelry for smart costumes. He makes these of bone, wood, and gold. The light brown of the wood, the ivory shade of the bone, and the gold combine to make a collar and bracelet that are distinctive.

The new idea in jewelry for most occasions is not to dazzle, for jewels, like everything else, only complement the costume and yourself. The necklace and bracelet of rose quartz are the type of jewelry to wear with simple afternoon and evening clothes. These Lelong jewels are set very simply in white gold, and the necklace fits around the base of the throat. Another photograph shows a Lelong necklace of small rhinestones set in platinum for evening.

Another modern accessory which is extremely smart and practical is the evening cap that entirely covers the hair. A most charming one is illustrated with the Premet jewelry. Made of gold tricot which is draped around the head and is flattering to most faces. A creation of Agnès.

Artificial flowers are in again for evening, and the newest are flowers made of jewels. A cluster of emerald flowers from Worth is shown in the circle.

In this sketch is a new accessory ensemble of bag and slippers from Perugia, both made of antelope polka-dotted with silver. A smart bag for daytime comes from Molyneux and is made of beige lizard with a gold clasp.

THE belt illustrated is made of black patent leather with a heavy pearl buckle attached by a pearl-headed pin, showing that even a belt may have a personal character. The umbrella is a tiny affair from Worth, made of green silk with a brown wood and green sharkskin handle.

Illustrating certain new details for the winter sportswoman, Schiaperelli proves, in the orange sweater with brown half sleeves and inset belt, that there is no reason for a pull-on to be banal. The triangular scarf is of orange, lined with brown, and the hood of orange is part of this very individual ensemble. The Schiaperelli sports coat is made of lambskin, with the wool left on the inside to give warmth, and the outside varnished with red lacquer.

Lelong signs this unusual rhinestone and platinum necklace for evening.

Important details are the jeweled flowers and umbrella from Worth, the dotted antelope bag and slippers from Perugia, patent leather belt, and a Molyneux lizard bag.

This is a new Lelong jewel ensemble made of rose quartz.

In the foreground is a Schiaperelli costume of orange and brown. In the rear, a varnished red lambskin coat.

Premet offers a bracelet and necklace of wood, bone, and gold. The evening cap from Agnès is of gold tricot.

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.....Bookkeeper	.....Surveyor & Mapping
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Name.....

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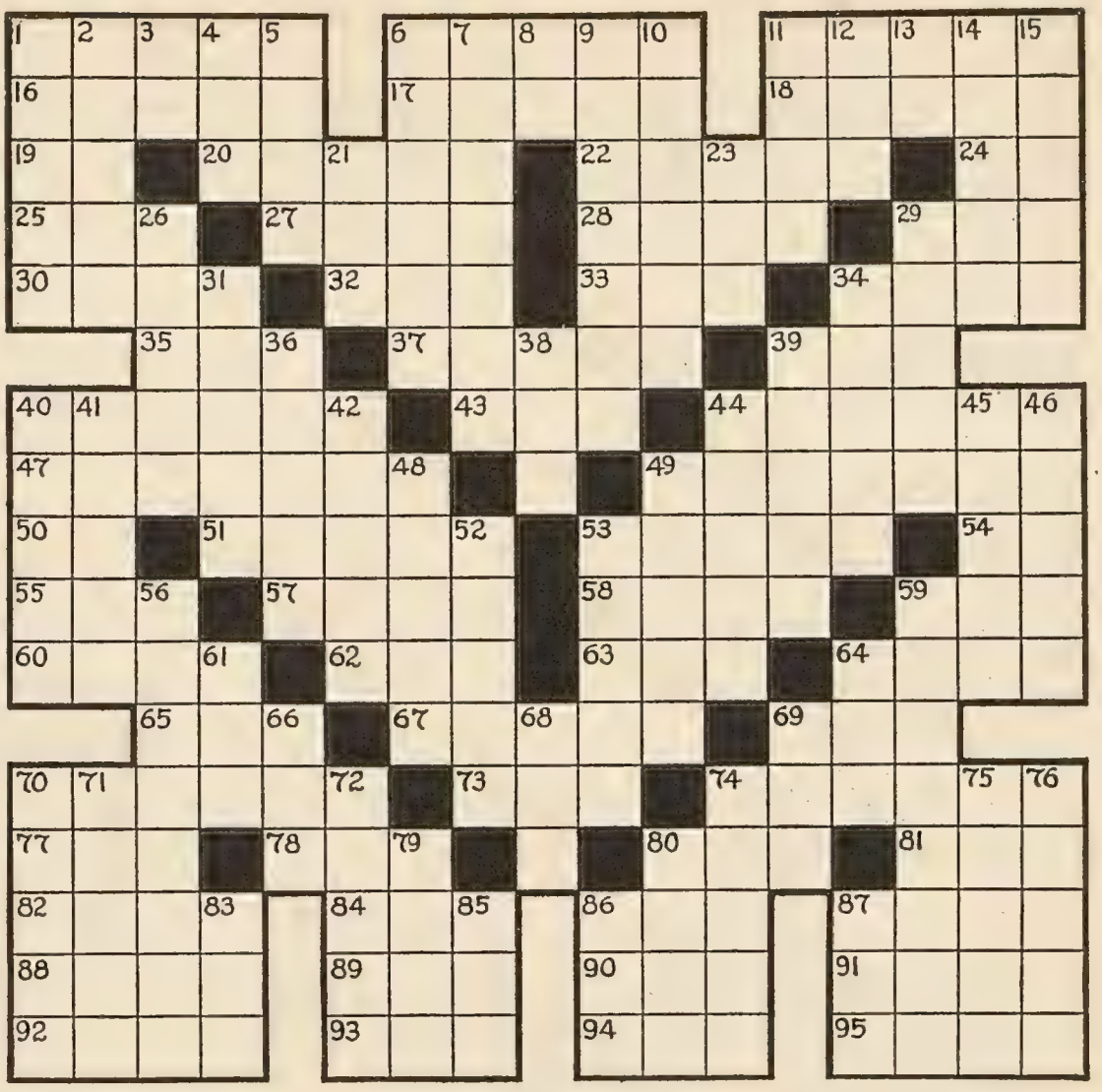
An *Easy* Puzzle—

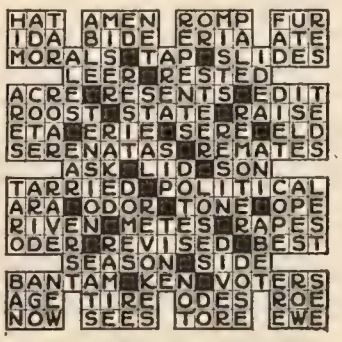


HORIZONTAL

1 Sea eagles
6 Rascal
11 Woman's name
16 Elevate
17 A shade of red
18 Title of respect
19 Into
20 Type of automobile
22 Shy
24 Pronoun
25 Self
27 Morning
28 Peruse
29 Mortals
30 Personal interest
32 Born
33 Scrap of refuse
34 Bare
35 Anger
37 Scrutinizes
39 Container
40 Smith's implements
43 It is (contraction)
44 Billiard shot (plural)
47 Staggering
49 More than two
50 Exist
51 Dens
53 Peeled
54 Egyptian sun god
55 Poem
57 Expectorate
58 Malt liquor (plural)
59 Err
60 Former English coin
62 Inclosure
63 Pronoun
64 Begone!
65 Billow
67 Asperses
69 A tree
70 Bosom
73 Printer's measures
74 Marsh
77 Gypsy
78 Stitch
80 Excavate
81 A plan
82 Afresh
84 Insect's egg
86 Hurried
87 Capable
88 Woman's name
89 Individual
90 Devoured
91 Rosy flush
92 Drunkards
93 A color
94 Armed conflict
95 Fish (plural)

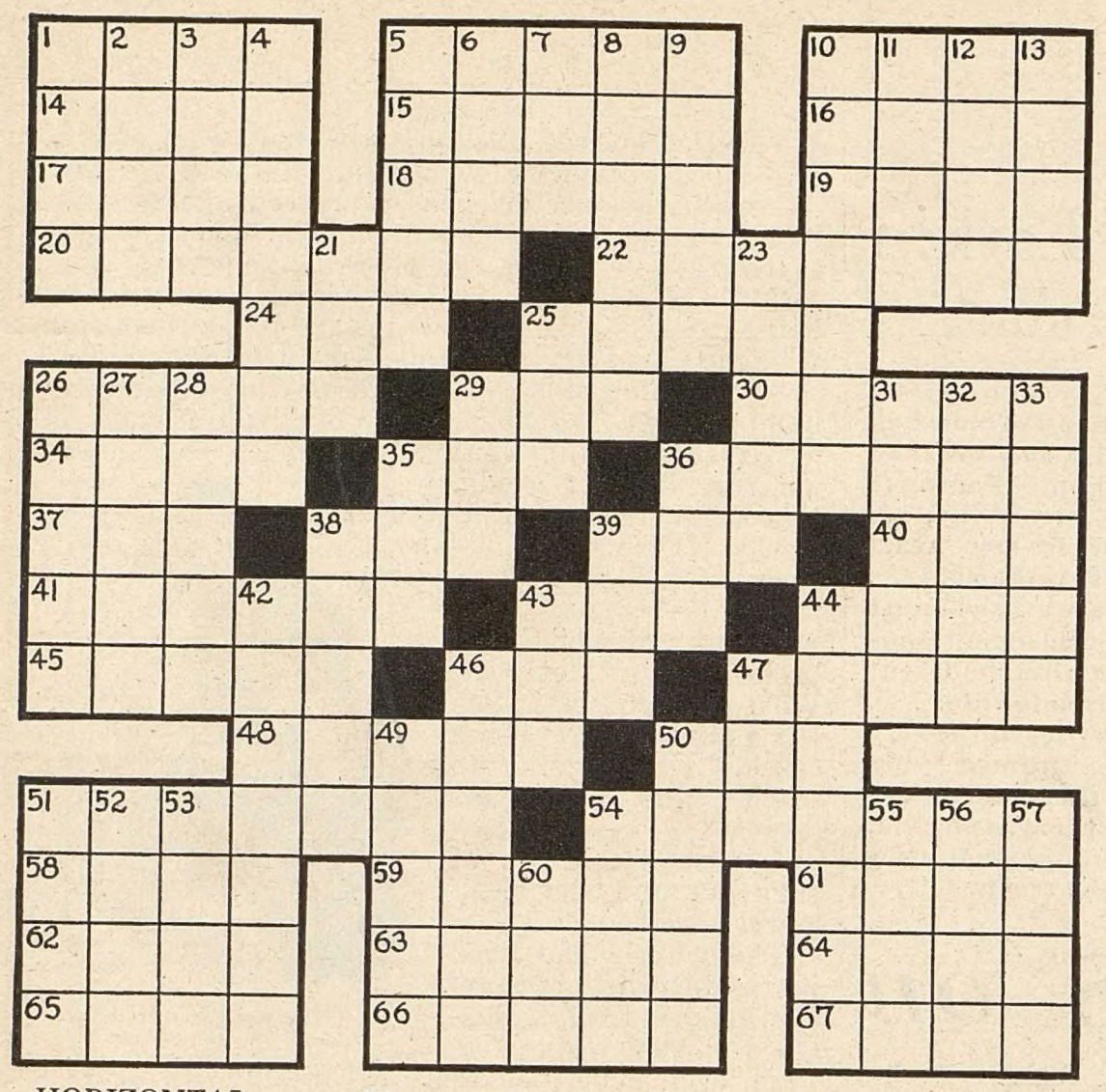
VERTICAL

1 American Indians
2 Scope
3 Symbol for nickel
4 Letter of the alphabet
5 Have appearance
6 Alarms
7 Join
8 Measure of area
9 Wives or widows
10 Small pincers
11 Surrounded by
12 Youth
13 Small fish
14 Beast of burden
15 Amend
21 Put on
23 Tangle
26 A fruit
29 Estate of a lord
31 Narrow flounce
34 Denuded
36 Man's name
38 Ventilate
39 Caverns
40 Bower
41 Indigent
42 Clips off suddenly
44 Roman goddess
45 Italian form of Mary
46 Slope
48 Grates
49 Pickles in brine
52 Fashion
53 Couples
56 A relief (law)
59 Mix confusedly
61 Grassland
64 Baronet's title
66 Beast of burden
68 Woman's name
69 Mist
70 Scotch hillsides
71 Musical composition
72 Male voice
74 Sapper
75 Rheumatism remedy
76 Vomits
79 Alcoholic beverage
80 Granted facts
83 Existed
85 Man's nickname
86 Crude
87 To mature



Answer to last week's easy puzzle

and a *Hard* One

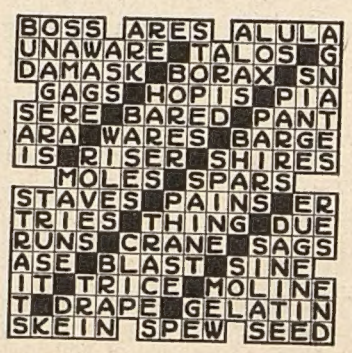


HORIZONTAL

1 Priestly vestments
5 Decrease
10 Become fluid
14 Measure of weight (chemistry)
15 Restore to freshness
16 Sheet of standing water
17 Cyma recta or cyma reversa
18 French historian
19 Otherwise
20 Placed in a fixed position
22 Throbbed rhythmically
24 A man's nickname
25 Roman goddess of the hearth
26 Patient in a colony of Molokai
29 A disease of sheep
30 Minute particles
34 Auricles
35 Lead the life of a vagabond (slang)
36 Coast plain of ancient Palestine
37 Past
38 Reduced, as a price
39 Form of to be
40 Agree (colloquial)
41 Transmitter
43 Crop
44 Substance used as a fertilizer
45 Cornered
46 Center of the solar system
47 A duct (anatomy)
48 Charlotte Corday's victim
50 A metal receptacle
51 Pertaining to the thigh
54 Artificial barrier in a horse race (plural)
58 Give forth
59 Oriental guitar
61 Supposed emanation of force
62 Prong
63 Growing out
64 Autocrat
65 Measures of work
66 Auctions
67 Vessel for heating liquids

VERTICAL

1 Man's name
2 Booth or stall
3 Internal decay in fruit
4 Soaks or saturates, as in liquor
5 In Russia, an association of laborers
6 Small globule
7 Species of cuckoo
8 Cared for the wants of
9 Pitchers
10 Segments
11 Steering device
12 Bottom end of a pulley block
13 Noxious plant
21 Ancient Etruscan title
23 American Indians
25 Energetic or active power
26 Most unimportant
27 Ardent to pursue or obtain
28 Inclined
29 Gully or defile
31 Musical instrument
32 Goddess of fate or destiny (Greek myth.)
33 Attachment for a fishing line
35 Prickly envelope
36 Maxim
38 Tree
39 Pale
42 Reduces in grade
43 Mother of the Egyptian sun god
44 Rescript of the Pope (Canon law)
46 Salt works
47 Conveyance
49 Makes an incised mark on
50 Preserves, as by drying or salting
51 Festival day of a saint
52 Arabian chieftain
53 Chinese dynasty
54 Detest
55 Eagerness to possess or enjoy
56 A son of Shuthelah (Numbers)
57 Woman's name
60 The palmyra



Answer to last week's hard puzzle

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—stabbed to death for possession of a jewel that was old when Caesar lived. His enemies had convicted Anthony Sommers of the murder. . . . Molly, his daughter, knew in her heart that he was innocent. . . . Somehow, some way she must break through the net of conspiracy and lies that had sent her father to prison for life. . . .

Her soft beauty lured the very men who had "framed" her father. She let them make love to her, loathing them as she did, hoping against hope that they might tell her the truth. . . .

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by EDWARD DOHERTY

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Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

The Falling Leaf

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

SANDY'S Great-Uncle Ulysses was a very lonely, very sick old man. Slouched into his favorite haircloth chair, an electric heater pressed against his lumbago, vile smelling liniment dabbed upon his gout, he stared resignedly at a row of medicine bottles.

"When they come," he said hoarsely to his long-faced housekeeper, "take their wraps and bring them right up. Give me the green plush robe—my knees are chilly."

"Something tells me," Lil was saying to Sandy as they bumped over the cobbles of Boonville's main street, "that this family visit will turn into a tragedy. You can't tell me that Uncle U isn't dangerously sick. The dear, poor old—"

This week's cover picture.

"Dear and old," Sandy broke in, "but not poor. We'll be rich some day. It's a shame to have him crack. I was going to teach him golf this spring."

A tear shook out of Lil's eye and she swallowed hard.

Their uncle had lived in his brownstone mansion since 1880. Boxwood hedges six feet high, a curlicue iron fence decorated with brass spear tips, and a stone lamb graced the front of the house.

There was an enormous mansard-roofed barn, inhabited by the neighborhood's best pigeon society, a row of cats' graves marked with bricks, a drained lily pond with its green-streaked copper frog and umbrella ornament, and a maze of tiny paths whose bricks tipped at every angle.

"I feel as though I should be wearing a bustle and leg-of-mutton sleeves," Lil said as the cab drove under the ornate porte-cochère. "Think of all the gay carriages and plumed—"

Suddenly she was speechless. Was she in a jungle? No, it was Uncle U's conservatory. Rubber plants, an orange tree, a pet turtle tied to a faucet, ferns dipping gracefully their lace fronds, a palm tree with a coconut, and smug goldfish flipping their haughty expensive tails.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she whispered. "Why, Uncle U lives like a Far East prince."

Was she in a museum of antiquities? No, it was Uncle U's front parlor. A photograph album of brilliant red, a bicycle wheel filled with snapshots, a wooden spade painted with World's Fair views, marines in formal shadow boxes, a life-size signed photograph of Grant, and antimacassars gleaming from chairs and sofas.

Framed wax roses, wall plates picturing Franz Josef, Moses, and Lincoln, gilded seashells, cork curtains, a whatnot here, a whatnot there, and a mirror which started at the floor and went up, up, up.

"Oh!" Sandy whispered. "This place is a palace and yet he was satisfied to visit us!"

"Uncle U!" Lil gasped when she saw the sick man surrounded by bottles, lambrequins, atomizers, and pill boxes. "Oh, you *do* look sick! This is awful. I'm nearly crying!"

Sandy stood there with a queer smelling glass of medicine. Yes, Uncle U *did* look sick, feverish, weak, and discouraged. He was a falling leaf, dropping from the family tree!

NOTE—The suggestion which Leslie Thrasher followed in designing this week's cover picture was made by C. Sorenson, 328 Marquette Avenue, South Milwaukee, Wis. An award of $50 has been sent to Mr. Sorenson.

(Next week's cover adventure: Their Tragedy)

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